A LOITERER IN LONDON

HELEN W. HENDERSON

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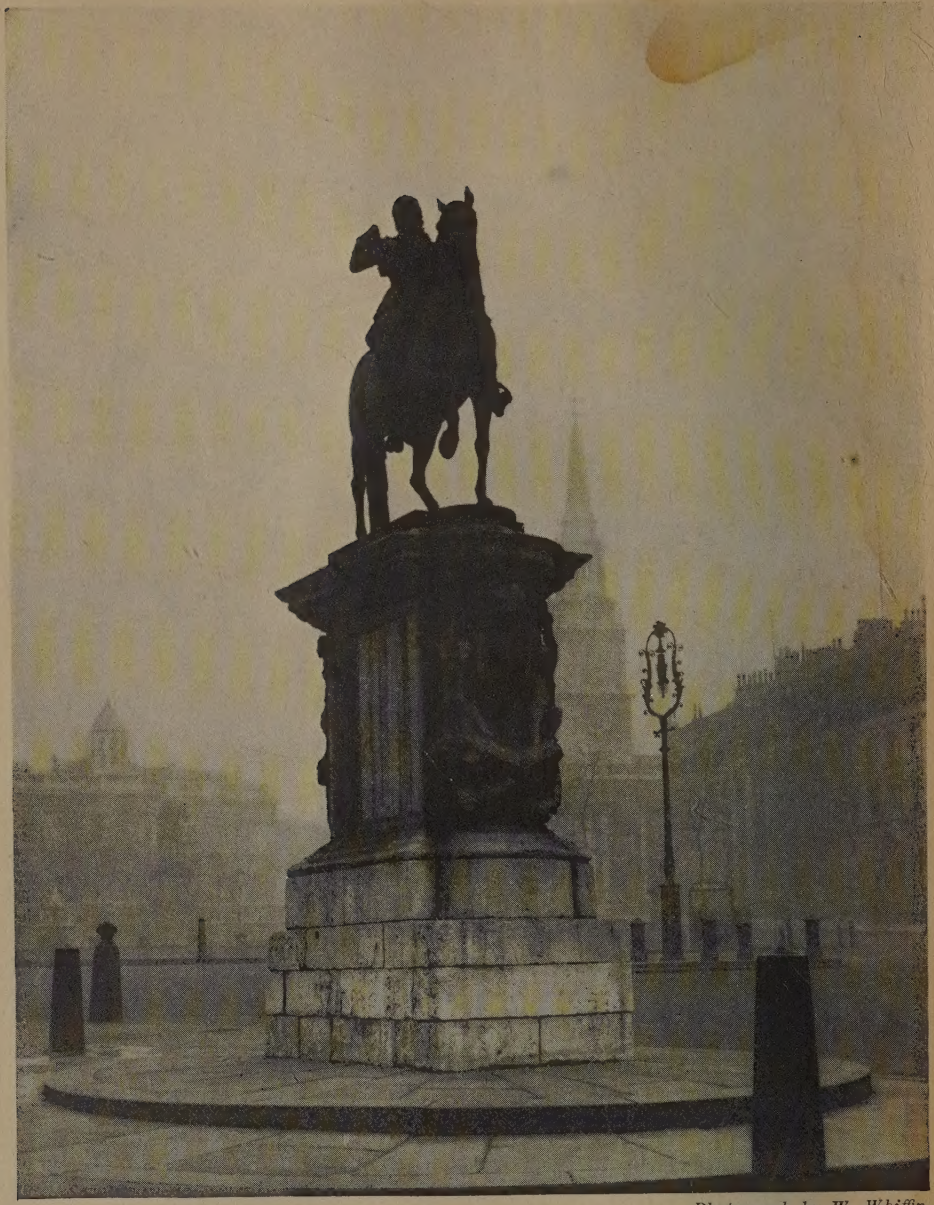
By HELEN W. HENDERSON

A LOITERER IN LONDON
A LOITERER IN NEW YORK
A LOITERER IN NEW ENGLAND
A LOITERER IN PARIS
THE ART TREASURES OF WASHINGTON



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EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CHARLES I BY HUBERT LE SŒUR. CHARING CROSS. THE PEDESTAL WAS DESIGNED BY WREN.

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HELEN W. HENDERSON

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A LOITERER IN LONDON
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A l'ami de mon père.

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CHAPTER I

THE LENGTH AND THE BREADTH

Each man, they say, discovers his own London. I suppose there is no city boasts so many discoverers, nor any city loved for so many different reasons so logically sustained, nor any place to which visitors so various claim kinship. London, in a sense, belongs to us all.

To write of London, then, is to write of what everybody knows, for travellers turn to London as to an old friend. They know its river, its docks, its streets, its stones, its marts, its inns, its churches, its monuments before ever they set foot upon these shores; its mayor, with his cat, is a household word wherever English is spoken—though as a child one never credited him with more reality than Bluebeard or Robinson Crusoe—; and London Bridge is known wherever *Mother Goose* flourishes, evok-

ing in one's own experience, memories of dusky summer streets in a far-off province, with fire-flies flitting through maple trees and across uneven brick pavements, while an artless, witless, but perhaps pretty sort of child's game was played to a hauntingly sad chant:

"London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down;
London Bridge is falling down,
So merrily."

Innumerable people who have never been here at all look upon London as "home" and forward to the time when, as an inalienable right, they will hang up their hats here. All other travel is adventure—fantastic, delightful, but factitious—while the appeal of London is upon the homely plane and comes readily within the grasp of everyday faculties. In other countries we are spectators; in London we are, or we think we are, (perhaps we are so even more than we think) part of the show, and seem to have planted our feet at last upon the most solid of *terra firma.* London, as somebody or other has said, is the only "real" place in the world; to arrive here is to achieve the grand destination.

Yet even the superficial London, which is the most that many people attempt, "takes a lot of

knowing," and even an "industrious loiterer," to accept a derisive description, pauses before the task of presenting even so much as a cursory survey of its richness, however limited to one's own discoveries and not claiming to go beyond them, pauses and goes round the subject seeking the best way to be launched upon so adventurous a theme.

For in this greatest city size alone is a never ending source of astonishment and dismay; the mere physical proportions being such as, I venture to think, few visitors grasp. Intent upon enjoying their own particular London, they are only vaguely aware, if at all, of the staggering vastness of the monster capital, where one district opens up after another in all directions from such a popular centre as, say, Piccadilly Circus, like the rooms of an enchanted castle; the town rambling on and on and on interminably, close knit, and never getting beyond its pavements, nor clear of its vaporous atmosphere, nor free of its brimestone stench.

The town rambling interminably on and on and on, and with it the people! We lisp in such extraordinary numbers now-a-days that in theory a mere seven millions of population fails to impress us. The words roll off the tongue with no effort at all, and, having lived in capitals of four millions, perhaps, one knows what it is, a big city. After

all, seven millions—rather less than twice the size of New York or Paris.

But in London it is not theory; here they actually are, living, breathing, eating, drinking, sleeping, pulling themselves together in the morning, and making a prodigious amount of smoke and fog if to no other purpose than to warm themselves; walking, riding, talking, smoking, taking TEA; doing all of these things harder and faster and more in proportion to their ambitions or their means, their diversions or their work. So much for the seven millions which the census takes account of and saying nothing of the several hundreds of thousands, or maybe half a million or so, of floating population—provincials and foreigners—up for the day to have a look around, or passing through eagerly to countries where there are no restrictions on the cakes and ale.

It isn't so noticeable on an average daily round of the casual visitor—Regent Street, Oxford Street for miscellaneous shopping, Bond Street for more exotic specialities, Trafalgar Square for a spin round the National Gallery, Whitehall for a glimpse of the splendour of London, or a "slope" down Piccadilly to feel oneself the real thing—brief radiations from Piccadilly Circus. Nor does

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

OLD DOORWAY, ALBURY STREET, DEPTFORD.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

OLD DOORWAY, ALBURY STREET, DEPTFORD.

the crowd seem exaggerated in Hyde Park on a fine day, or even at St. Paul's—though there if anywhere the millions swarm—; for these are surely centres of brilliancy, places to which all London and every visitor, upon business, pleasure, or recreation bent, must come often.

It is only when one takes one of those long 'bus rides to such improbable places as are advertised on the signboards, suggestive names such as Wormwood Scrubbs, Elephant and Castle, Barking, the Angel, Hornsey Rise, Tooting, Crouch End, Wapping, Stoke Newington, or possibly Cricklewood, that, swaying and rolling along for hours on the top of a swift moving vehicle through London, it dawns upon the visitor that he has never out-distanced the crowd, never got out of the hurly-burly, and that in this thick-packed traffic moving endlessly from Fulham to Hackney Wick, from Kilburn to Blackheath, from Shepherd's Bush to the East India Docks, he has never found himself even relatively alone. Broadway, Hammersmith, is as busy a thoroughfare as the Strand, and even the Isle of Dogs, stretching by an extravagant loop of the Thames far into South London, has its intense activities, houses (rather picturesquely) its quota, while the periodic dis-

gorging of the Greenwich Tunnel swells the normal flux.

Cover some of the length and the breadth of London if you would visualise a population equivalent to that of the continent of Australia in one city, if you would form some estimate of the sheer displacement of so many souls and of the formidable gyrations which they perform in the exercise of their normal and abnormal functions, and then take what comfort you can in the reflection that the whole of the British Isles could be pocketed in a small corner of the State of Texas, or whatever the fact may be. And after you have mastered the "west end," which is no "end" at all but rather a very beginning; after you have got to know your way to Chelsea and been as far as Kensington and Hampstead and seen St. Paul's and "done" the Bank or even pushed as far as the London docks, with a comfortable feeling that they of necessity must mark the edge of vastness, the "jumping-off place," it is appalling to discover long, monotonous arteries starting out from thereabouts and stretching away into mysterious reaches *beyond* the "City;" as many districts, hives of humanity, piling up before as have been left behind.

It is not, of course, seriously recommended, even to loiterers more industrious, if possible, than one-

self, to go for anything more than the ride, unless it may be curiosity, to places whose names hold so much of promise as these mentioned. To do so is to court certain disillusionment; for cool and inviting, mysterious, picturesque, extraordinary, or absurd as they sound, they reduce in general to a dead and dreary level of suburbs more than usually commonplace.

The name is often the sole survivor of some ancient association as unromantic as it sounds intriguing. Very often it goes so far back in the history of the place as to have lost all record of itself; sometimes it results from illiterate mispronunciation, as for instance, Shoreditch, which was originally Soerditch, from (so says Pennant) its lord, Sir John Soerditch, an erudite lawyer in the reign of Edward III. More frequently the name is quite simply descriptive in its origin, as Houndsditch, one of the modern streets which outline the ancient City, built over a part of the old fosse or moat which surrounded London's wall and into which the bodies of dead dogs used to be thrown.

An old road-house, a tavern, from which in the old days coaches used to start or change horses, often lends its name to a district or an underground station, and so *The Elephant*, *The Angel*, *Marquis of Granby*, *Swiss Cottage*,

Mother Shipton, and so on, are familiar destinations to Londoners travelling by 'bus and tram and underground, as they were centuries ago to their forefathers, arriving by stage-coach at the original hostelries. But of the ancient flavour, as a rule, nothing remains but the name.

The ancestor of the very modern "pub" which marks a centre of traffic in South London, not far from the Old Kent Road, and bearing the name of its ancient sign (an elephant with a castle on his back) but which seldom gets its full title now and probably never got it then, was known to Shakespeare as an inn near his theatre—the Globe—which stood on the bank of the Thames close by the present Southwark Bridge. What a local touch it gives to *Twelfth Night* where, arriving in London, Antonio tells Sebastian:

> "In the south suburbs, at the Elephant
> Is best to lodge."

I don't suppose even an Elizabethan publican was indifferent to the advantage of having his house recommended over the foot-lights, and no doubt half the audience repaired to *The Elephant* for drinks after the show.

Curious as they are, the names of streets, squares, courts, lanes, or districts are seldom far to seek and

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE STOCKS, SHOREDITCH.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

STATUE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. FORMERLY ON LUDGATE, NOW ON ST. DUNSTAN, FLEET STREET.

furnish a fund of local history; and London in respecting the quaint name and allowing it to remain, however incongruous in its modernized surroundings, retains in its nomenclature a raciness that constantly piques curiosity and interest.

The very topography of the site upon which London lies survives in these revealing names, which treasure up so much of the past. The Tower was, of course, the fortress which guarded from time immemorial the entrance to the city by the Thames; London Bridge was until recent times the *only* bridge across the river; the Strand was the beach of the Thames before the days of embankments; Fleet Street was the way down to the Fleet Bridge, which spanned a turbulent tributary of the Thames at the place now called Ludgate Circus—the river is still there, running underground. Ludgate Hill, to which the bridge led, is the hill upon which London began, as it is still the very heart of the "densest tumult of London," its summit crowned by St. Paul's.

That the word Ludgate in modern London contains the name of the god, or legendary King Lud is a fact that would take us back to the Celtic Britons had it not been decided that "Ludgate is good Anglo-Saxon for postern and has no more to do with King Lud than it has with the Lud-

dites!" When London was a walled city Ludgate was one of the principal gates, as Fleet Street was the chief approach. The gate stood about where the Southeastern and Chatham railway lines cross over the hill (and obstruct the view of St. Paul's); it stood until 1760, and when it was pulled down a quaint, forlorn little effigy of Queen Elizabeth, which ornamented its western face, was salved and placed in a niche over the door of St. Dunstan's in Fleet Street, where it still enjoys a modest foothold.

You have only to think of Farringdon Street and New Bridge Street, leading on to Blackfriars Bridge, as the course of the old Fleet to realize how little the lay of the land hereabouts departs from its pristine state. For hundreds of years the Fleet formed the western defence of London and its very existence must have, to an extent, determined the site, of the first settlement on the hill. No such stream was to be found westward for many miles, no creek or harbour with such high protective banks and a tide flowing so far inland. Old records speak of ten or twelve ships at once sailing up to Holborn Bridge. The Fleet was still navigable in the reign of Edward I, but, whether from the cutting of the trees or whatever cause, it has, in the course of centuries, degenerated from a river to a

brook and from a brook to a drain and all that is left of it now is confined to a conduit buried under arches, earth, and pavement from its source near Hampstead to its outfall at Blackfriars.

Yet not only does the name survive in one of the busiest of London streets, as well as attached to various enterprises to be discovered along the pathway of its ancient course, but London itself bears the indelible mark of its passage, and the deep gorge which it cut in its fierce, rapid way to the Thames is still vigorously indicated both at Ludgate Circus and even more strikingly at Holborn Viaduct, which, extending from Newgate to Hatton Garden, bridges the deep ravine through which the river flowed. The banks on the City side were so steep that they have refused to yield their character and, standing upon the viaduct looking from the height of one mighty thoroughfare down upon another, running under it at nearly a right angle, it is amusing to note how this feat of modern engineering, this triumph of street building takes into account rather than obliterates the natural characteristics of a valley and a tidal estuary. The Romans bridged the Fleet at this point, and here until after the middle of the last century stood Holborn Bridge over which the traffic between Oxford Street and the City passed, thundering

down Holborn Hill or toiling painfully up it, where now the whole chasm is spanned by the viaduct.

In early days Londoners called the Fleet the Old Bourne or the Hole Bourne, but as the river declined so the name was corrupted and Holborn is as near as we come now to the old vocable. The entire district of Hatton Garden is replete with souvenirs of the great hill which rises above Farringdon Street. Great Saffron Hill, Snow Hill, and Back Hill are all part of it, the name varying according to the side from which we view it, and there are still some picturesque steep ascents.

John Gay, the author of the *Beggar's Opera,* in his less known *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London,* preserves a poignant memory of Snow Hill in the early days of the XVIIIth century, when bands of "aristocratic" ruffians who called themselves "Mohocks," ranged the streets at night to the terror of the inhabitants. "Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and beat them, etc.?" wrote Swift in his *Journal to Stella,* and that one of their pranks was rolling helpless women in barrels down Snow Hill Gay records:

"Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a Watchman took his hourly Rounds
Safe from their Blows, or new-invented Wounds?
I pass their desp'rate Deeds and Mischiefs done,
Where from *Snow Hill* black steepy Torrents run;
How Matrons, hoop'd within the Hogshead's Womb
Were tumbled furious thence. . . ."

Holborn Hill was called the Heavy Hill, from the heavy hearts of the condemned driven over it from Newgate and the Tower to be hanged at Tyburn. The Central Criminal Court now occupies the site of Newgate Prison and Marble Arch marks approximately the location of the famous "Tyburn Tree," a spot described as on the high-road to Oxford but "remote from London." The condemned were driven in carts which rattled along the highway, built upon with gabled houses and overhung by innumerable windows of quaint design, such as may still be seen in that delightful fragment known as Staple Inn. That their hearts might not be too heavy nosegays were presented to the prisoners from the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, at the foot of the hill, and at the village of St. Giles, in front of an old leper hospital—remembered in the present church of St. Giles in the Fields—they were refreshed with a draught of ale, their progress marked by every circumstance

of publicity and ribaldry. Thus Polly Peachum says of her faithless Macheath:

"Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! What volleys of sighs are sent up from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to the sack!" To hang like a hero seems to have been a not unpardonable ambition and women have never been insensible to the fate of rogues.

But savagery seems to have triumphed over sentiment in the end. The last stage of the journey was made rapidly, through, as it appears, open country, and the cart driving under the gallows paused while the noose was adjusted and last words were spoken, and then drove quickly on, leaving the prisoner summarily suspended. The place of execution was enclosed by galleries, let to spectators, and "Mammy Douglas," who kept the keys to the boxes, was called the "Tyburn Pew-opener" All of which bears out Gay's jolly attitude towards crime and punishment.

Many celebrities were hanged at Tyburn, the just and the unjust. There were the Maid of Kent and her associates, for prophesying divine vengeance against Henry VIII for his treatment

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

WATCH HOUSE, ST. SEPULCHRE, GILTSPUR STREET.

of Catharine of Aragon, and Houghton, the last prior of the Charterhouse, for having spoken against the confiscation of church lands by that same monarch. There was beautiful Mrs. Anne Turner, for her part in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; and there was Sixteen-string Jack, a noted highwayman, who, having been several times tried and acquitted, was at last hanged for robbing the Princess Amelia's chaplain. Remarkable for foppery in his dress and particularly for wearing a bunch of sixteen strings at the knees of his breeches, "he suffered in a pea-green coat with an immense nosegay in his hand." There was Earl Ferrers condemned for the murder of his steward, brought from Newgate in his own landau with six horses and hanged in his wedding dress with a silken rope. And there was Jonathan Wild, who at his execution "picked the parson's pocket of his corkscrew, and carried it out of the world in his hand."

But of all the executions none can compare for spectacular effect, nor I think for poetic justice, to the hanging of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton. They had been buried with much pomp in Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster, but on the first anniversary of the death of Charles I after the Restoration, their bodies were exhumed and

dragged on sledges to Tyburn where they were hanged from early morning until sunset. Both Pepys and Evelyn record the circumstances in their diaries:

1661. Jan. 30. "This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw, the judge who condemned His Majestie, and Ireton, son-in-law to ye Usurper, dragg'd out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the kings, to Tyburne, and hang'd on the gallows from 9 in ye morning till 6 at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deepe pitt; thousands of people who had seene them in all their pride being spectators. Looke back at Oct. 22, 1658 (Oliver's funeral) and be astonish'd and feare God and honour ye Kinge; but meddle not with them who are given to change." This was Evelyn's note.

Pepys adds one more detail: that they hung in their shrouds; and on February 5, 1661, he "saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton set up on the further end of the Hall (Westminster)."

Tyburn gave way before the inroads of fashion and it was in deference to the sensibilities of the residents of the new Hanover Square, when it was opened in the reign of George II, that the old pro-

cession was given up and executions were done within the walls at Newgate. Dr. Johnson regretted that in an age "running mad after innovation" men were to be hanged in a new way; that "Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation." "No sir, (said he eagerly) it is not an improvement; they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties; the publick was gratified by a procession; the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?"

This was early in the year 1783. On November the 7th of that year the last hanging took place at Tyburn.

CHAPTER II

LOOKING IT OVER

I believe no one can settle down to a study of London without having first made a general survey of the field irrespective of any plan or logical sequence. London very peculiarly lends itself to this sort of errancy, the only danger being that the real and redoubtable "sights" will be left so long that all desire to see them will have been swallowed up in a more pressing inclination to drift along in whatever pleasant groove has been stumbled into.

I am satisfied that a very great many tourists think they know London, think they love London, come and go frequently to this locality without ever having seen "London" at all. In fact were it not for the dome of St. Paul's, so great a wonder in its time that it still compels a certain attention, I feel sure that visitors would seldom venture nearer to London than the Savoy in the Strand, and as for the spires of Christopher Wren, would be content to accept that of St. Martin in the Fields as the symbol of that glory of London,

though, as it happens, not a Wren, nor within a good two miles of Wren's great field of activity.

The fact that London is still intensely alive in its very oldest parts, that history is being made where history is already richest, is distracting to a mind attuned to contemplation and retrospect. It is impossible to stand ruminating on London Bridge, setting oneself back and back from pre-Fire times to Alfred the Great, from Alfred the Great to Roman times, from Roman times to the era of the Celtic Britons, when to stand on London Bridge now is to view the most modern of cities at its most pivotal point, at its point of contact with the whole world, and attention is all absorbed by the stupendous activities under and over the bridge, which, as it was the first, is still the greatest causeway leading to the Surrey side.

The fact that practically all of mediæval London was destroyed in the Fire, that Roman London lies almost wholly buried under ground, that existing fragments of antiquity have been assimilated by modern necessity, made to serve or to yield, has made London much less convincing as an ancient city, much less satisfactory as a field for sentimental sightseeing than, for instance, Rome, where we have all the choicest treasures assembled conveniently in a hole many feet deeper than the

level of the modern city, and into which we may gaze and ponder, or, descending into it, walk detached from every anachronistic element.

The greatest city, whose continuous and unbroken records are longer than those of any other place, the great difficulty with getting oneself into a mood with a London older than the present moment is that history overlies history to a bewildering extent and to feel the spirit of an ancient place one must be a very chameleon, changing colour with every century, with each decade, going back and back and back until history merges into legend and legend into myth. There is scarcely a foot of ground in London that is not consecrated many times to her history, and starting out upon any highway may lead to a multitude of irrelevant conclusions, just as the Old Fleet Ditch has just now led me to the Tyburn Tree.

It will be found difficult even to read connectedly of London for wherever the start is made there are enticing by-paths opening up to lure the loiterer from the straight and broad way. This seems to me characteristic of most of the books which I have seen on London; they are almost of necessity volatile, they jump from subject to sub-

ject, from century to century, and the effect is kaleidoscopic.

That the effect of London itself is kaleidoscopic is due, I think, to the comparative absence of straight streets, so that its features, instead of making perpetual vistas, as in Paris, are on the contrary concealed from the approach, and "burst" into view. This is beautifully noticeable from the front seat on the top of a 'bus, when bowling along the curve of Victoria Street, in an atmosphere of unrelieved bourgeois stupidity, a sudden turn reveals at a glance the whole splendour of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament; or when mounting Whitehall, with its many picturesque details, the way narrows just before debouching upon Trafalgar Square. The City is full of such thrilling surprises. There is the ascent of Ludgate Hill, after the excitements of Fleet Street, where the great bulk of St. Paul's is reserved for the very moment of arrival, when it looms suddenly in the path, black and cold and vault-like, with that appealing statue of Queen Anne in front; or, pushing further through tortuous windings of congested streets of a reconstructed London, we plunge brusquely upon the magnificence of that group of buildings dominated by the Royal Exchange, but known collectively as "the Bank."

"The Bank" was the very heart of the ancient walled city, as it is to-day the centre from which radiate the most important streets of "London." When all this district was gutted by the Fire both Wren and John Evelyn, the diarist, prepared plans for a new city beautiful. It seems to have occurred to both simultaneously that the disaster might be turned to account, that it furnished an unparalleled opportunity for the complete remodelling of London; and, with an alertness worthy of our own brisk times, we find them rushing to the king with their schemes for laying out a model city upon the ruins within a few days of the subsidence of the flames and while the hot cinders were still burning the soles of Mr. Pepys's adventurous feet.

On September 27, 1666, Evelyn wrote to Sir Samuel Tuke: "In the meantime king and parliament are infinitely zealous for the rebuilding of our ruins; and I believe it will be universally the employment next spring. They are now busied with adjusting the claims of each proprietor that so they may dispose things for the building after the noblest model. Everybody brings in his idea, amongst the rest I presented His Majesty with my own conceptions, with a discourse annexed. It was the second that was seen within two days after

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE, GOUGH SQUARE.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

AMEN COURT, PATERNOSTER ROW.

the conflagration; but Dr. Wren had got the start of me."

These plans were afterwards printed by the Society of Antiquaries and have been repeatedly engraved for the various histories of London.

As Evelyn, who piqued himself upon being something of an amateur in matters of art, had in a sense discovered Wren it is not likely that he felt injured at being outstripped by him. In his diary are references as far back as 1654 to "that miracle of a youth," to "that prodigious young scholar, Mr. Christopher Wren."

Wren, at the time of the Fire, was fresh back from a visit to Paris, where he had seen that city undertaking its first conscious effort at a general composition under Louis XIV. His plan, had it been carried out, would have completely transformed London, making it as artificially made a city as Washington. It so pleased the king that Wren, on the strength of it, was made Surveyor General and principal architect for the rebuilding of the whole city; but the people fought every inch of it and London sprang up again on its old wayward streets.

London at the time of the Fire comprehended the area of the old walled city and had grown out beyond the Fleet and as far as Temple Bar, an

ancient obstruction which marked the division between the "liberties" of London and Westminster. The great Fire of 1666 made the Temple its western terminus, but within the barrier the desolation was practically complete. Wren's idea was to confiscate all the property laid waste and to turn it over temporarily to public trustees or commissioners, who were to settle disputes and indemnify the owners by allotting them the equivalent of their lands and foundations in the new London that was to be created over the ruins.

He designed a city of which the Royal Exchange was to be the axis, standing free in the middle of a piazza from which streets, sixty feet wide, should radiate to all the principal parts. There was to have been one wide street laid out from Aldgate, the eastern entrance to the city, to Temple Bar, its western extremity, and midway down this thoroughfare was to have been a large open space reserved to the rebuilt St. Paul's, on the site of the old, with space for a view all around it.

The most public places were to be formed into other large piazzas, the centres of eight ways; and the parish churches, of which fifty-one were destroyed in the Fire, he proposed to rebuild "conspicuous and insular" at the end of vistas, and so disposed throughout the plan as to appear "neither

too thick nor too thin, but to give a proper heightening to the whole bulk of the city as it filled the landscape."

Covent Garden, with its piazza, built by Wren's predecessor, Inigo Jones, some forty years previous, was one of the most fashionable quarters of suburban London in the time of Charles II, and Wren proposed to repeat that success in a composition on a grand scale overlooking the water, intended to house the halls of the twelve companies of the City, attached to the Guildhall, with proper warehouses for merchants between, and an esplanade or quay to extend from the Tower to the Temple. Many streets were also to radiate from the Bridge.

Fleet Ditch, which ran through what was then called the "Valley" as an offensive sewer, was to be beautified as a useful canal and provided with as many bridges connecting old London with its developing suburbs on the west, as there were to have been streets to cross it. Lud Gate, damaged in the Fire, was to have been replaced by a triumphal arch dedicated to the founder of the new city, Charles II. Churchyards, gardens, and unnecessary "vacuities," and all trades using great fires or yielding "noisome smells" were to be placed out of town.

The practicability of the whole scheme without loss to any man or infringement of his rights was demonstrated and all material objections weighed and answered; the king approved, many public spirited citizens agreed to pool their interests for the common good; but the obstinacy of the greater part of the small property owners in refusing to alter their old holdings proved an insuperable obstacle and in the disputes about property and the hurry of rebuilding the plan was hopelessly sidetracked.

Even in matters not involving private holdings conservatism held out against drastic changes such as the demolition of Ludgate, one of the four oldest gates to the city, whose antiquity tradition carried back to a legendary King Lud, who was said to have built it in the century before Christ. There had been an "image, great and terrible" of the Welsh King Cadwallo, "triumphantly riding on horseback, artificially cast in brass" placed upon this western gate, "to the fear and terror of the Saxons." It was upon its western face that the statue of Queen Elizabeth holding the orb and sceptre, now relegated to a doorway of St. Dunstan's in the West, stood proudly, while on the eastern front were statues of King Lud and

his sons, Androgeus and Theomantius, now disappeared.

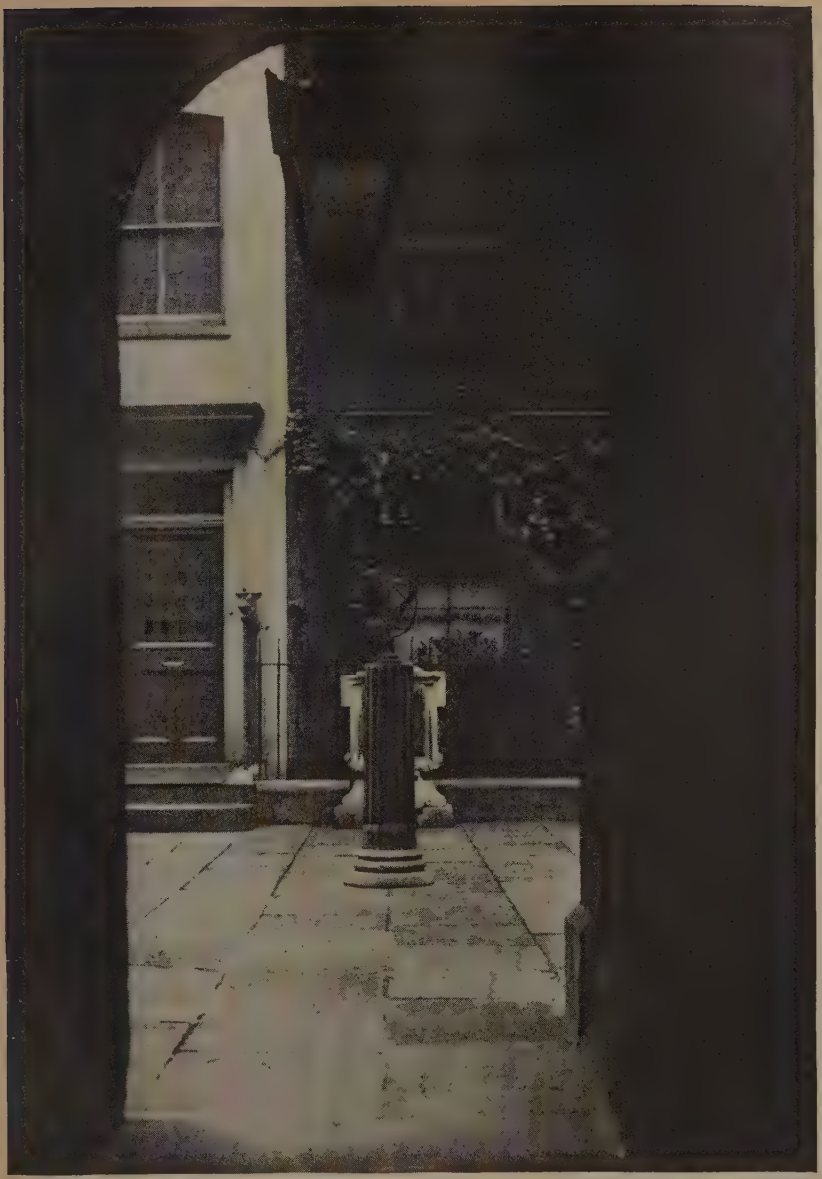
So London remains a jumble of oddments instead of the smooth composition that Wren dreamed. It is, indeed, rather curious that such later attempts at city planning as have been made, such as the laying out of the Mall as an approach to Buckingham Palace, or the opening of Lower Regent Street and Waterloo Place to create a vista of the Prince Regent's residence, Carlton House, usually end in anti-climax; for Carlton House has been demolished and the vista ends in vacancy; while the Victoria Memorial, as well as the palace itself, makes but a poor composition at the end of the Mall.

No, London has "jes' growed." This, I fancy, is what the true lover of London really likes about it. One learns to accept the narrowness and awkwardness of her streets, to bear with her architectural whimsies, to feel at home in the higgledy-piggledy disorder that characterizes her general aspect. London put to rights would not be London.

Natural and casual there is great charm and endless adventure in such random ramblings as come one's way. There is hardly a section where one may not turn from the thick of a hurtling, crowded

metropolis to some neglected bit of old-world peace. The unexpected waits at the opening of every lane and court. One may turn from the roar of Holborn or Kingsway, or from Chancery Lane, by a noble gateway, into the forgetfulness of Lincoln's Inn; from the blankness of Charterhouse Street into the conventual oblivion of the Charterhouse itself; or from the sordid awfulness of Theobald's Road, with its clanging trams, into the extraordinary unrelatedness of Gray's Inn, dropping off centuries as one traverses the quiet quadrangles or steps into the Elizabethan atmosphere of the last court, where the statue of Francis Bacon presides in the grand manner; or, looking through the gates of the Inn Gardens, think of that vain, frivolous, but so lovable Samuel Pepys, as he walked here with Mrs. Pepys, when church was done, to observe the fashions of the ladies, "because of his wife's making some cloaths."

The little main artery of Gray's Inn has preserved the character of a village street, but through the smallest of openings one may pass again into Holborn, whose intense modernity at this point almost discredits the genuineness of that long series of gables of the time of James I, opposite, where Nathaniel Hawthorne "went astray . . . through an arched entrance" into the enchanted silence of



Photograph by W. Whiffin.

PICKERING PLACE, ST. JAMES'S STREET, FROM THE COVERED WAY.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

A CORNER OF PICKERING PLACE, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Staple Inn, a little nook composed of two quadrangles and closed up after six by a wooden gate under a low-built archway of ancient stone, eaten away by fogs. The old wooden gate is provided with a small square aperture, defended by a stout iron grille, through which one could imagine a surly porter holding off any but persons with the most cogent rights to enter. "It is one of those nooks," says Dickens (Edwin Drood), "where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to each other, 'let's play at country;' and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings."

The Temple similarly defends itself upon Fleet Street, shuts up its gates at nightfall and on Sundays—after all it's the old concierge system, you must shout your name or state your business if you would enter after hours—and although Wren built the brick gateway to Middle Temple Lane, and the second gatehouse, belonging to the Inner Temple, is part of another fragment of picturesque James I architecture, the street here is so narrow that one might pass a hundred times without noticing them or suspecting the complete other world that exists behind those gates.

But Fleet Street is rich in quaint souvenirs of

an earlier London and almost any passage opening off it will lead to such choice bits as Clifford's Inn, just on the brink of dissolution; or Mitre Court, with the tavern where Dr. Johnson "loved to sit up late;" or Gough Square and Dr. Johnson's House; or Bolt Court where he spent the last years of his life; or Wine Office Court, where Goldsmith wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield;* or a little passageway leading to the almost walled in church of St. Bride's, with one of Wren's very best spires standing effectively at the end.

There are such turnings through vaulted passageways as Paul's Alley, or Ave Maria Lane, into Paternoster Row, near St. Paul's, and to that choice bit of antiquity known as Amen Corner. The two brick houses, on the left, next the gate which shuts in Amen Court, are ancient. Modern arrangements have closed this gate and made an entrance through the garden at the back of the court, all very charming; but it is through these great painted wooden gates, swung between brick posts and surmounted by a huge lantern, that we should pass into Amen Court, where an unbroken line of XVIIth century houses, face the back of Stationers' Hall. The earlier atmosphere is unmistakable. The houses are brick, creeper covered, with iron lamp holders arching over doorways and

link sockets attached. Two have quaint scrapers, one at each side of the steps for symmetry, and fan lights and brass knockers. They were built by Wren.

There is a scrap of similar retirement to be reached by a dark, panelled alley, opening off St. James's Street. "Pickering Place" is the too grand name for the most discreet of houses facing a tiny court, presided over by a charming (modern) sundial. It is one of those spots in the thick of the world which seem too good to be true—in which one could live in extraordinary seclusion, in the world but not of it, or of the world but not in it, like a rabbit in its hole.

CHAPTER III

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

When, in far-off countries, one thinks of London, I venture to say that it is the picture of Trafalgar Square which rises most persistently before the average mind's eye. St. Paul's may be the great symbol, but Trafalgar Square maintains more than any other one place, I fancy, the essential character of London. The extraordinary grouping of irrelevancies, the subordination of the Victorian composition, with its commemorative intention, to the simple old church of the Wren type, the weathering of the stones of St. Martin in the Fields and the pedestal of the statue of Charles I, the massive handsomeness of architecture enhanced and emphasised by the hoary whitening of exposed surfaces and intensified by the lithographic strokes of the black fog, where it has settled upon the sheltered sides of columns and porticoes or sunk indelibly into the deep recesses of carving, express with peculiar poignancy London.

The secret of its beauty, aside from the individuality of its blue light, lies in the quality of the Portland stone employed in building; this ages with magnificence and turns all accidents of time and weather to its own account, absorbing poisonous fogs and making of them robes of state to set off the purity of its clean surfaces, washed and bleached by rains and sun. Practically indigenous, nature seems to have provided this peculiarly suitable substance in profusion with a view to offsetting the disadvantages of smoky fuel and the tendency to fogs. Pictorially nothing could be better, as is amply proven.

I think of Trafalgar Square always with a sense of myself crossing diagonally from the angle of the National Gallery—where they have recently placed the little statue of George Washington, by Houdon, down the steps, below the equestrian of that other George, by Chantrey, and winding between the fountains, past the lions, coming out into Cockspur Street and so on into Pall Mall. My vision is of London on a cool, summer morning, slightly enveloped in a delicate mist, rather empty because of the early hour, with leisurely cabs skirting the curbs in the slender hope of picking up a fare, and the air fragrant with the bituminiferous essence of London.

I have seen it like this arriving from Paris by the

night service to Charing Cross, with the senses sharpened to impressions by lack of sleep, and the effectiveness heightened because of one's having been transferred in the night from one metropolis to another. London seems to express the sobriety of the north; to have great weight and substantiality; all the sterner virtues—all the ruder vices. After such a trip a gaunt, unappeasable hunger possesses one and it is difficult to eat early in London: to do so, or to attempt to do so, is to run counter to the bed-and-breakfast tradition of the nation, for the one is inseparable from the other and all good Britons breakfast where they sleep. So it is logical, if one has not slept one must not eat.

But Covent Garden is not far away and there are sure to be costers coming merrily along the square with fresh fruit upon which one may breakfast deliciously and flagrantly in the open—nobody that "*is* anybody" will see. There may be a ledge or two of slumberers stretched along the steps sheltered by the wall at the back of the square; there is sure to be a casual sprinkling of old hags leaning against the parapet under the plane trees where the 'buses stop; and in front of what used to be Morley's Hotel, now *Die Unie von Zuid Afrika,* a paperman, his façade lettered with some piquing hint of the latest news, will be pasting similar placards

TRAFALGAR SQUARE AT NIGHT.

ONE OF THE LANDSEER LIONS, NELSON MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Photographs by W. Whiffin.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY FROM ST. MARTIN'S STEPS.

THE SHRIMP GIRL, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Copyright Photograph, National Gallery.

—masterpieces of reticence—upon the asphalt or installing his assortment of morning papers between the railings of the Charing Cross Post-office, while another encamps upon the steps of St. Martin in the Fields—leisurely preparations, for London gets up late. My vision includes a picture of Kentish strawberries, sold for a song from coster carts, stationed opposite George Washington—berries marvellous for their size and sweetness. Nibbling at a cherry may be open to criticism but four bites might readily be made of these monster strawberries, served on cool, green leaves, with the dew of the morning still upon them. Fruit is presented charmingly in London, and the sign, "Morning Gathered," affixed to the little round baskets is a dependable guarantee of freshness.

Such berries and such prices, of course, antedate the war—one must sing a different tune to get them now—yet such a cart, well garnished with seasonable fruit, often enough brightens this corner—so rich a site in itself and so pregnant with the treasures of the National Gallery, just behind the row of pillars, borrowed from Carlton House, across the street.

A finer view of Trafalgar Square greets the eye from Cockspur Street especially on a brilliant after-

noon, when clouds are clearing away and the London light is at its bluest. It is again a question of the spectacle being withheld entire until the last moment, when upon the giving out of the houses on the opposite side of the street, the whole composition is revealed in a flash. St. Martin in the Fields, as has been said, "lends more grace than it receives to the finest site in Europe." Yet, I think, the site improves a church built by Gibbs, Wren's most famous disciple (it is thought to be his masterpiece). Anyway it determined the shape of the square, which had to be considerably modified from its original design in order to bring St. Martin's into the scheme. Trafalgar Square is a bit of Victorian London and the monument to Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, was erected in the early years of the queen's reign. The actual church is a century older than the square or any of its accessories, while its foundation dates from the reign of Henry VIII. The story goes that the king built, or possibly rebuilt, a church on the outskirts of the convent garden belonging to the monks of the Abbey in order to do away with the funeral processions passing Whitehall on their way to St. Margaret's Westminster. The old Tudor church was pulled down in 1721 and the new one built from Gibbs's design.

The architect's bust, in marble, stands within the entrance.

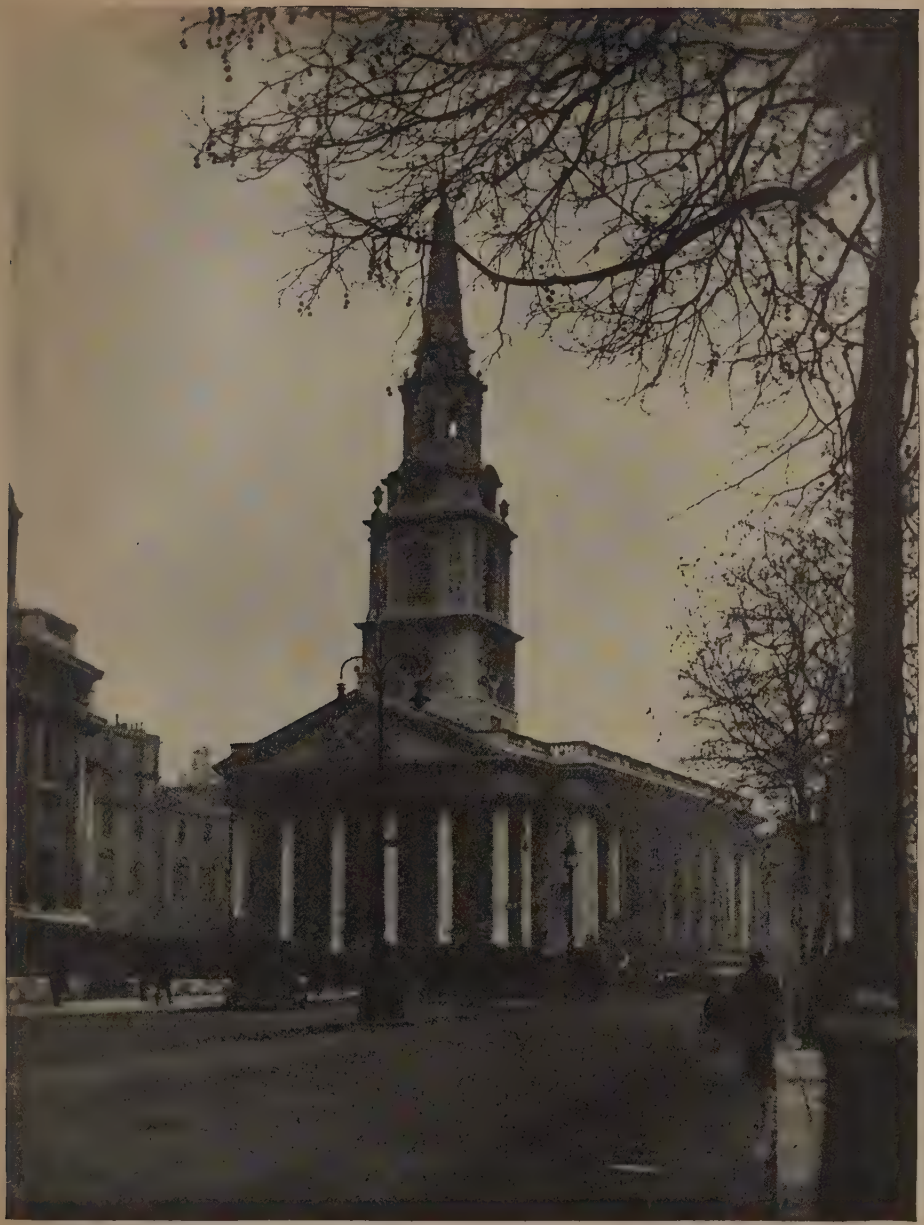
The vane on the fine steeple (almost worthy of Wren) bears a crown, to show that this is a royal parish, and inside two royal pews—the only original feature—look down upon the altar, for the parish includes within its boundaries both Buckingham and St. James's but the births of the royal family are not registered here, as has been frequently stated.

There is a pretty legend that Nell Gwyn left an annuity to the bell ringers of St. Martin's and that to this day a peal is rung weekly in her memory; but, alas! I fear it is not true. I have read her will and cannot find the item. She did request, in a codicil to this document, that her son (and the king's), the duke of St. Albans, have her buried in the church and that the then rector, Dr. Tenison, preach her funeral sermon; and she left £100 to the poor of this parish and that of St. James's Westminster (the old Wren church in Piccadilly), and a special £20 for the release of debtors from prison on Christmas day, possibly in memory of her father, who is said to have died in prison. And so, in effect, although no stone marks the spot and you may search in vain the curtailed and restricted churchyard, now paved with stone and played upon by parish school-boys, for any sign of

the resting place of Charles II's favourite, Nell Gwyn was buried in the churchyard of St. Martin in the Fields.

This was, indeed, a favourite burial place in the time of the Stuarts. John Lacy, the dramatist, was buried here and Sir Winston Churchill, father of the great duke of Marlborough; Roubiliac, a French sculptor famous in the reign of George II and whose startlingly realistic figures may be seen on several tombs in the Abbey, lies here in company with Anne Turner, who, as has been said, was hanged at Tyburn. Having brought yellow starched ruffs into fashion, she was condemned to be hanged "in her Tiffany ruff and cuffs" by a hangman likewise appareled, the whole procedure bringing starch into such disrepute that it soon after fell into complete disuse.

The interments in the church itself included many artists and literary people. There was Dobson, "the English Vandyck;" Nicholas Hiliard, miniature painter to Queen Elizabeth; Paul Vansomer, painter to James I, a native of Antwerp; Nicholas Stone, the sculptor who collaborated with Inigo Jones in the building of the beautiful water gate at the foot of Buckingham Street, and who is known by other fine works in London; Sir John Davies, the poet; and Nicholas Lanière, who with Fera-



Photograph by W. Whiffin.

ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS. DESIGNED BY GIBBS, ARCHITECT.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

bosco composed the symphonies which were performed at the court of Charles I. Two of the tombs from the earlier church—those of Sir Thomas Mayerne, physician to James I and Charles I, and of Secretary Coventry are preserved in the vaults of the present structure. These date from the second half of the XVIIth century.

It is fashionable to deride the architectural shell of the National Gallery and to be clever at its expense as an unhappy edifice possessed of everything that it ought not to have and of nothing that it ought to have—"windows without glass, a cupola without size, a portico without height, pepperboxes without pepper, and the finest site in Europe with nothing to show upon it." (This is quoted from *All the Year Round.* 1862.) Hare is very hard upon the building, as indeed upon the whole aspect of Trafalgar Square, which he styles "a dreary expanse of granite." I shall not join the chorus of abuse. To me the spot typifies London. It is my centre, my point of orientation. I like both the mass and the colour—the rich sooty blacks and the strange bleached white of the Portland stone—I adore the Landseer lions at the base of the monument, and in this enthusiasm I am joined by my friend Demuth of Lancaster, who writes me, "I shall call upon you within the hour of my arrival in

London, but first I must pat the lions in Trafalgar Square." I am happy when (as now rarely) the fountains play. I like Nelson and his achievement and I rejoice in the word Trafalgar: it dates back to the old blood-stirring notions of battle and bravery, it reminds me of my father and the valorous old song about Trafalgar's Bay and the never-failing thrill of Nelson's simple message:

> "England expects that every man
> This day will do his duty,
> This da-y will do-o his duty."

What does it signify if the figure of Nelson, in his admiral's hat, standing on top of the granite shaft, copied from a Roman model, is more or less ridiculous? Nothing can detract from the dignity of this gallant hero.

These are poor reasons for liking buildings and monuments, yet I shall go further and acknowledge that I like the National Gallery not only, though chiefly, because of what I know is behind that inadequate superimposed Carlton House portico, but because, pepperboxes and all, it looks like itself. It couldn't be anything else. Anyway I doubt if I should like it better if it were a perfect classic model, all that pseudo-classic architecture, wher-

ever found, is a resurrection of the body without the spirit.

Lytton Strachey has told us how Victoria chose her architect (Sir Gilbert Scott) for "his industry, his conscientiousness, and his genuine piety," or rather that these virtues had placed him in the front rank of his profession, and so she engaged him to make the Albert Memorial.*

A streak of something akin to these qualifications seems to identify the generation of architects which stamped the buildings of the XIXth century and gave us so many strange and exotic travesties of remoter ages throughout the land. Paris has its Madeleine, its Panthéon; New York, Boston, Philadelphia got their share of them. London suffered acutely by taking the classic revival with ghastly gravity, and viewed complacently, if not with pride, the erection of such dreary piles as the British Museum, by Sir Robert Smirke, and the anomalies of Sir Charles Barry, who did the Houses of Parliament, and shared heavily the responsibility for those stuccoed imitations of Italian palaces, which give Pall Mall, from Waterloo Place to St. James's Palace, its specious air of grandeur. The bringing of the Elgin marbles from Athens, early in the century, must have stirred the home architects

* "Queen Victoria," Lytton Strachey, p. 235.

to their depths, if we may judge by Decimus Burton, who naïvely applied a reproduction of the frieze of Parthenon to the Athenaeum Club, at the angle of Waterloo Place, which he built in 1829. Wilkins, the architect of the National Gallery, built also the new buildings at King's College, Cambridge, and his so-called *chef d'œuvre* was the portico of the University College, in Gower Street.

I got the expression *chef d'œuvre,* in this connection, from a contemporary work on the architecture of this period * which goes to show how seriously they took themselves at the time. Even Hare speaks of the porch of St. Martin's as "the only perfect example of a Grecian portico in London," though he regrets that the effect is marred by the misplaced spire, which seems to rise out of it in defiance of all respected precedent. I like the National Gallery as much more of a personality than the British Museum or the *chef d'œuvre* in Gower Street. But chiefly I like it for the old passionate associations within.

There are certain pictures, too numerous to mention, involved intimately with one's art student days, that appeal in a very poignant way, that

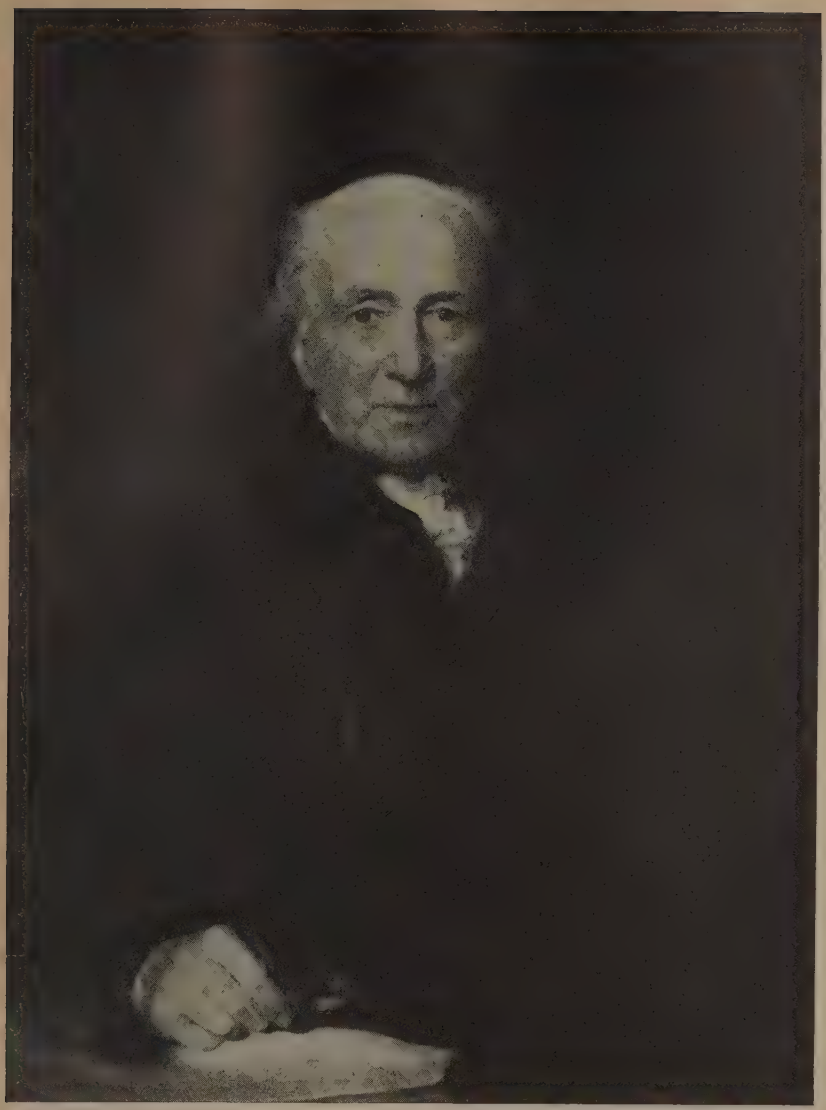
* "History of the Modern Styles of Architecture," James Fergusson.

make the National Gallery, perhaps even more than the several other magnificent museums of London, a reservoir of detached charm. A great many jokes have been cracked at the expense of people who go to museums to escape bad weather, but if we are agreed that fine days are to be seized upon for out-of-town jaunts, as the guide books advise, what can be more logical than that the "setting in of bad weather" should be taken advantage of for getting acquainted with the museums of London, beginning with the one nearest at hand? I am afraid we all set about the investigation of art too seriously and do not go joyfully enough to the National Gallery—appreciation grows with intimacy.

Now the National Gallery presents a remarkably compact and complete field for the intelligent study of painting, being stocked with an unusual number of chosen canvases of first importance. It seems incredible that it dates no further back than 1824, growing out of a nucleus of thirty-eight pictures collected by John Jules Angerstein, purchased by the nation; so that the whole achievement is embraced within a century. Amongst the portraits in the British section is one of this benevolent, blue-eyed, elderly gentleman, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. History records him as a merchant, philan-

thropist, and amateur of art, of Russian extraction, who came to England at the age of fifteen, and beginning life as an underwriter at Lloyds, became an important figure in the commercial world of London. His town house was in Pall Mall and here, aided by Lawrence and in some instances by Benjamin West, he amassed the collection of pictures which formed the nucleus of the National Gallery. When, after his death, in 1823, his pictures came upon the market, the government voted the sum of £60,000 for the purchase of the greater part of them. His portrait, by Lawrence, was presented to the gallery by William IV. The nucleus of a gallery is always interesting and in this case contains some of the richest treasures of the collection, readily identified by the labels attached to the frames.

The National Gallery has been greatly extended by means of donations, legacies, and purchases in the course of years and only recently has been considerably enlarged by the addition of some new rooms which allow for its normal expansion and a better classification of exhibits—all in the line of progress but leaving the place frightfully changed from earlier memories of it. One likes to think of the Louvre exactly as it was when Raphaelli wrote his *Promenade autour du Salon Carré.* I still



Photograph Copyright National Gallery.

JOHN JULES ANGERSTEIN (1735-1823). BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. FROM PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, PRESENTED BY WILLIAM IV. MR. ANGERSTEIN'S COLLECTION FORMED THE NUCLEUS OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Photograph Copyright National Gallery.

MRS. SIDDONS, BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

visualise that holy of holies as it was when I first knew it—the *Fête Champêtre* of Giorgione at the end of the wall to the right of the entrance, Raphael's *Count Baldassare Castiglione* next, then Correggio's exquisite *Betrothal of Saint Catherine of Alexandria,* and then, quite casually, not at all as though she were the talk of the world, *Mona Lisa.* But since she is the talk of the world the authorities have made for her a little shrine apart, and the *Salon Carré* will never be the same. Similar violence was done Rembrandt's *Night Watch,* in Amsterdam, a quite unnecessary bit of stage setting to emphasise its importance; while the Dresden gallery made almost a chapel for the *Sistine Madonna,* and it was considered irreverent to speak above a whisper in its presence. I suppose one day some clean-sweeping new broom of a director will upset the *Tribuna,* at Florence, and break up forever that select little company of the *crême de la crême* of the Uffizi.

A step-mother seems to have spring-cleaned the National Gallery. The walls have changed colour, pictures have skipped around from one gallery to another, Mr. Turner has been moved bodily into the Tate Gallery (where he is displayed with a new handsomeness), and nothing is where it used to be. With the withdrawal of the Pierpont Morgan loans

went Raphael's magnificent *Colonna Madonna* to New York, and that leaves a painful gap in the splendid array of masterpieces of the Umbrian school. The papers of late have been eloquent in diatribes against the universal practice of glazing the exhibits, and in spite of all protest "restoration" goes on, to the complete ruin of an occasional canvas. The few who rail, rail in vain against the specious arguments of those who thrive upon the business of restoring and the impregnable dogmatism of museum managements.

Riding one day on top of a 'bus past the National Gallery, a passenger, more than usually well informed, pointed out to his companion the small bronze statue of the father of my country which stands at the left hand corner of the building, completely dwarfed and overpowered by its situation. "That is George Washington," he said—then, confidentially, "Who *was* George Washington?" he asked his lady friend; but she "I daont knaow," responded vaguely and the subject was dropped for lack of sustenance.

This is the Houdon statue, a reproduction of the original marble made for the capitol at Richmond, Virginia. It was in 1784 that the legislature of Virginia decided upon a statue of the president for his native state, and Thomas Jefferson, who was

then United States minister to the court of France, being empowered, secured the services of Houdon, the celebrated French sculptor, at the time engaged upon a statue of the king of France and at the height of his fame. Jefferson wrote to Washington: "I find that a Monsieur Houdon of this place [Paris] possesses the reputation of being the first statuary in the world. I sent for him and had some conversation with him on the subject . . . and he is so enthusiastically fond of being the executor of this work that he offers to go to America for the purpose of forming your bust from the life." Houdon, in effect, crossed the ocean—no inconsiderable undertaking in 1785—and modelled the president at Mount Vernon, in October of that year, and, making also a life mask of Washington, returned to France where the work was executed. As it is life-size naturally the statue appears very small, out of doors, and against the criticism that it looks like a bronze candlestick, as McLure Hamilton has wittily observed, there is this defence that it was designed for the interior of a contemporary building in scale with the statue, so that to show it in its present situation is a gross injury. Monsieur Houdon would be horrified.

Sometimes when I see this small, eloquent figure bravely holding out against the disadvantages of

the most ill-considered site in London, bearing the injustice of competition with the heroic statues of the square, the enormous lions, the high flung shaft of the Nelson Monument, and enduring the snub of the tail-turned horse of George IV, upon the huge pedestal opposite, I am tempted to wonder, in my artless American way whether this site was really chosen out of sheer stupidity! And then I remember with particular relish a stolid daughter of the people (aged 12) with whom I was lately discussing education. She told me that she had mastered English history from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria, and to make conversation I asked her what they had told her of the American Revolution. She: "They don't tell us much." Me: "Well, what was it?" No answer. Me: "Was it a fight or what was it?" She: (after a pause) "I think it was a fight." Me: "Well, if it was a fight, who won?" She (after a longer pause): "I think the British gave in."

CHAPTER IV

CHARING CROSS

We are to conceive of London as having made two beginnings, or rather as of two independent settlements, founded in remoter times and gradually grown together in the course of centuries—London and Westminster. The Fleet Bridge opened the first land way between the two, and until it was built all communication between London and its first suburb was by water. The two cities were interdependent from earliest times, as they are now, for Westminster was a busy place long before London Bridge was built, and when, under Edward the Confessor, it became the seat of a powerful abbey and the residence of the king the traffic between the two places was greatly augmented. Still the Thames was the only highway and even down to the time of Charles II was so exclusively used as a means of getting about that Mr. Pepys carefully notes in his *Diary* whenever he went to a place by land.

The Strand, even after the Fleet Bridge was

built, was for years merely a back way, part of a straggling road which led from London to Westminster and which, bending abruptly to the south, following always the direction of the river, encountered as it bent a quiet little village called Charing, which stood here as a sort of halting place in bygone times for travellers between the two cities. The name had belonged to this spot from a time so remote that it was already old at the period of the Norman Conquest, and of the various guesses as to its origin none seems more plausible than that Charing is a survival of a Saxon word meaning to turn, or a turn, referring of course to the turn of the road and the river here.

Dr. Johnson thought that the "full tide of existence" was at Charing Cross, and it might still be said; but the mediæval village of Charing seems to have been noted for nothing in particular until Edward I erected a cross here to mark the spot where the body of his queen, Eleanor of Castile, rested as it was carried in solemn procession from Lincoln to Westminster Abbey.

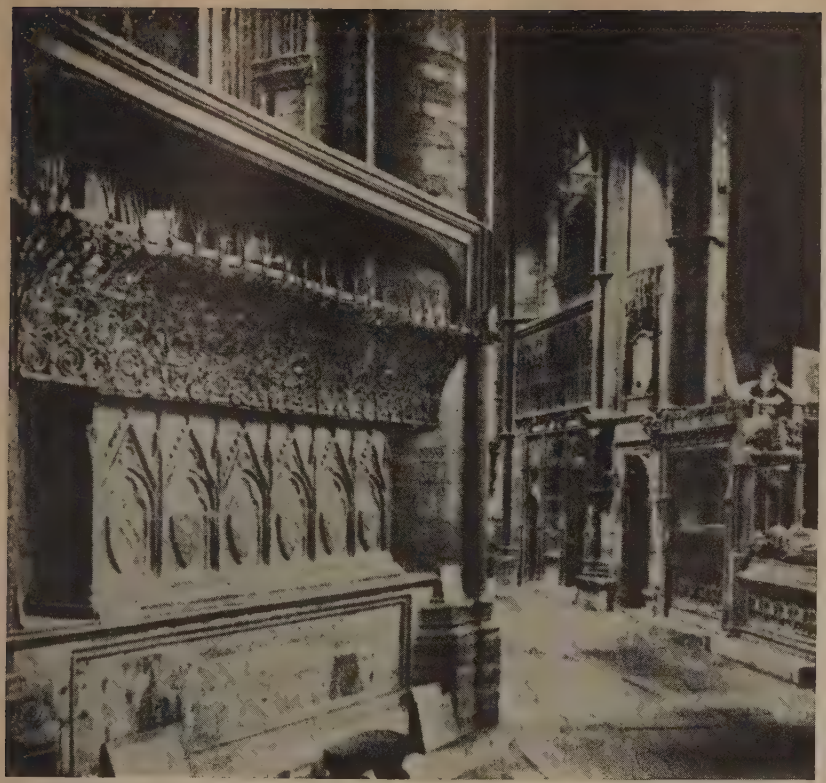
It is one of the pretty stories of history how this princess, the daughter of Ferdinand III of Castile, won the adoration of her husband by her heroic devotion to him during the perils of the Crusades. They had been officially married as children, but

not united until maturity. When Edward departed for the Holy Land, Eleanor refused to be left behind, meeting all remonstrances with the words: "Nothing ought to part those whom God has joined, and the way to heaven is as near from Palestine as from England."

But when Edward was absent on his Scottish wars, Eleanor remained at home, and falling ill at Hardeby, near Grantham, died before the king could reach her. His passionate grief at her loss found expression in a line of twelve crosses, erected at the towns where the procession halted at the end of each day's march and where the body lay in state. These crosses stood at Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, Cheapside, and Charing. Most of them, after suffering many vicissitudes, were finally demolished by the puritanic fury of the XVIIth century, but those at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham, more or less mutilated, still stand where they were built. The Guildhall Museum preserves a few fragments of Cheap Cross, bearing the arms of Castile, and these are all that remain of that famous relic. It stood at the end of Wood Street, in Cheapside, and in the course of its history suffered mutilation, restoration, desecration; and at

the end of the XVth century was rebuilt no doubt in the latest Gothic style of the period. Sometimes it was gilded in honour of royal functions; once an image of Diana was added to it, when it served as a water conduit and finally, in 1643, to the beating of drums and blowing of trumpets, the scarce recognisable successor of Edward's cross was completely destroyed. Michael of Canterbury was the original builder, but of the first design we have no record. Of Waltham Cross, which lends its name to a small village directly north of London, only the lowest storey and the figures of the second storey are authentic, but it stands on the original site and marks the centre of this rather ghastly suburb.

Charing Cross from all accounts was the finest of the whole series. It stood where the statue of Charles I now looks down Whitehall, at the point where the old road to Westminster turned abruptly to the south, probably the heart of the mediæval village. A temporary wooden cross was set up here about the year 1291, or within a few months of the queen's death; but the permanent cross was of Caen stone, elevated upon steps of marble brought from Corfe, in Dorsetshire. It was voted down by the Long Parliament in 1647. Several of the stones, we are told, were used for paving Whitehall and from others knife handles were made as souvenirs.



TOMB OF ELEANOR OF CASTILE. FROM THE AMBULATORY.

For about two centuries after this Charing Cross was a cross in name only, then, when the Gothic revival swept England, a modern attempt to reproduce the old cross was erected under the direction of Sir Charles Barry, the designer of the Houses of Parliament, and found a somewhat equivocal lodgment in the courtyard of the Southeastern Railway Station. I believe it is very little noticed and that it serves perhaps less to preserve the memory of the Castilian queen than to distinguish the modern railway terminus to which it lends its name. The spot where the body lay during the last halt of the procession to the place of interment had been consecrated to other memories in the interval and perhaps this was the best that could be done to record this pretty bit of mediæval history.

We have but to follow the course of the procession down Whitehall and into the Abbey to look upon the almost perfectly preserved tomb of "Alianor" of Castile which occupies a favoured position in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, at the foot of the tomb of Henry III, the queen's father-in-law and the founder of the chapel. Edward provided both these sumptuous monuments, but lies himself under one of the plainest stones in the Abbey—on the same side of the chapel, near the screen, between his father and his brother Edmund.

The queen's tomb consists of a sarcophagus of Petworth marble, surmounted by an effigy of "Alianor" in gilded brass. The covering of the bed upon which she lies and the cushion under her head are carved in a diaper pattern composed of the quartered shield of Castile and Leon—the castle with the triple tower and the lion rampant. The same has been cut upon the stone of the sarcophagus, but is barely decipherable. Around the base of the effigy is the quaint inscription in old French: *"Ici gist Alianor, jadis Reyne de Engletere, femme al Rey Edeward, Fiz el Rey Henri, e Fylle al Rey de Espagne e Contasse de Puntiff del alme di li Dieu pur sa pité eyt merci."*

Eleanor was of distinguished birth. Her father, Ferdinand III, king of Castile and Leon, had been a brave Crusader and was canonised by Clement X. His sister, Blanche of Castile, was queen of France and mother of Saint Louis—the same triple towered castle is conspicuous in the ornaments of the Sainte-Chapelle, in Paris. By her marriage Eleanor became queen to the greatest of the Plantagenets. All that is recorded of her is favourable. "To our nation," writes Walsingham, "she was a loving mother, the column and pillar of the whole realm. She was a godley, modest, and merciful princess. . . . The sorrow stricken

she consoled as became her dignity, and she made them friends that were at discord." Every abbot of Westminster was sworn, as he entered office, to burn a hundred wax lights round her grave on the eve of St. Andrew, the anniversary of her death. Her heart was given to the convent of Blackfriars.

If the memorial was called *Charing* Cross, as a bit of descriptive nomenclature necessary to distinguish it from Cheap Cross and all the others raised in honour of the dead queen, the mediæval settlement soon, by reciprocity, came to be known as Charing *Cross,* by which it would seem that the erection of this impressive Gothic monument was the most important thing that had till then happened to this locality. So long as the traffic continued to go by water, so long as the Thames remained the great highway between London and the small royal city, with its great palace and its greater Abbey, all progress was denied this marshy back way leading over the old shore line of the river, but destined to become one of the most celebrated streets of the world.

For centuries the only highway, the Thames was the great highway until comparatively recent times, not only for processions and shipping and the transport of goods, but for the ordinary getting about from place to place, and down to well after

the middle of the XVIIth century it was as natural to hail a boat as it is to call a taxi now, and watermen were as important a factor of daily life as cabbies were to become or as chauffeurs are at present. Such streets as existed were impossible either for walking or driving or being carried in the Sedan chairs, which prince Charles and the duke of Buckingham brought back from Spain and made fashionable for a century and more afterwards. Swift wrote of the "impatient beaux" box'd in their chairs, and John Gay, who had a word to say about everything wrote:

> "Let others in the jolting coach confide,
> Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
> Or, Box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
> And trust their safety to another's feet:
> Still let me walk."

Hackney coaches were a XVIIth century invention, and the first stand was established in front of St. Mary le Strand, in 1634, to the rage and disgust of the boatmen who saw in this new means of locomotion their long enjoyed monopoly seriously menaced. As the automobile ruined the hansom and the four-wheeler, so the hackney coach drove the boatmen out of existence. So long as the coaches were content to exploit the cross streets, which the boats could not penetrate, they were en-

dured, but when they began to encroach upon the domain of the watermen a huge outcry was raised and complaints were carried to the king that the hackney coaches were "not confined to going north and south, but that their plying and carrying of people east and west, to and fro, in the streets and places abutting upon the river doth utterly ruinate your petitioners." Then taking the law into their own hands they fought desperately to maintain their rights and Taylor, the water-poet, describes how, after a mask or a play at the court, "even the very earth quakes and trembles, the casements shatter, tatter, and clatter," with their noise, so that "a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, nor eat his dinner or supper in quiet for them." The coaches were limited the following year. In 1636 one hundred were allowed and the number has only been unlimited since 1833.

One is always falling back upon Mr. Pepys to give local colour, and it is of course he that makes these times most real. I am ashamed to confess that I avoided him for years, with Boswell, supposing them to be two equally stuffy, tiresome old gentlemen, much given to prosing about uninteresting matters; but once having made the plunge one succumbs after a few pages to the fascination of Mr. Pepys and the extraordinary charm of Mr.

Boswell and his London of a century later. Besides being a great epicure of life, a man of insatiable inquisitiveness whom very little escaped, Pepys lived at a remarkable period and many of the great epoch-making events in the history of London occurred during the span of his life. He experienced the monarchy under Charles I, with the civil war which marked the close of that reign, and he lived through the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, and the Reconstruction. He saw Charles I beheaded in Whitehall and was in Westminster Abbey for the coronation of Charles II, sitting on a beam supporting the roof, from four to eleven in the morning, when the ceremony took place. His notes of all such events have piquancy and flavour; thus on October 13, 1660, he puts down:

"I went to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered, which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could in that condition. . . . Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King, at Charing Cross." This hanging took place at the spot made vacant by the then recent destruction of the Eleanor Cross and now marked by the equestrian statue of Charles I. Two days later Pepys notes: "This morning Mr. Carew (John

Carew who signed the death warrant for the execution of Charles I) was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross, but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged up."

Mr. Pepys lived through the Plague and the Fire, leaving in his *Diary* the most vivid of personal observations upon both, and he saw the rebuilding of London. He was perhaps the most typical of Londoners, living within the City when London was a walled town with gates which shut at a certain hour. It was for the most part unlighted and people went about after dark with lanterns, or torches made of pitch and tow, called links. Scattered throughout London in the older streets are frequently to be seen the link sockets and snuffers attached to the decorative iron work over the door steps which supported the lamps, lit upon occasions. The old Wren houses in Amen Court have them, as has been noticed, and they may still be seen on a noble doorway at No. 44 Berkeley Square as well as on an occasional house near Smith Square, Westminster, and in many other places where early houses are still to be found. They were in the form of beautiful bell-shaped cornucopias, turned down, and besides acting as extinguishers for the torches served in the hands of good designers a decorative purpose. There is a

note in the *Diary,* under September 10, 1661, where Pepys having gone to the "Wardrobe" to see Lady Sandwich, after supper escorted the young ladies for a walk and "bought a link and carried it myself till I met one who would light me home for the link. So he lighted me home with his own and then I did give him mine."

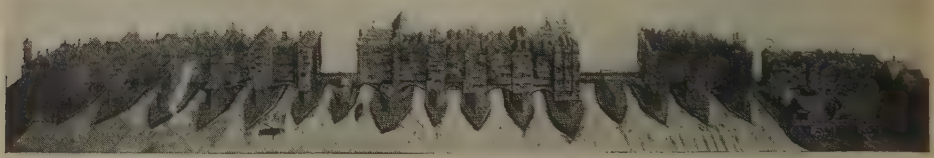
Pepys is typical in that his official work ranged between the Navy Office, which was in Crutched Friars in the City, and Whitehall and Westminster and he usually made the journey by water. The Strand in his day was merely a back way, fronting which were the stables of the houses on the Thames. As London grew out from the City towards Westminster, noblemen built their mansions along the stretch of intervening river and the land was divided into desirable estates. Fourteen road bridges now cross the Thames, and another is in contemplation, but until after the middle of the XVIIIth century London Bridge was the only one which spanned the river: there was no bridge over the Thames below it until 1894, when the Tower Bridge was opened. London Bridge in Saxon times, defended by towers and bulwarks, was the scene of a famous battle in which Olaf, king of Norway, assisted Ethelred the Unready to defeat the Danes. Canonized for this service, St. Olaf is

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

HOUSE IN BERKELEY SQUARE (NO. 44), SHOWING LINK SOCKETS AND LANTERN.

THE CENTRAL GROUP OF BUILDINGS.

THE SOUTH GROUP. SHOWING THE GATE WITH TRAITORS' HEADS ON PIKES ABOVE.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE. AS SHAKESPEARE SAW IT ABOUT 1600 A.D. FROM THE EARLIEST KNOWN DRAWING, NOW IN THE PEPYS COLLECTION, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

remembered in two London churches—Mr. Pepys's church of St. Olave Hart Street and St. Olave Tooley Street, near the Southwark end of London Bridge; while Tooley Street itself is supposed to bear, singularly corrupted, the name of the patron of the parish.

In 1176 the rebuilding of London Bridge was begun by Peter of Colechurch: this was the bridge that was pulled down early in the XIXth century. An arch of this so-called first London Bridge was recently discovered in the course of excavations at Adelaide Place and a considerable outcry made against its destruction, but as £11,000 was required to save it on its original site and neither the government, nor the Society of Antiquaries, nor the Bridge House Trust came forward with this amount I suppose the arch has been carted away. The old bridge famous for many generations, stood just below the existing structure: it had a draw and twenty narrow stone arches through which the tide formed dangerous rapids. There was a gate house at each end and a chapel or crypt in the centre, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, who had been baptized in the church of St. Mary Colechurch, of which the builder (Peter of Colechurch) was a priest, and in this chapel Peter of Colechurch was buried, in 1205. Rows of old houses lined the two

sides of the bridge making it a picturesque feature of old London.

The narrow arches of old London Bridge acted almost as a dam to the river, so that the bridge formed a sort of lock, the water being higher on one side than on the other. At ebb tide the fall of water was so great as to make hazardous going for small boats. The risks of "shooting the bridge," as it was called, were such that it used to be said that "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under." The boatmen were, of course, adept in shooting the bridge, but more prudent travellers landed above the bridge and entered their boats again from the other side. The ancient mode of going to the Tower of Greenwich from Westminster was to land at the Three Cranes, in Upper Thames Street, suffer the barges to shoot the bridge and to enter them again at Billingsgate.

Mr. Pepys makes many references to the perils of shooting the bridge, which, being a man of spirit, he seems often to have done. He took Mr. Salisbury to Whitehall with him by water, "but he would not by any means be moved to go through the bridge, and so we were fain to go round by the Old Swan." Sir William Penn was more courageous and walked with him over the piles through the bridge, "while Sir William Batten and Sir J.

Minnes were aground against the bridge and could not in a great while get through." Another time setting out "towards Westminster from the Toure, by water," he "was fain to stand upon one of the piers about the bridge before the men could drag their boat through the lock and which they could not do until another was called to help them." He describes the passage of a Frenchman through the bridge, "where when he saw the great fall he began to cross himself and say his prayers in the greatest fear in the world, and as soon as it was over he swore: *'Morbleu! c'est le plus grand plaisir du monde,'* being the most like a French humour in the world."

So long as the Thames continued to be the great highway of London the ceremonies and pageants were held upon it. For centuries the Lord Mayor's Show proceeded to Westminster by water and it was not until 1857 that, the rights of the City of London Corporation as conservers of the Thames then lapsing, the journey was made by land. When a new ambassador came to the country he was met at Gravesend by the Lord Mayor and aldermen and conducted in state by river to the Tower Stairs, whence he proceeded by coach to Whitehall. Evelyn describes the imposing entry of Catharine of Braganza, consort of Charles II,

at the first time of her coming to town, as the "most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames." She came from Hampton Court to Whitehall surrounded by a flotilla so numerous that Pepys, who naturally did not miss such a sight, says one could not see the Thames, nor the king and queen, for the boats, and estimates their number by about 10,000. Two pageants, with a king and queen mounted on gorgeous thrones, stately barges of the lord mayor and the companies, accompanied by all imaginable pomp, preceded Charles and his queen, who came in an antique shaped open vessel, covered with a canopy of cloth of gold, made in the form of a cupola, supported by Corinthian pillars, wreathed with garlands of flowers.

CHAPTER V

STRAND PALACES: THE ADELPHI

The Thames remained the great highway and was the centre of Tudor and Stuart life. We are to picture its banks, between the old royal palace of Bridewell on the Fleet and the older royal palace of Westminster (or between Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges), lined with the great houses of prelates and nobles, mingled with monasteries like Whitefriars and the Temple, but we shall have to search in the names of the streets, backed up by an occasional fragment of the palaces themselves, for any souvenirs of their existence, for all have been destroyed. The nearest approach to a type of what they were is Lambeth Palace, on the opposite side of the river, the London residence of the archbishops of Canterbury. Just as this beautiful pile —XVth century in its older parts and Tudor and Caroline in its reconstruction—abuts upon the Thames, so that procession of palaces which lined the north bank gave a splendour to ancient London only comparable to that of Venice and the Grand Canal.

Kings, bishops, nobles, and religious orders established along the left bank of the Thames a succession of proud estates. There was Bridewell, at the eastern end, a palace embracing courts, cloisters, and gardens, whose last royal occupant was Henry VIII. A souvenir of it remains in the church of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, named, like the palace, from St. Bride's or St. Bridget's Well, a holy spring with supposed miraculous powers. Shakespeare lays the whole of the third act of *Henry VIII* in Bridewell, which is historically correct, for it was to this palace that the king summoned the council, the lords of the court, and the mayor and aldermen to tell them of the scruples that had "long tormented his mind with regard to his marriage with Catharine of Aragon," and it was here that Catharine received Wolsey and Campeggio, as Cavendish relates, "having a skein of red silke about her neck, being at work with her maidens." Henry left Bridewell after this affair and Anne Boleyn's brief time was passed at St. James's or Whitehall or Richmond, and when the king's young son succeeded, as Edward VI, he gave the old palace for a refuge for deserted children. So Bridewell degenerated from a palace to a house of refuge, from a house of refuge to a prison before it finally disappeared (in 1863) leaving scarcely a

reminiscence of itself in an amazingly cleaned up neighbourhood.

The covenants of the Blackfriars and the Whitefriars have dwindled to vague names of streets and a bridge; the town residences of the bishops of Salisbury, Exeter, Worcester, Lichfield, Landaff, Durham, Norwich, and York have left no more if as much. New Bridge Street marks the last turbulent course of the Fleet as it rushed towards the Thames, covers its now sluggish outfall at Blackfriars. The palace of Protector Somerset is replaced by Somerset House; John of Gaunt's palace, the Savoy, means nothing so much as a vast hotel for foreigners with a strange little chapel hidden behind it, seldom seen and never visited; of Buckingham's gay palace there is vacancy except for a famous watergate now standing oddly at the foot of a narrow, sunless street which bears the ducal name. Charing Cross Station has obliterated the old market which superseded Hungerford Mansion; even the suspension bridge which handed on something of the dignity of the name has been spirited away. Northumberland House is gone; Wolsey's magnificent palace, Whitehall, is reduced to a mere fragment; and Westminster, a royal palace from early Anglo-Saxon times till Henry VIII aban-

doned it for Whitehall, has become the Houses of Parliament.

As for souvenirs there are left along the Thames such oddments as the old Westminster Hall rebuilt by Richard II, imbedded in the new design of the parliamentary palace; the Banquet House of James I salved from Whitehall; the York Water Gate; the Savoy Chapel; two stone columns at the end of Essex Street, thought to have been part of Essex Water Gate; and the ancient church of the Templars, within the quiet precincts of the actual territory of the Temple.

Northumberland House was the last of the Strand Palaces to disappear. Northumberland Avenue, with its mammoth hotels—the Grand, the Victoria, and the Métropole—and part of the Victoria Embankment Gardens occupy the site of the mansion and its gardens. The old house with the lion standing over its entrance and silhouetted boldly against the sky, which formed a famous feature of the Strand front, was not destroyed until 1878 and is still remembered and regretted as one of the picturesque landmarks of London. The original house was older by a century and a half than St. Martin's, having been built about the year 1605, and though subjected to many rebuildings and alterations the Strand front seems to have re-

tained to the last its beautiful gateway, which brought the ancient note of distinction to Trafalgar Square when that clearing was made.

Henry Howard, earl of Northumberland, was the builder and the original house—designed by Bernard Jansen and Gerrard Christmas—formed three sides of a quadrangle, consisting of a main body with wings, the opening towards the river. The quadrangle was afterwards completed by a fourth side, built in Evelyn's day, for he notes, on June 9, 1658, a visit to see the earl's famous collection of pictures and remarks in passing that "the new front towards the gardens is tolerable, were it not drown'd by a too massie and clomsie pair of stayres of stone, without any neate invention." The house was called Northumberland or Suffolk House as it passed through the hands of different heirs, finally becoming part of the inheritance of the Lady Elizabeth Percy, the only daughter of Algernon Percy, tenth earl of Northumberland. Visitors to Petworth House may see, in the magnificent Grinling Gibbons room there, portraits of the Lady Elizabeth and her third husband, the "proud duke of Somerset," for Petworth also came to her and there is an interesting connection between the two estates. There is a river view of London in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, which shows the

picturesque old house as it used to be; it stands a solid bulk with four towers at the corners and its gardens enclosed by a high wall through which the water gate opens upon the river. The lion, the crest of the Percies, was one of the later additions to the original design, and when the house was destroyed it was taken down and removed to an honourable position on the parapet of Sion House, near Brentford, a seat of the duke of Northumberland. From 'Sion Vista' at Kew the lion which amused London for so many years is pointed out as an object of considerable interest.

If the movement to improve the Thames by bringing the trains into Charing Cross under the river instead of over it takes effect we shall lose practically the last link with the name of Hungerford in this locality, for undoubtedly the old Hungerford foot bridge will go. It is a shabby old thoroughfare leading rapidly from Charing Cross to Waterloo and affording magnificent viewpoints for admiring the river at the point where it makes its abrupt bend from a northward to an easterly direction. Sir Edward Hungerford was a personage under Charles II and his house dominated the locality of Charing Cross station. The house was burned down in 1669 and the site was used for the

Hungerford Market until the Southeastern Railway built its terminus here.

Beyond Charing Cross a choice little section of the London of a century and a half ago survives in the Adelphi, one of those several tiny backwaters which have managed to keep their identity in the very heart of the modernized city. Old Chelsea and Shepherd's Market Mayfair have perhaps greater fascination and have suffered less from the constant menace of destruction; but the Adelphi, crowded in behind the Strand, elbowed by the activities of the railroad and underground stations, overshadowed by the big hotels of the Embankment, but overlooking the Thames at its handsomest point, seems in a sense the most remarkable oasis in London.

The Adelphi covers practically the site of Durham House, one of the old river palaces belonging to the clergy. York House, a similar establishment, joined it on the west. The archbishops of York had two houses in London; the first was "York Place," largely rebuilt and magnificently embellished by Wolsey during his tenure of the see. York Place became Whitehall when Henry VII, upon the downfall of the cardinal, took it for his own and the archbishops were without a London residence until Mary reigned, when she granted

them a site on the Thames previously occupied by the inn of the bishops of Norwich. The archbishops, as it happened, seldom occupied their new domain and the palace, "York House," was let to many of the lord keepers of the great seal. Thus it was that Francis Bacon was born here while his father was lord keeper, and that he resided here when he himself attained that office.

Of this first York House nothing, or practically nothing remains, but of its successor there has been preserved a perfect little souvenir in the York Water Gate, visible from the Strand but now, owing to the modern level of the Embankment, standing in a sort of pit at the foot of Buckingham Street. This Water Gate is a relic of the palace of the first duke of Buckingham, to whom James I granted York House, and who planned to rebuild it on a sumptuous scale.

The rise of George Villiers from a simple courtier whom James I had taken up as a mere youth "to chat with him" and to fill sometimes the office of private secretary, makes entertaining reading. In three years' time he advanced from obscurity to the titles Viscount Villiers and Baron Waddon, with a grant of land valued at £80,000; he was made earl, then marquis of Buckingham, and with the exception of the earl of Pembroke became the rich-

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

YORK WATER GATE, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, BUILT BY INIGO JONES, ARCHITECT, AND NICHOLAS STONE, MASON, FOR THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S PALACE.

est noble in England. In 1619 James made him lord high admiral, hoping that the ardent, energetic youth would impart something of his own fire to the fleet; and in 1633 he was created duke of Buckingham, becoming not only the most popular man in England but, by his alliance with prince Charles, virtually its master.

It was he then that undertook the rebuilding of York House upon a scale of magnificence that rivalled the royal dwellings. The palace though not wholly carried out was the scene of festivities which make the sober enjoyments of our dull days pale into insignificance. York Water Gate still attracts some curious attention, but think how much of youth and gaiety and splendour have passed under its arch! Erected in 1626 it marks the margin of the river before the construction of the embankment. The Thames reached to the foot of its steps and here the duke of Buckingham stepped into his boat whenever he set forth upon those many missions with which he was entrusted by two kings, and here many times has King Charles disembarked with his queen when he came to spend the night at York House; and here the guests stepped ashore at the foot of the gardens to participate in those fêtes which D'Israeli (*Curiosities of Literature,* vol. v, p. 223) describes as eclipsing the splendours

of the French court. D'Israeli takes his account from the Sloane MSS., but François de Bassompiere's *Embassy to England* (1626) gives at first hand an animated description of one of the fêtes at which he participated: "The King," he says, "supped at one table with the Queen and me, which was served by a complete ballet at each course with sundry representations—changes of scenery, tables, and music: the Duke waited on the King at table, the Earl of Carlisle on the Queen, and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the King and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the Duke danced, and afterwards we set to, and danced country dances till four in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations."

Buckingham had two sons, George and Francis, brought up by Charles I and with his own children. Francis was killed in active service, George became the second duke of Buckingham and proved in many ways a worthy son of his father. At Wallingford House, where he was born (on the site of the Admiralty) "and at York House

in the Strand," says Leigh Hunt,* "he turned night into day, and pursued his intrigues, his concerts, his dabblings in chemistry and the philosopher's stone, and his designs on the crown; for Charles's character, and the devices of Buckingham's fellow quacks and astrologers, persuaded him that he had a chance of being king. When a youth he compounded with Cromwell, and married Fairfax's daughter;—he was afterwards all for the king, when he was not 'all for rhyming' or ousting him;—when an old man, or near it (for these prodigious possessors of animal spirits have a trick of lasting a long while), he was still a youth in improvidence and dissipation, and his whole life was a dream of uneasy pleasure."

His adherence to the royalist party at the time of the overthrow of the monarchy, when Charles I was beheaded, cost him several times his estates; these were confiscated and given back to him off and on in the course of the civil wars of the time, and finally passed to Lord Fairfax as a gift from Parliament. Buckingham checkmated this move by marrying Fairfax's daughter who, though betrothed to the earl of Chesterfield, had fallen in love with him and married him after her banns with the other had twice been called in church. At this

* *The Town*, ed. 1859, p. 362.

Cromwell was not pleased and when, soon after, Buckingham was suspected of organising a plot against the government, he had the duke arrested and confined to York House and later to the Tower. When, after the Restoration, his confiscated estates were again restored to him he was reputed to be the king's richest subject; but as he left no legitimate children, the family founded by his illustrious father came to an untimely end; the title became extinct and the great estate was completely dissipated. As his father had been laid in Henry VII's Chapel, in the Abbey, so the second duke of Buckingham was buried there, in greater state than Charles II himself (who Evelyn says was buried "without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten.")

Dryden made Buckingham the *Zimri* of his Absalom and Achitophel

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
> Stiff in his opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon. . . .
> Beggar's by fools, whom still he found too late,
> He had his jest, but they had his estate."

Of the great mansion erected by him at Cliveden not a stone remains. York House and gardens he

sold for building purposes, but that his name should not be lost to the locality, he stipulated that the streets laid out over the estate should record his name and title, and so to this day we have George Court, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street, which in a general way mark out the limits of his possessions.

The Water Gate is best seen from the gardens of the Embankment, where it presents a curious and eloquent remnant of that disappeared London of which one reads so much. The motto, *Fidei corticulae Crux* (The Cross of the Touchstone of Faith), lettered large across the top of the Buckingham Street face, is that of the Villiers family; their arms are on the south front, towards the garden. Inigo Jones was the designer and Nicholas Stone, master mason, was the builder.

One of the earliest of the Strand palaces was Durham House; its estates adjoined those of York House. It had great round towers, battlemented like a castle, and it stood upon the river when the body of Queen Eleanor of Castile was carried in solemn procession through the Strand, and before the erection of the Eleanor Cross. It was the palace of the earls of Leicester under Henry III and was possessed by the see of Durham under Bishop Beck, in the time of Edward I. Reverting to the

crown at the Reformation the house was variously possessed and being at the time of the death of Edward VI occupied by Dudley, duke of Northumberland, was the scene of the marriage of his son, Lord Guilford Dudley to the amiable Lady Jane Grey. It was from this place that, spurred by the ambition of her father-in-law, she set forth upon her journey to the Tower where she was to have been received as queen, but where she remained a prisoner until her execution about eight months later. Queen Elizabeth acquired the palace and there installed her favourite, Sir Walter Raleigh. He retained possession of Durham House until the queen's death and Aubrey the antiquary remembered his study, "which was on a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had a prospect which is as pleasant perhaps as any in the world."

Durham House seems to have disappeared during the reign of James I. The New Exchange was built over the site of the old stabling, which looked upon the Strand, and gradually all traces of the palace were swept away. The view from Adelphi Terrace to-day must be practically what Sir Walter Raleigh enjoyed from his study window, for the terrace covers part of the old site.

The Adelphi now adjoins the Cecil Hotel and

lies behind the Strand reaching down to the Victoria Embankment. Though in a state of gentle decadence and often threatened with demolition, it still remains a favourite residence of literary folk, in particular two of London's leading dramatists Mr. Shaw and Sir James Barrie. It is not so very many years ago too that Whistler was a frequent visitor at the house in Buckingham Street where the Pennells lived and gathered about them, and him, many of the artistic luminaries of London. The house in which William Etty, the painter, lived in the early years of the past century, stands at the foot of Buckingham Street to the right of the Water Gate, and on the same site, but in a previous house, lived at one time the genial Mr. Pepys. Isaac D'Israeli and Rowlandson were once residents in the Adelphi.

Across the way the new building of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses replaces, since 1908, a house which bore the reputation of being a fragment of York House itself, a building which guide books described as No. 15 Buckingham Street and which in conforming to the line of the river had been built with a curiously acute angle pointing towards the Water Gate. The new building following the lines of the old has this same peculiarity. Aside from the probability that this

interesting old house was indeed a relic of York House, a number of romantic associations had come to cling about it. It was famed as the residence of Peter the Great during his sojourn in London at the invitation of William of Orange, and there is a legend that he used to spend his evenings here with Lord Carmarthen, drinking hot brandy with cayenne pepper in it. Dickens is said to have lived in this house, and the rooms on the top floor figure in his novel David Copperfield as the "singularly desirable and compact set of chambers, forming a genteel residence for a young gentleman," taken by Miss Trotwood for her nephew when he was undergoing his probation with Spenlow and Jorkins. It was in them that young Copperfield entertained the Micawbers and the faithful Traddles at dinner, when the joint came up from the temperamental landlady so exceedingly underdone that David was in despair until Micawber saved the situation by offering to grill slices of it over the fire.

The old house contained some famous ceilings, decorated with roses and apples raised in stucco and of a bold and handsome design. When the old house was destroyed these ceilings were preserved and have been placed in the offices of the Pension Fund. The secretary's room has not only an original ceiling but contains some of the old oak

panelling and doors, with their worn panels and rich architraves, from the old house.

Though the duke of Buckingham was laughed at for wishing to have his name perpetuated in the names of the streets laid out over his quondam estate, it was accepted that the famous Scottish architects, who built the handsome terrace overlooking the Thames over part of the site of Durham House, should be remembered in the same manner. The Adams themselves adopted the word "Adelphi" (from the Greek for "brothers") as a name for the enterprise undertaken jointly by them. The terrace was to have been called Royal Terrace Adelphi, but the name was shortened to Adelphi Terrace, and the streets laid out behind it were called John, James, Robert, and William, after the four brothers Adam.

The most distinguished of the brothers was Robert and the work that they did together seems to have been mainly under his inspiration. It was Robert Adam who made the trip to Italy and Dalmatia, which was so greatly to influence everything in architecture or decoration that bears his name. This was between the years 1754 and 1758, when Adam was approaching thirty years of age. In Italy he was impressed with the fact that practically nothing had survived of the private palaces

of the Greeks and Romans, so highly esteemed in classical literature, and this fact led him to the investigation of the one existing relic of this kind—the then little known ruins of Diocletian's palace at Spalatro. He visited these ruins, taking with him as assistant the French architect and draughtsman, C. L. Clérisseau, and two other experienced workers; and with this equipment he made careful plans and surveys and produced a complete study of the subject, including a restoration of the entire building. This was published in 1764, as a book, under the title of *The Ruins of the Palace of Diocletian at Spalatro.* Soon after the publication of this work Robert Adam was appointed architect to the king and to the Board of Works. The result of Robert's visit to Italy and Dalmatia furnished him with a fresh outlook and he effected a revolution in taste, the work of the last half of the XVIIIth century being often described as the Adam style.

Adelphi Terrace was in a measure inspired by the Spalatro and other Roman ruins. There is evidence of this in the foundations, which are worthy of the builders of the Palatine. The site, consisting of ground sloping steeply to the river, presented no attractive possibilities until the brothers (in 1768) bought a ninety-nine years'

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE DARK ARCHES, ADELPHI, FROM THE STRAND. THIS ENTRANCE IS UNDER THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE DARK ARCHES, ADELPHI, FROM LOWER ROBERT STREET.

lease of the land for £1200. Their daring plan was to raise against the side of the hill—which Buckingham Street still suggests—a terrace formed of massive arches and to build thereon a dignified quarter of fine streets and handsome dwellings which should overlook the Thames as Diocletian's villa overlooked the Adriatic.

The scheme was ambitious and was considered visionary, but the opposition excited against it was overcome and when the vast outlay involved the brothers in financial troubles, a lottery, sanctioned by parliament, provided the funds necessary to carry the project through to a successful completion. In five years' time Adelphi Terrace stood achieved and the beautiful and commodious houses were eagerly sought after by artists and men of letters. David Garrick lived in the center house, which had an Adam ceiling with paintings by Antonio Zucchi, and the witty Topham Beauclerck, whose talents Dr. Johnson "felt himself more disposed to envy than those of any whom he had known," was a neighbour. Both died in the terrace and Garrick was carried hence with extraordinary pomp to his burial in the Abbey. Boswell notes an evening which he enjoyed in company with Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a few friends of the actor invited by Mrs. Garrick to

dine with her; and as Boswell and Johnson walked away together they "stopped a little while by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames," thinking of the two friends they had lost, "two such friends as cannot be supplied." The house in which Robert and James Adam lived, No. 4, bears a plaque to distinguish it and its interior retains some of their characteristic ornament.

The dark arches of the Adelphi form a subterranean labyrinth full of mystery and suggestion and of all the oddments that make up London there is nothing quite their equal. The upper streets are repeated by vaults below; but a stone's throw from the Strand the casual passer-by has no reason to suspect the existence of this veritable underworld, this region of dark caves and gloomy tunnels that constitute the understructure of the whole quarter built by the Scottish brothers. There is an inconspicuous entrance from Lower Robert Street, under a house next door to a book shop. The rough stone driveway for carts leads rapidly down into an atmosphere now surcharged with the fumes of wine—stored in these cellars in vast quantities,—a turn to the right and a steeper descent brings one out upon the backwater of the modern Embankment into an unknown street, once the river dock, at the base of the whole

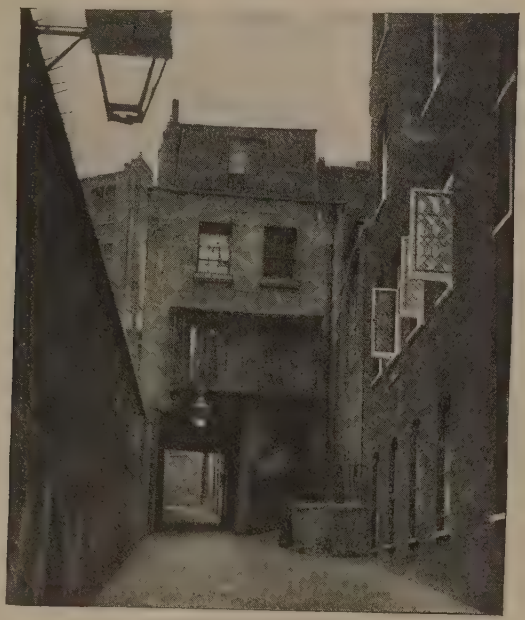
tremendous structure with arches supporting the terrace, forty feet below the level of the Strand. The place is now dirty, neglected, disregarded, overlooking a breadth of unreclaimed swamp, which might be an enchanting garden, while the whole setting suggests snug cafés and foreign restaurants, wonderful lost opportunities. The way out leads again up the steep incline and another turn carries one under the Royal Society of Arts in John Street and into old William Street, now renamed Durham House Street, and so to the Strand.

Durham House Street, behind the Little Theatre, holds one object of unusual interest in the little classic covered stone bridge which spans it, the only remaining authentic bit of William Adam building in London, so modestly placed as almost to escape attention. The bridge was built with the sanction of Parliament for Thomas Coutts in order that the old gentleman might pass privately from his business premises to his then new banking parlour in the Adelphi. In the course of the widening of the Strand the sharp decline of Durham House Street to the Dark Arches is to be replaced by a flight of steps, alongside of the new cinema palace, which will considerably curtail its usefulness. The lit-

tle bridge will remain only for the eyes of curious folk or the knowing ones, and those who use the stage door of the Little Theatre. The bridge alone would seem to have been sufficient reason for keeping to the name of its architect but the authorities thought differently, or did not think at all, and so the name of William Adam has disappeared from the scene of his labours.

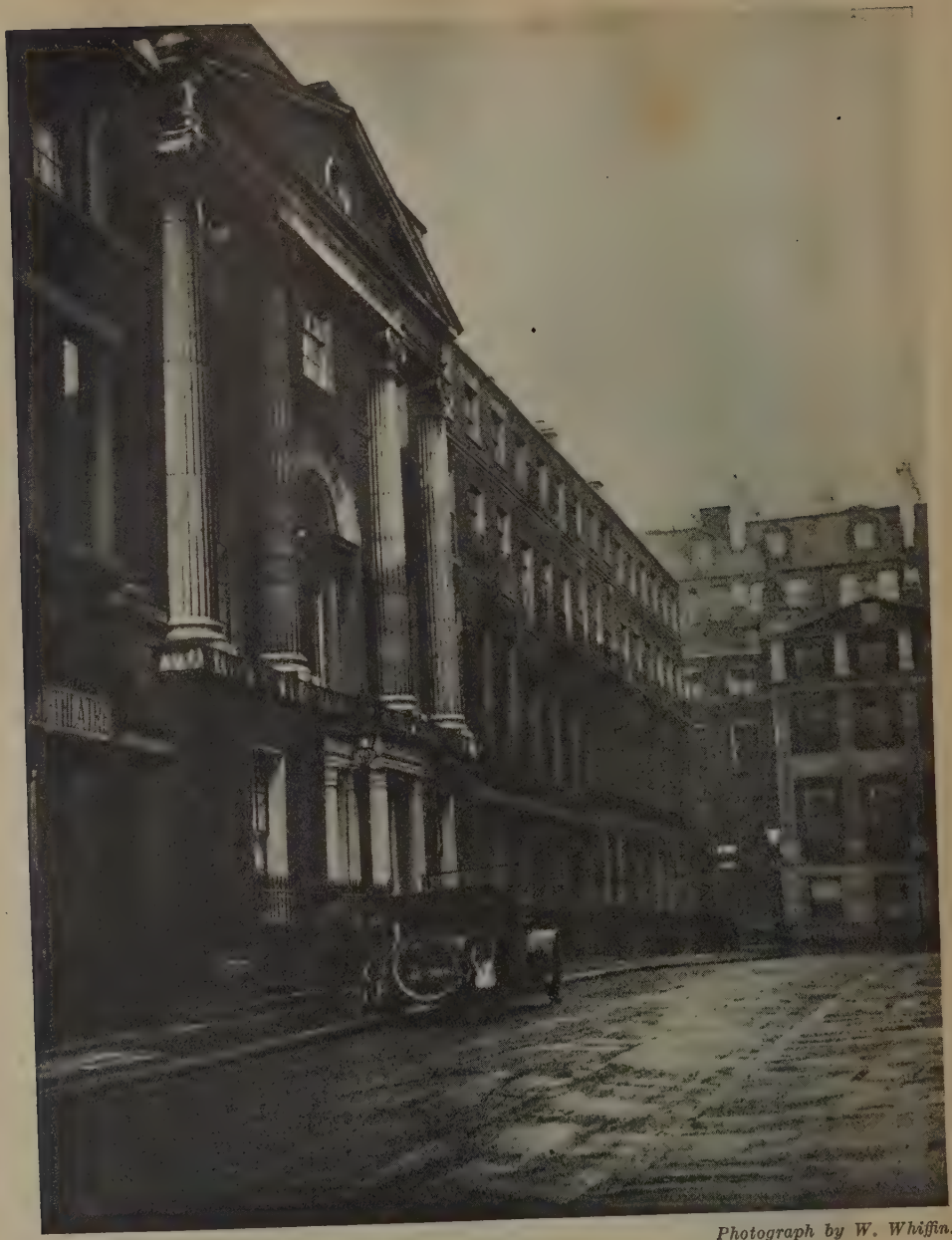
Probably the most perfectly preserved house in the Adelphi is the building so well known as the Royal Society of Arts, in John Street, an original work of Robert and John Adam, built for the Society in 1772-4 and recently become theirs by purchase of the freehold. Since the purchase the interior has been brought back to its original state, so far as compatible with modern conditions, by Mr. Arthur T. Bolton, architect, Curator of the Sir John Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, whose recent book—*The Architecture of R. and J. Adam*—devotes a full chapter to the actual circumstances of the building. Everything about this fine old house expresses the refinement and elegance of the Adam taste and to attend a lecture in the "Great Room" is to savour one of the intellectual pleasures of London. The room itself, now made a practical auditorium by Mr. Bolton's improvements, contains besides its charming propor-

BRIDGE ACROSS DURHAM HOUSE STREET (WILLIAM STREET) DESIGNED BY WILLIAM ADAM.



OLD HOUSE AND ENTRANCE TO THE ROMAN BATH, STRAND LANE.

Photographs by W. Whiffin.



Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI. DESIGNED BY ROBERT AND JAMES ADAM. 1773-4.

tions, the frieze and cornice and other Adam features, a series of wall decorations by James Barry, R.A., and two noble portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough of the early presidents of the Society. There are other portraits framed on the walls of the entrance hall, including one of James Barry, by himself. There is also a statue by Carlini and a bronze bust by Alfred Gilbert.

The Adam brothers designed several groups of houses in London on the principle of the Adelphi Terrace, notably those in Portland Place and Fitzroy Square. One of the earliest designs of Robert Adam was the screen of the Admiralty, in Whitehall; he began Lansdowne House for the prime-minister, Lord Bute, and finished it for Lord Shelburne, 1765-8. Its gateway dates from 1774. One of the many Drury Lane Theatres was an Adam design; No. 20 Portman Square and No. 20 St. James Square are Adam houses with rooms decorated by the brothers; while Sion House is a master work.

Besides the York Water Gate and possibly a pair of stone pilasters belonging to the water gate of Essex House, at the foot of Essex Street, but one other tangible relic of the Strand Palaces remains. This is a perfect little fragment of Henry VII London, dating from about 1505, concealed

most effectively behind the Savoy Hotel. The place is difficult of access from the rear, but Savoy Street to the left of the hotel, leads directly to an old graveyard set upon the slope of a hill towards the foot of which stands this odd treasure, the Savoy Chapel, attached long ago to a hospital dedicated to John the Baptist, rebuilt over the site of the Savoy Palace. The walls alone represent the original structure, which is of perpendicular architecture with a quaint, square belfry. The interior was restored after a fire in 1860.

A large hotel and a world famous eating house bring this historic portion of the Strand into modern life; but the hotel, a theatre (famous as the house where were given the original productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas), the tiny street that is little better than a lane; and this Tudor chapel keep the name of the Savoy, the palace of John of Gaunt, a considerable part of which existed so lately as 1816. The remains of the palace were all swept away when Waterloo Bridge was built.

If the chapel is Tudor, the palace was Plantagenet and took its name from its founder, Pierre de Savoie, an uncle of Elénore of Provence, queen of Henry III. It was used by him when he came to England to visit his niece and was the center

for ecclesiastics, artists, and men of distinction who poured into London in consequence of her marriage. Peter of Savoy bequeathed his palace to the monks of Mountjoy, but the queen repurchased it for her son, Edmund, earl of Lancaster, through whom it descended to John of Gaunt, its last owner. John the Good, of France, was confined here when he was taken prisoner after the Battle of Poitiers. He was set free, but finding himself unable to fulfil the terms of his release, he returned voluntarily to England to give himself up, whereupon being again lodged at the Savoy, died there lamented by the court.

John of Gaunt was the fourth son of Edward III and Queen Philippa. His name refers to his birthplace, Ghent. He married his cousin, Blanche, daughter and heiress of Henry duke of Lancaster, and in her right he became earl and later duke. The Savoy under John of Gaunt took on great magnificence; Stow says that there was none in the realm to be compared to it in beauty and stateliness. The duke was a patron of Chaucer and the poet was married in the palace to Philippa de Ruet, who was attached to the household of the duchess. Chaucer's *Boke of the Duchesse* was a lament for Blanche of Lancaster. The Savoy was destroyed in Wat Tyler's Rebellion, in June 1381,

while John of Gaunt was in command of the Scottish border. It was never restored as a palace, but the property devolving to the crown, Henry VII rebuilt it as a hospital.

Of Somerset House, the magnificent palace of Edward Seymour, the lord protector, brother of Lady Jane Grey and uncle of Edward VI, no vestige remains, the whole of that historic house having been torn down to be replaced by the present Somerset House, a building of little interest, erected in 1776 or thereabouts. The architect of the old palace, which dated from the middle of the XVIth century, is said to have been John of Padua, who drew a salary under Henry VIII as "devizer of His Majestie's buildings." This house superseded a number of buildings in the Strand whose dispossessed owners received no recompense. Three years after its commencement Protector Somerset was executed and the palace came to the crown. Princess Elizabeth was the first occupant, and afterwards James I gave the house to Anne of Denmark, his queen.

When Prince Charles (Charles I) was betrothed to the infanta of Spain, Inigo Jones was employed to build a Roman Catholic chapel for her use at Somerset House. It afterwards served as well for his bride, Henrietta Maria of France. Charles I

gave the house to his queen, and Catharine of Braganza, queen of Charles II, also lived here for some time both during the life of the king and after his death. James I and Anne of Denmark lay in state in Somerset House; Oliver Cromwell was similarly honoured; and Inigo Jones died within its walls. The palace remained the dower house of the queens of England until Buckingham House was settled on Queen Charlotte, in 1775, and the old palace was then replaced by the present Somerset House, the master work of Sir William Chambers, R.A.

CHAPTER VI

COVENT GARDEN

Covent Garden is interesting for a variety of reasons. One may enjoy it purely and frankly for what it has become—a sort of *Halles Centrales* for London, planted in the heart of the modern metropolis, the great receiving and distributing station for all the fruit and vegetables consumed by London and its environs for miles around. One may find piquant the contrast which its extraordinary alien activity affords to the business of the Strand; one may admire the picturesque fragments of the "piazza" and church which Inigo Jones designed for it, early in the XVIIth century; or one may love simply to prowl there, detached so far as is possible from the insistent actual, to revive souvenirs of the celebrities, the wits, the beaux, and the ladies who made the arcade a fashionable promenade in the days of the Stuarts, or of the *literati* who immortalized the coffee-houses and taverns which abounded in the piazza and neighbouring streets in the days of Dryden and Addi-

son, of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds, or of Thackeray and Dickens, and even Henry Irving. There were the notables who were born here, those who lived here, those who made the piazza and the coffee-houses their rendezvous, and those who were buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's. The list is long and leads through an interesting study of literary, fashionable, dramatic, and artistic London from Charles I to Victoria.

There are memories of the theatre associated with Garrick and Charles Kemble and later celebrated as the home of Italian opera. The Opera House is welded on to Floral Hall, a high pavilion now dedicated to the reception of foreign fruits and wholesale traffic, and here the loud cries of auctioneers mingle with the dulcet strains from next door when, rarely, there chances to be opera at Covent Garden. In a street once so fashionable that Dryden's:

> "I've had to-day a dozen billets-doux
> "From fops and wits and cits and Bow street beaux;"

spoken in an epilogue was apt, it has been found appropriate to establish London's chief police station, and only the wreck of an interesting façade or two stands to speak for the elegance of a thoroughfare once as smart as Piccadilly and distin-

guished as the residence of Edmund Waller and and Grinling Gibbons or memorable as containing the house in which Fielding wrote *Tom Jones.* Its very shape, that of a bent bow, from which, as is well known, comes the name, expresses the graceful time to which it belongs and disassociates it from the sordid actual. "As the Exchange is the Heart of London," wrote Steele, "the great Hall and all under the contiguous roof the Heart of Westminster, so is Covent Garden the Heart of the Town. The intelligent very well know that many have got estates both in London and Westminster and died in those cities that could never get into Town."

In the streets surrounding the degraded piazza, which bear the names of kings and queens or of the noble family to whom the site once belonged, publishing houses are thick and thrive, whether upon sacred memories or upon the rich atmosphere of exotic comestibles who shall say? And a composite odour of printer's ink and cabbages, of apples and damp straw, of celery and horses, of dung and roses is borne upon the air from the Strand to Soho, from Drury Lane to the National Gallery, so that one may nose the quarter from afar and be guided by its fragrance into the heart of the camp.

Once arrived, the scene in possession of Inigo's classic composition is picturesque and colourful. Here is a bit of London that exists apart from its environment—separate, distinct, vigorous. What a picture it makes from any angle—the greens and whites of the freshest of vegetables, the enveloping mist, the men and women in dark, sooty clothes, the porters balancing baskets upon their heads—walking nonchalantly, prodigiously laden, —the smoking horses, the reds and yellows of exotic fruits, the blaze of abundant flowers—perverse combinations, piquant juxtapositions. Nowhere else in London may be seen so many horses, nowhere else so many little donkeys attached to miniature coster carts. A stray one, charmingly burdened with a selection from all this opulence is sometimes to be seen pattering cheerfully out the Grosvenor Road, but here there are quantities backed against the pillars of the church or the arches of the piazza. And what magnificent types of market women stand stolidly in groups about the doorways or shell peas endlessly in "Pea-shell Alley!" Mere bundles of animated wrappings they are with beet-root faces to indicate the top.

It is by one of those paradoxes peculiar to London that the market, which is in a sense an eyesore

and which has completely despoiled Inigo's classic composition, should be tolerated in the heart and centre of the town. Why should it be here, within a stone's throw of Charing Cross, a place clearly indicated for travellers' hotels, spreading its vast contagion of foul mud and bruised and trampled vegetables and rotting fruits through every twist and turn of the historic streets? Why should not the whole noisy, dirty affair, however picturesque, have been shipped off long ago to Smithfield, to join the vast meat markets there established, and Covent Garden be left to resume the character intended in its original design?

If the vast fruit and vegetable market has obliterated practically every feature of a neighbourhood created by the first exodus of wealth and fashion from the "City" to the "West End," under Charles I, still more hopelessly has it tramped out all suggestion, however remote, of the old convent garden of the abbots of Westminster, established here in the XIIIth century in what was known as the "liberty" of the little city of Westminster, clustered about the Abbey and the palace of that name.

The name alone survives. Covent Garden it was and Covent Garden it remains, preserving to this day in its name, for covent is simply the old Anglo-French form of the word convent, the souvenir of

those earliest times when the abbots of Westminster cultivated their cabbages here, in a pleasant garden, shaded by trees, watered by a sparkling stream, and bathed with enough sunshine on its southern slope to encourage the vine and fig-tree indispensable to monastic felicity. The garden ran down to the Strand, or margin of the Thames, and was sheltered on its northern side by the woodlands of Long Acre, a narrow strip of forest included also in the domain of the Abbey. Beyond Long Acre meadows stretched away to Hampstead.

When the monastic holdings were dissolved Edward VI, in the first year of his reign, granted the abbatial garden to his uncle, the duke of Somerset, but, on his attainder, Covent Garden, with the seven acres comprising Long Acre, was given to the then popular Baron Russell, who had been in such favour with Henry VIII and whom the young king made lord high steward and keeper of the privy seal, creating him first earl of Bedford. In 1552 Russell built his town house on the southern boundary of the property, with a garden skirting the Thames, and devoted himself to the improvement of the neighbourhood.

Many of the streets hereabout, as well as most of the landmarks of Bloomsbury, which formed also part of the Russell estate, commemorate the

importance of the family and fortune founded by this first earl of Bedford. "Bedfordbury," an old name for the district, persists in the street so called which, running north from Chandos Street, marks the western boundary of the grant. From here to Bow Street, on the other side, most of the streets bear the names and titles of the Russells and the families with which they intermarried. Besides Russell and Bedford Streets there is Chandos Street, which locates the mansion of lord Chandos, whose daughter married the fourth earl of Bedford; Tavistock Street recalls the fifth earl who was created marquis of Tavistock at the Restoration; Southampton Street reminds us (with the aid of a peerage) that the fifth earl's son, William, the famous Lord Russell, married Lady Rachel Wriothesley, a daughter of the earl of Southampton.

When, somewhat later, fashion turned for a fickle moment to the north of London and Bloomsbury was laid out over the estate of the duke of Bedford and that great Georgian neighbourhood behind the British Museum came into being, Russell and Tavistock Squares were erected on the site of another Bedford House and the family names, estates, and intermarriages were remembered in Chenies, Howland, Streatham, Gower, and Keppel Streets, in Woburn, Torrington, and Gordon

Squares. The extent and magnificence of the duke of Bedford's property may well be imagined from the number and beauty of these handsome old squares, which are a disappearing feature of the now rather shabby district of Bloomsbury.

If John Russell, the first earl, built Bedford House, Strand, as the first step in improving the monastic domain, Francis, the fourth earl, developed the property by commissioning Inigo Jones, London's then most famous native architect, to lay out the square of Covent Garden, with its piazza and the church of St. Paul's, the feature of its western side. This was before the Fire (which gave so great an impetus to the growth of London without the walls) but already a movement had set in in favour of the so-called West-End for residential purposes. The Strand Palaces lined the water front from London to Westminster, with royal palaces at each end, but with the exception of Lincoln's Inn Fields, laid out by Inigo under James I but not developed residentially until somewhat later, this territory north of the Strand was a kind of no-man's land, taken up in various negligible ways. North of Trafalgar Square, near the village of Charing, was the king's mews established in the time of Richard II. As hawking declined the mews became the royal stables (under

Henry VIII) and, keeping the old name, became the parent of the numerous "mewses" to be found in Westminster, in Mayfair, in Bloomsbury, or wherever stables were built to serve the residential streets. The king's mews kept its site, on Trafalgar Square, until, under George IV, the place was given to the National Gallery

The house which Inigo Jones is said to have built and occupied is still standing in St. Martin's Lane, one of the oldest thoroughfares of the parish. The street dates from about 1613 and was then known as West Church Lane. The house (No. 13) in lively occupation as the Advance Booking Office of the Coliseum, is unmistakable: built of small bricks, it is three stories high and although the ground floor has been modernized the upper stories have not been greatly tampered with and still show the heads carved upon the keystones of the windows, the garlands of stone above and a decorated string course of stone separating the first and second stories. Whoever built it put love into the work.

One may, as it were, stray into Covent Garden from St. Martin's Lane, instead of approaching it directly from the Strand, hoping that by following some of the older streets one may be taking the route used by Inigo when he was working upon

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE PIAZZA, COVENT GARDEN.

the piazza and the church. Any one of the narrow passageways near the Coliseum will lead out to Bedfordbury, Bedford Court, Bedford Street, to the Church Pass, which is the entrance into the garden behind St. Paul's; but Chandos Street will take the loiterer through Maiden Lane, where Turner was born and where Voltaire lodged, to Southampton Street and so on to the market.

Where the central shed of the market, a squat building with a hundred columns, with the ducal coats of arms carved over the principal entrances, and the prophetic motto, *che sarà sarà*, inscribed under them, is now encamped was the square laid out by Inigo as the centre of his improvements to the neighbourhood about the year 1631. The design, inspired or copied from the piazza at Leghorn—some even went so far as to say an improvement upon the Tuscan model—included an arcade or piazza, which ran along the whole of the north and east sides of the square, and the church, with its two ornamental side entrances, which completed the western side. The wall of Bedford House finished the design on the south. It was against this wall, under the shade of a small "grotto of trees," as Stow relates, that the first market was held; the trees hung over the wall of the garden and the market was merely a few temporary stalls and

sheds. The area of the square was laid out with gravel, in the foreign fashion, and in later years, after Inigo's time, a column surmounted by a sundial, marked the centre.

Whether Inigo Jones lived in the house in St. Martin's Lane at the time when he was engaged upon Covent Garden, or whether his residence was in Scotland Yard, where he and Nicholas Stone buried their stock of ready money when, as Catholics and royal favourites, they shared the misfortunes of Charles I, I do not pretend to know. The facts of his life are inexactly known and often contradicted. He seems to have lived in several places and that he died in Somerset House is well known.

His parentage was simple if not humble and according to the tradition he was apprenticed to a joiner, but showing remarkable talent for drawing attracted the attention of the earl of Pembroke who, becoming interested in him, sent him to Italy to study landscape painting. He had not been long in Venice before his bent for architecture asserted itself and he began to follow in the footsteps of Palladio who was a generation or more earlier than his disciple and whose works he had an opportunity of studying in Venice. "How his abilities distinguished themselves in a spot where they certainly had no opportunity to act," says Walpole,

"we are not told, though it would not be the least curious part of his history; certain it is that on the strength of his reputation at Venice Christian IV invited him to Denmark and appointed him his architect; but on what buildings he was employed in that country we have yet to learn."

Though no building at Venice is attributed to Inigo, two at Leghorn are pointed out as his—a palace and the façade of the duomo. James I found him at Copenhagen and Queen Anne took him as her architect to Scotland. He served the young Prince Henry in the same capacity, but at court his talents were chiefly utilised as "devyser of maskes," in the production of which Inigo was associated with Ben Jonson, the poet laureate, and Lanière and Ferabasco, the musicians already mentioned as buried in the church of St. Martin in the Fields. Inigo made a second visit to Italy after the death of Prince Henry and upon his second return James made him surveyor-general of the royal buildings and engaged him to prepare designs for a new palace at Whitehall. There is preserved in the United Service Museum a small model of the old palace of Whitehall which shows better than any description how the new Banqueting House, built by Inigo as the only completed part of his great design, stood in its relation to the old rabbit

warren of a palace which the king's surveyor hoped to clear away to make room for his monumental composition. The Banqueting House was only a very small part of what Inigo planned; it succeeded the old Elizabethan Banquet Hall, destroyed by fire in 1619, and was completed in 1622. In the spring of the next year he made ready "with great costliness" two chapels, at Denmark (Somerset) House and at St. James's, for the infanta who was to have married Charles I, and about this time he was appointed one of the commissioners for the repair of old St. Paul's.

They show at Wilton Inigo's coloured designs for the piazza of Covent Garden and the square of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Covent Garden was the work of his more than middle years. He came to it with an established reputation and when he had well passed the half century of his life. The church, apparently begun about 1631, was designed by its donor as a chapel of ease to St. Martin in the Fields and the widest publicity has been given to the earl of Bedford's caution to his architect about keeping down expenses and his remark that he would not have the church much better than a barn. "Well then," said Inigo, "you shall have the handsomest barn in England." And he was as good as his word. Fergusson cites it as the only

church with the smallest pretensions to architectural design erected in England between the Reformation and the Fire. It is important too as the oldest Protestant church now known to exist and as the forerunner of the Wren churches in the City and of all that school of meeting-houses which they engendered.

But a curious fatality has attended the works of Inigo Jones. Few remain and of those few none is intact. Year by year they perish. Of a large number of existing drawings, owned privately or guarded at Windsor, in the Royal Library, or at the British Museum, scarcely any represent accomplished works. The Banqueting House, Whitehall, is only a fragment of the palace for which the architect left two sets of drawings constituting the great work of his life. Ashburnham House, Westminster, is very nearly what he left it in his drawings, yet not exactly so. Arch Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was his design, but of it only a few mutilated fragments, to be identified by the rose and fleur-de-lys placed on them in honour of Charles I and Henrietta Maria, are discernible under many coats of plaster. Lindsey House is the most perfect of these remains and shows the Ionic order which was to have dominated the square. Lincoln's Inn Chapel was his but has

suffered cruelly in restoration and wanton alteration. Of York House nothing stands but the Water Gate. Even Jones's tomb has not been spared. He was buried beside his father and mother in the church of St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, and a monument, for which he left £100, carved with reliefs of the porticoes of St. Paul's Cathedral and the church in Covent Garden, was placed against the north wall. It was damaged in the great Fire but not totally destroyed until the church was rebuilt by Wren, for Wren failed to honour the tomb of his illustrious predecessor.

St. Paul's Covent Garden, has been twice destroyed by fire and twice rebuilt on the original plan. I have read that the portico was spared by both fires. It is the building's most impressive feature, producing by the simplest means a fine effect. Inigo's original plan was to have the entrance under the portico, where it is naturally looked for, but the local superstitution, which decreed that the altar must always be towards the east, forced the architect to modify his plan and render his portico unmeaning and his design false. Access to the church then was by two ornamental stone gateways one each side of the portico; these opened upon the churchyard and the church door was at the west end, as now. These side entrances have

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BY ST. PAUL, COVENT GARDEN.

been pulled down and now the old structure seems quite shut off, but there are three odd ways into the garden behind the church, either by the Church Pass from Bedford Street or from King or Henrietta Streets by dark, covered slits between houses. The churchyard, railed off from the market place, presents a curious aspect of quiet as opposed to the turmoil and confusion without. It is a horrid thought that the "Gentlemen's Lavatory" has possibly displaced some of the sacred dust of the notables buried here. The tomb I should like to have seen was that of Grinling Gibbons (1721), the sculptor and wood carver so richly represented in the City churches and at Hampton Court and Petworth. But when I asked for it it was only to be assured that "all had been done away with."

Another interesting tomb was that of Sir Peter Lely, the portrait painter, who died in the piazza in 1680. His monument, with a bust by Grinling Gibbons and an epitaph by Flaxman, was destroyed in the first conflagration. But the list is long: it included Robert Carr, earl of Somerset, the notorious favourite of James I; John Taylor, the "Water Poet;" John Donne, son of the famous dean of St. Paul's; Sir Edward Greaves, physician of Charles II; Edward Kynaston, an actor of female parts—Oldys tells how he kept Charles II

waiting because "the queen was not shaved yet;" William Wycherley, the dramatist; Robert Wilkes, the comedian; Tom Davies, the bookseller who introduced Boswell to Johnson; and many others. Aubrey describes the tomb of Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras,* who was buried under the northwest wall of the church.

The parish register shows that William Turner, of Maiden Lane, was married in the church to Mary Marshall, also of this parish, and that, on May 14, 1775, "Joseph Mallord William Turner" was baptised there. The elder Turner was buried in the church or churchyard. The house in which the painter was born was demolished in 1861.

The fragments of the piazza, so popular in its day that foundlings of the parish were frequently given the name Piazza as a surname, have been singularly vulgarized. At the west end of the north side, under a somewhat lurid disguise of paint and trimmings, is the fine house, one of the originals, of Admiral Edward Russell, earl of Oxford, which has just been sold to the National Sporting Club. Tavistock Hotel, on the other side of James Street, best preserves the dignity of its antecedents. The houses over the arcade were all first occupied by titled or distinguished persons. The bishop of Durham, the duke of Richmond, the marquis of

Winchester, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, John Rich, and Tom Killigrew were among the earliest householders. Sir Peter Lely's house on the square was successively occupied by the painters Kneller and Thornhill.

Coffee-houses and taverns abounded in and about the square. The oldest was Will's, which stood at the northwest corner of Russell and Bow Streets. Dryden brought it into fashion and it became the chief resort of poets and wits of his time. Addison popularized Button's, at the northeast corner, which was opened in 1712 by a servant of Mrs. Addison's and at this establishment was the famous lion's head whose mouth served as a letter box for contributions to *The Guardian* and *The Tatler*. Steele installed it during his editorship of *The Guardian* and announced that once a week he intended to publish "the roarings of the lion," and hoped "to make him roar so loud as to be heard all over the British nation." The head was reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship combining the features of a lion and a wizard. Coming into the possession of the duke of Bedford it is preserved at Woburn Abbey.

Tom's Coffee-house, No. 17 Russell Street, since pulled down, was no less famous than Button's. Garrick, Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson were among

its distinguished patrons; to the east of it, at No. 8, was the shop of Tom Davis, bookseller and actor, in whose parlour Boswell first met Dr. Johnson. The Ross Tavern, which figures in Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* as the scene of *The Orgy,* was near the old Drury Lane Theatre.

The theatrical associations of Drury Lane date back to the time of James I when the *Cockpit,* a "private house," rebuilt after a fire under the name of *The Phoenix,* was erected there; but the present Drury Lane Theatre, with its classic pillars, is little more than a century old. This holds the historic site of a theatre built upon an old riding yard, by Henry Killigrew, a groom of the chamber under Charles II. Wren rebuilt it after a fire and *Drury Lane* became famous as the scene of the triumphs of Booth, Betterton, Garrick, Nance Oldfield, Mrs. Pritchard, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Siddons, and many others. The original *Covent Garden Theatre* was opened in 1733 by Rich. Garrick played there for a season and Kemble became proprietor and stage manager in 1803 to be succeeded by Madame Vestris and Macready. In 1847 it was opened as an Italian Opera House. The building has been twice destroyed by fire and twice rebuilt, the last time in 1856, but the façade incorporates the bas-reliefs and statues made by Flax-

man and Rossi for the earlier building. These charming souvenirs are best seen from the steps of the Bow Street Police Station and shed a gentle radiance that is all too irrelevant upon a quarter of the "town" that seems lost beyond recall.

CHAPTER VII

WHITEHALL

The splendour of London lies in and about Whitehall. Does any one street of London hold more links with the past tied more firmly to the immediate present? Can anything more typical and suggestive of the ancient pageantry which this street has seen "flash upon that inward eye," in moments of blissful retrospect than the Horse Guards? The slender pretensions to style in the "inconsiderable building with the low clock tower" have been remarkably enhanced by the accidents of colour, its stone having accepted with the best possible grace its beautification from the atmosphere. The blackened surfaces lend weight and substance to the mass of the rather small building, while the bleached tower, though low, seems to be made of the same stuff as the cumulous clouds which so often pile up behind it as storms gather or clear away in the west, over St. James's Park.

But of course it is not really the building that one sees in the mental picture. What one visualizes

is merely the two small arches which flank the entrance gate, with the two cuirassed and helmeted sentinels upon their glossy black mounts—sitting immovable upon steeds trained to control, at who shall say how much expenditure of nervous force, their restive desires. Scarcely anyone of the throngs which tramp through Whitehall daily passes these guards without paying tribute to their imposing presence, and to bear the scrutiny of passers-by with unmoved countenance is part of their duty—a duty nobly accomplished for the most part, though it is told that a small boy having loitered about staring at one of the brilliant automatons finally succeeded in getting a rise out of him. "You can move on!" said the guard briefly. "You can't," replied the urchin sententiously.

The street itself has a fine savour of the old days, though its most picturesque feature is not its most venerable treasure, nor yet the one which throws most light upon its origin or its destination. The last lap of the old land way from London to Westminster, the connecting link between Charing village and the Abbey, has yielded its aspect of ancientry, and even in part its path, to those turgid effects in masonry which signalize the Victorian building. The savour of old days persists nevertheless in the face of ponderous rivalry and at-

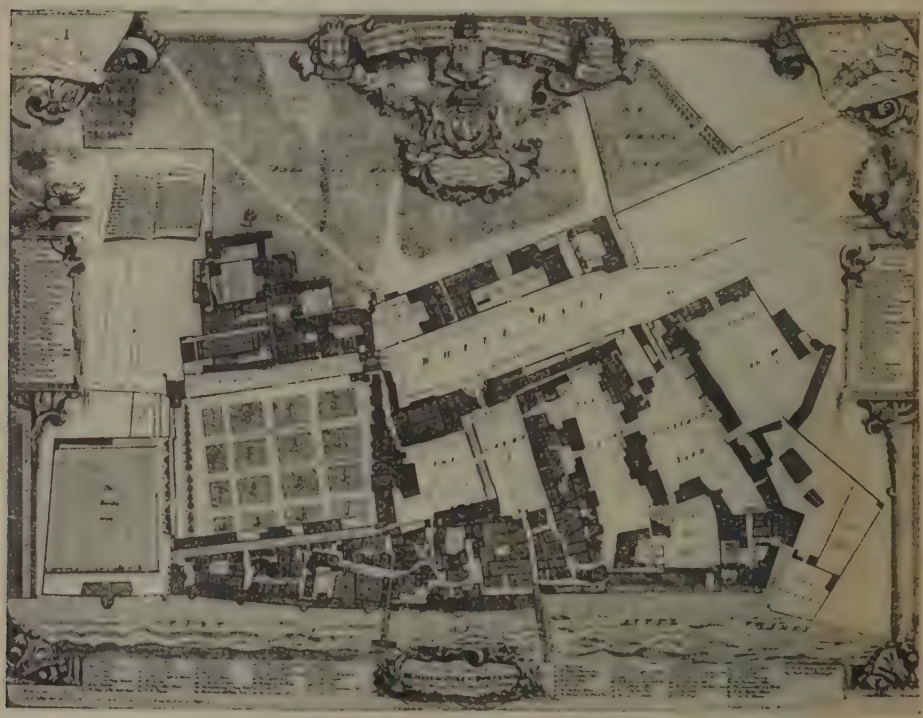
tempted obliteration and we are able to trace in this Whitehall, under Scotland Yard, the ancient residence of the Scottish kings before the Danish conquest; to establish the locality of York Place, where the archbishops of York lived, when they came to London, until the downfall of Wolsey and the confiscation of the palace by Henry VIII; to identify the old Tilt Yard of Westminster Palace; the Cockpit of Whitehall, where the Stuarts enjoyed the royal sports; and to recognize in the stretches of green before the houses of Richmond Terrace the virgin soil of the Privy Garden, where Latimer preached in a pulpit to Edward VI, where Charles II and the duke of York played bowls, and where swung the clothes-line from which depended "the finest smocks and linnen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom," that ever Mr. Pepys saw, and did him good to look upon.

We are able, after a time, to separate from its specious environment the most venerable treasure of Whitehall—the superb Banqueting House of Inigo Jones—to ignore the teasing insistence of those stereotyped tea and lunch rooms, which have standardized eating on so sordid a scale in London, and which abound here for the convenience of the government employés, and to concentrate upon the

WHITEHALL IN 1724. FROM A PAINTING BY G. KIP.

SCOTLAND YARD. FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

WHITEHALL. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY HOLLAR.



PLAN OF WHITEHALL. ENGRAVED BY G. VERTUE, FROM A SURVEY MADE IN 1680.

fine bits of Adam architecture—the screen of the Admiralty and Gwydyr House; and even to distinguish Sir Gilbert Scott, as expressed in the Public Offices—facing Downing Street—commanded by Victoria's ebullient prime minister, Lord Palmerston, done against the architect's grain in the Italian style, when his feeling was all for "Gothic," and proudly costing half a million pounds! (The whole story makes one of the choicest bits of Strachey's *Queen Victoria.*) To distinguish Sir Gilbert Scott, I meant to say, from a Mr. J. M. Brydon who perpetrated, under Edward VII, the Ministerial Offices, which weigh down the extension of Whitehall known as Parliament Street.

The development of this whole district was much retarded because of the existence of the old royal palace of Whitehall—the palace which Henry VIII took from Wolsey as part of the spoils of his disgrace. It occupied practically all the space from the Thames to St. James's Park, between Charing Cross and the Abbey—or, more strictly speaking, from Great Scotland Yard to Cannon Row. It will be noticed by the meticulous that the name Whitehall, by which we speak inaccurately of the whole street that sweeps out of Trafalgar Square and down to Parliament Square, is in actual fact limited to that part of it which runs over

the grounds of the old palace. I believe that a nice little point which often escapes attention is that from the statue of Charles I to Great Scotland Yard is called Charing Cross, while Parliament Street begins below Richmond Terrace.

The land on which Wolsey erected his palace was originally part of the domain of the monks of Westminster, from them purchased (for 140 marks of silver and the annual tribute of a wax taper) by Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent and lord chief justice of England under Henry III. The heirs of Hubert sold his manor to Walter Grey, archbishop of York, who made it part of his see. From this it took the name York Place, and it was the official residence in London of thirty archbishops of York from the time of Walter Grey to the fall of Wolsey—a period of about three centuries.

Cardinal Wolsey, during his tenure of the see, rebuilt a considerable portion of the palace on a scale of imposing magnificence in keeping with his importance, adding a chapel and a hall similar to those at Hampton Court. Though no trace of them now exists some idea of the aspect of York Place may be built up from the old views which have survived and which show stately and lofty buildings in the half Gothic and half Italian manner, reminiscent of Christ Church, Oxford, and

King's College, Cambridge. Here the cardinal lived in a style unsurpassed in his day by kings or nobles. His household numbered eight hundred persons and the splendour of his palace, the pomp and grandeur of his train expressed the greatness of the master. Henry VIII frequented the house of his favourite, coming once masked to a banquet and passing the whole night with "dancing and other triumphant devices" in the company of the nobles there assembled. It was at this banquet that Shakespeare stages the first meeting between Henry and Anne Boleyn.

Upon his disgrace Wolsey forfeited his estate to the crown and the inheritance of the see of York was seized upon by bluff Prince Hal exactly as though it had been part of the cardinal's private possessions; nor did he scruple to secure to himself the rich furnishings of the palace—the great stores of rich stuffs "as whole pieces of silk of all colours, velvets, satins," etc. "Also there were a thousand pieces of fine Holland and the Hangings of the Gallery with Cloth of Gold and Cloth of Silver, and rich Cloth of Bodkin of divers colours which were hanged in expectation of the King's coming." Cavendish, who made the inventory of the house, speaks also of one side of the gallery being hung with rich ecclesiastical robes provided by Wolsey

for the colleges of Oxford and Ipswich, and of the "Guilt Chamber, wherein were set two broad and long tables" laid out with "such an abundance of plate of all sorts as was almost incredible to be believed, a great part being all clear gold."

The king at the time was in residence at Windsor —his apartments at Westminster had been burned down in 1512 and indeed the whole palace had fallen into decay, so that Henry was almost without a home in London. While François I was immortalizing his name in rebuilding the Louvre upon a scale worthy of his station and his tastes; while in Italy the great houses of Medici, of Este, of Visconti, of Sforzi patronized the talent and promoted the research of the age, Henry VIII, who knew little of such matters, was content to make himself grand at the expense of others. He had already helped himself to Wolsey's palace at Hampton Court, now by a mere gesture to a subservient parliament he retrieved the decadence of the old palace of Westminster by the simple annexation of York Place, and having similarly taken over the old leper hospital at St. James's, made of it a kind of lodge to Whitehall. The whole thing, thus, united, went by the title of "our palace at Westminster, of which Wolsey's palace was the "white hall."

The depth of Wolsey's fall was to be emphasized by the erasure of the very name of his palace from the annals of history, while the archbishops, as we have seen, were left homeless in London until Mary granted them York House on the Thames. Shakespeare records in his description of Anne Boleyn's coronation (Henry VIII. IV. i) the passing of the name:

Third Gent. So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Nor was Wolsey the only one despoiled when the king set about equipping himself for this his marriage with Anne Boleyn. It was at this time that he took the leper hospital—some say he pensioned the ejected inmates—and having demolished the house of mercy directed his minister, Cromwell, to have Holbein plan for him a palace there. He annexed the whole expanse of St. James's Park to his palace, took from the Abbey of Westminster the lands now forming Hyde Park and more be-

yond towards Hampstead Hill, getting leave from a meek parliament to make the whole into an "honour" or game keep.

Whitehall was the scene of Henry's marriage to Anne Boleyn and the palace must have seen much of the piquante history which gave colour to the latter part of the king's reign. In Whitehall Henry died, in 1546. The palace resumed its splendours and gaieties under Elizabeth, and there were tournaments and masques here from the time of her accession to her last years. Though she died at her favourite palace of Richmond—the very room in which she expired is shown in an unconvincing fragment of the palace—her body lay in state in Whitehall.

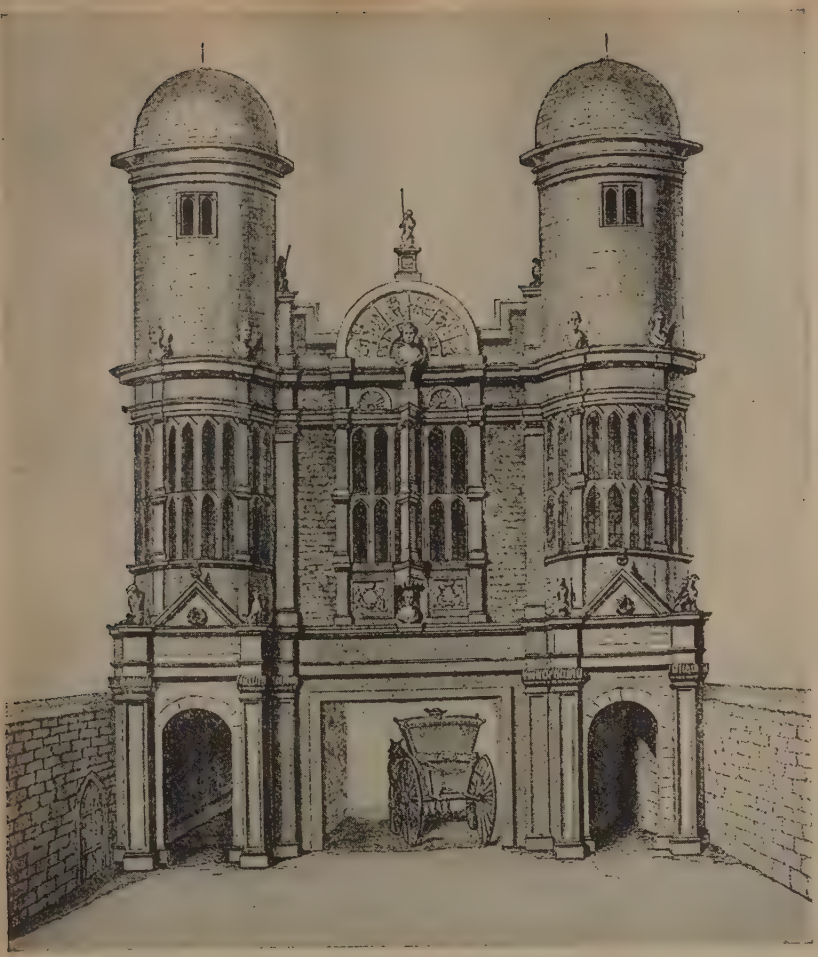
Whitehall, the thoroughfare, is the highly developed right of way which crossed the grounds of the old palace of Henry VIII. A plan of Whitehall, engraved by Vertue, from a survey made in 1680, shows the disposition of this rambling old palace in the time of James II. As one descended from Charing Cross clusters of dwellings belonging to the palace lay to the right and left. The chief of these were: the Horse Guards, which formed and still forms the royal entrance to St. James's Park but referred originally to the guard house for the palace of Whitehall; the Banqueting

House, rebuilt; the chapel and great hall of Wolsey's building; and the gates which shut off the part of King Street which bordered the Privy Garden. There is a model of Whitehall as it existed in the reign of Charles I, by John B. Thorpe in the Civil Service Museum, installed in the Banqueting House.

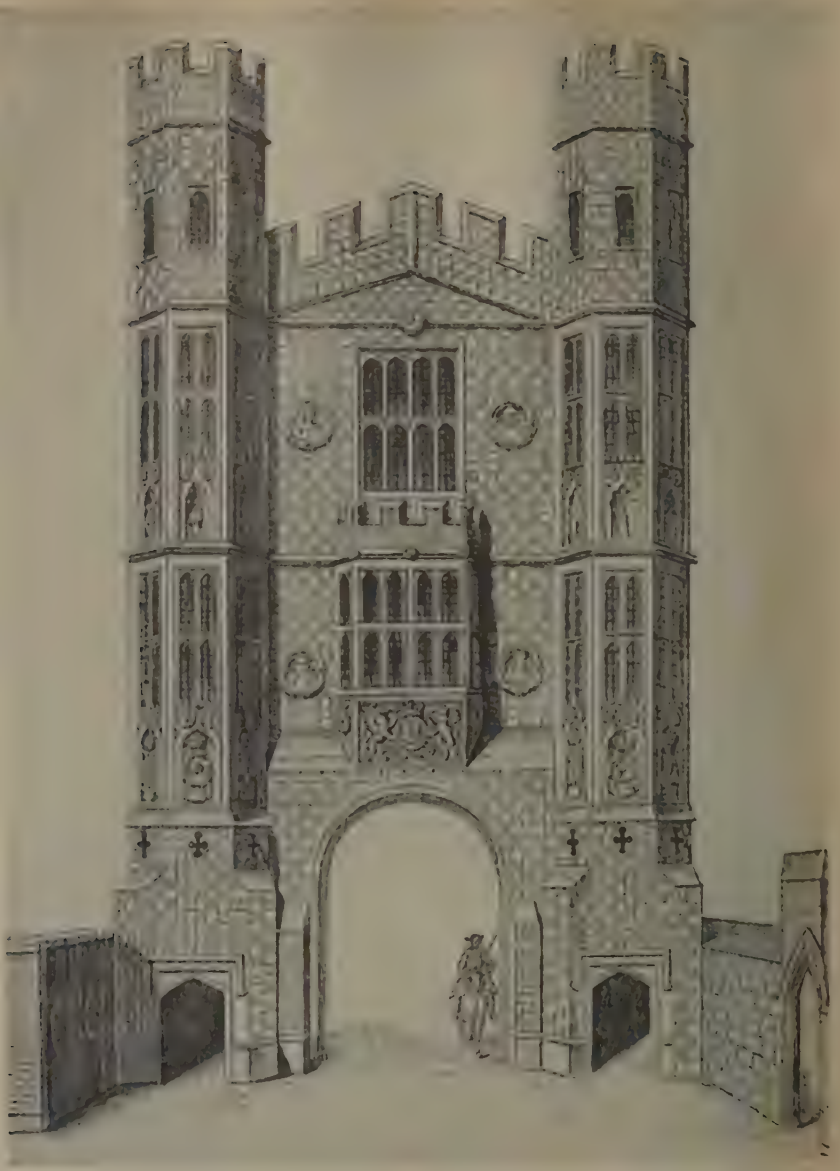
King Street, reduced in modern times to a mere byway, parallel to the new Parliament Street laid out over the old Privy Gardens, followed the original road to Westminster and now lies buried its entire length under the buildings of Sir Gilbert Scott and Mr. J. M. Brydon. The street is often mentioned in old descriptions of this part of London and a long list of well known people lived in it. Oliver Cromwell resided in King Street at the time of the trial of Charles I and his mother lived there during the time that he was Protector. Edmund Spenser, the poet, died in a house there "for lack of bread," as Ben Jonson records, and when dying refused 20 pieces sent to him by my lord of Essex, and said "he was sorrie he had no time to spend them." All the public processions that did not go by water passed through the street, and so it was the route of Charles's march to his trial in Westminster Hall, and of the Protector's funeral as it passed from Whitehall to the Abbey.

It was precisely because of the funerals having to pass this way to St. Margaret's Church that Henry VIII, to whom the sight was distasteful, had built St. Martin in the Fields.

A curious old Gothic gate, called King Street Gate, made the southern entrance to King Street, standing at right angles to what is now the chief entrance to the Foreign and India Offices. It had round towers, pointed windows, and was ornamented with busts and grotesques. At the north end of King Street, just below the Banqueting House and at the end of the Tilt Yard, stood the famous Holbein Gate, a fine relic of Tudor times, commanded by Henry VIII and built by Holbein, who is said to have lodged in the gate house while in the service of the king. There are numerous engravings of Holbein Gate extant and it figures picturesquely in the old views of Whitehall. It was in the most florid style of the day and resembled the great gate at Hampton Court, with which it was, of course, contemporary. It was built of brick in diaper pattern and finished with stone; it had high octagonal towers, pierced by two small doorways for pedestrians and a large central entrance over which was a two storey edifice with oriole windows, and for ornaments medallions in terra cotta with reliefs of the Cæsars. The top was



THE KING STREET GATE. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY G. VERTUE, 1725.



HOLBEIN'S GATE. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY G. VERTUE, 1725.

turreted. A spiral stair mounted one of the towers and made an entrance to the palace, this was used by Charles I on that fatal January 30, when he went to his execution. The King Street Gate was taken down in 1723 and in 1759 Holbein Gate was removed. The terra cotta reliefs of the Cæsars went to Hampton Court and the gate was to have been rebuilt as a triumphal arch at Windsor, but though the bricks and stones were carried there this was never done.

We find souvenirs of Holbein in several different parts of London. Beyond Chelsea Old Church —the site remembered in Beaufort Street—was an old manor house with a gateway and large gardens to the river, known later as Beaufort House, but originally the residence of Sir Thomas More, after his resignation from the chancellorship in 1532. Erasmus, the Dutch savant whom Holbein painted, gave the painter letters of recommendation to Sir Thomas More, with a present of his own portrait by Holbein, which he assured the chancellor was a more faithful likeness than the one drawn by Albrecht Dürer. Holbein was kindly received by More and, becoming part of the household at Chelsea, worked there for nearly three years, painting his host and his host's relations and friends. Walpole greatly admired Holbein's portrait of Sir

Thomas More for its "energy of expression," its "freedom," its "boldness of thought" and the sincerity of the resemblance, and writes quite a little eulogy upon it in his *Anecdotes of Painting* (Page 44). At all events Holbein did so well that when the king, visiting the chancellor, saw the portraits he lost no time in taking the painter into the royal service, and from this we get that interesting series of portraits of Henry and his queens, their children, and the chief persons of the court, distributed now through many public and private collections.

Paris it is supposed has the famous portrait of Anne of Cleves which was the innocent cause of that lady's speedy downfall. Having been dispatched to take her likeness, when, after the death of Jane Seymour, Henry was looking about for a fourth wife, Holbein "practising the common flattery of the profession" drew so favourable a portrait that the king was satisfied to wed the lady on the merits of her portrait alone; but, says history, when he found her so inferior to the painting the storm which should have been directed at the painter, burst on the minister and Cromwell lost his head because Anne was a "Flanders mare" and not a Venus, as Holbein had represented her.

Holbein remained off and on attached to the court of England until his death, by the Plague,

in 1554. He is said to have been buried in the church of St. Catharine Cree, one of the pre-fire churches of the City, but no stone marks his resting place.

In the street now so little suggestive of Wolsey's triumphs and downfall, of Henry's despotic magnificence, of Elizabeth's pleasures, there stands a relic of a still greater Whitehall than that of Tudor times—the Banqueting House of the Stuart kings, built by Inigo Jones. All the souvenirs of Whitehall boil down to this one poignant fragment, all associations lose themselves in the one climactic memory of the building from which Charles I stepped to his death on the tragic morning of January 30, 1649.

In the time of James I Whitehall had fallen into a ruinous state. The first of the Stuart kings determined to renovate it in a princely manner and began by pulling down the banqueting rooms added by Queen Elizabeth and rebuilt them. But a fire reduced the new structure to ashes and it was at this time (1619) that Inigo Jones came forward with plans for a magnificent building that should rival the great palaces of the world. Of this plan, never executed, the Banqueting House was but a detail, for the palace that Jones conceived would have covered an area of twenty-four acres. It con-

templated the destruction of every bit of native architecture that the existing palace boasted and the complete re-edification in the Palladian style, for which Inigo stood, of a palace which instead of being like the old one "a village of buildings" should bring all its ramifications under one harmonious roof.

The plan, published in Kent's *Inigo Jones,* was far in excess of the king's resources and, upon the accession of Charles I, Jones prepared a much more modest edition of his idea, stripping his plan of most of its ornamental features and making the Banqueting House, which had been a comparatively insignificant part of his first design, now its richest feature. In both plans the Banqueting House appears as a unit of the design which was to have been repeated four times in the whole—that is to say it formed one of four pendants to the central body of the building on the two main fronts and joined the end pavilions. But if the architect misjudged the depth of the father's purse his second design, however simplified, exceeded also the son's means, and not a stone of it was ever laid.

We shall see more of Inigo's work in London. It represents the best of the neo-classic architecture which abounds here and during his lifetime

INIGO JONES. FROM A PAINTING BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

APOTHEOSIS OF JAMES I. FROM A PAINTING BY PETER PAUL RUBENS.

Jones was classed as a super architect. I have read somewhere urged against him that he destroyed the initiative in the British stone mason by making him copy instead of create, so that he left after him models and measurements in place of creative craftsmen, and that what building gained in homogeneity and truth to classical origin it lost in vitality and individuality. Yet was Inigo a Londoner born. He grew up under Elizabeth, flourished under the first two Stuarts, and died in the Commonwealth. It was in Venice, as a student, that he came under the influence of Palladio, and there that he had his first success attracting the attention of Christian IV, of Denmark, who invited him to Copenhagen. Anne of Denmark brought him to the court of James I, where he was made surveyor to the queen and to young Prince Henry.

When Charles I came to the throne Inigo retained his post under the new king and queen during the prosperous days of this reign and the pleasures of the court were carried on with so much taste and magnificence that Whitehall became the most polite court in Europe. The architect's talents were utilized as "devyser of maskes" and Walpole (*Anecdotes of Painting*) gives a list of the masques upon which Inigo was employed and notes that the "inventions, ornaments, scenes, and

apparitions, with their descriptions" were made by him and recounts how the harmony of these affairs was interrupted by a war that broke out between the composers, Inigo and Ben Jonson, the poet laureate, in which "whoever was the aggressor, the turbulent temper of Jonson took care to be the most in the wrong."

The Banqueting House was built between 1619 and 1622 as the first installment of the great projected palace. The master mason was the famous Nicholas Stone, whose work we have admired upon York Water Gate; Rubens painted the elaborate ceiling (which still exists) and every circumstance of its erection seemed to point to a far different destiny than that which it achieved. The old masques had been performed in the great hall built by Wolsey; under Charles I the Banqueting House became the centre of all such festivities. Here also Charles hung his collection of pictures [which the Commonwealth dispersed] and it has been said that he bought the famous Raphael Cartoons—now in the South Kensington Museum—intending to have them repeated for this place.

As the Banqueting House is now a museum we are free to enter and examine its rich interior. The Rubens decoration is still in place and fills nine compartments of the ceiling. The central panel

represents the *Apotheosis of James I.* Legend asserts that Jordaens assisted in the execution of the panels and that Rubens received £3000 for them. As the whole building was "thoroughly restored" by Sir John Soane, in 1830, the paintings naturally have not escaped cleaning and repainting. Coats of varnish seem to have deepened the colour, but the design is on that voluptuous scale that characterizes the Medici series in the Louvre, with which the work must be more or less contemporary.

There are prints of the period which show how the scaffold on which Charles I was beheaded was erected against the last two windows towards the Charing Cross end of the building and how a hole was broken through the well to make a passage direct to the scaffold from the interior. Charles was condemned at Westminster Hall, after which he lodged at St. James's Palace until the morning of the execution. There are touching accounts to be read, filled with pitiful details such as his wearing an extra vest lest he should feel cold and shiver and his shivering be construed as nervousness. Is this the beautiful silken vest which the museum prizes and shows only on the anniversary of the crime?

A copy of the death warrant hangs by the window near which the event took place and it pro-

vides the place of execution as "the open street of Whitehall." Cromwell is supposed to have superintended the arrangements and his name figures prominently on the warrant and one may pick out the names of Harrison and John Carew, whom Mr. Pepys so much enjoyed seeing hanged at Charing Cross for their participation in the affair; and Bradshaw whose head, together with Cromwell's and Ireton's, he saw set up on Westminster Hall.

It has been considered puzzling that Charles and his assassins did not walk through one of the windows of the Banqueting House to the platform, but that a hole was broken for their passage through the masonry; this is explained by the fact that the building originally had only false windows on its western front—framed depressions filled with stone. It was when George I converted the house into a chapel that these windows were glazed.

Oliver Cromwell established himself at Whitehall and died there. The palace came into its own again during the time of Charles II, but his successor preferred St. James's and William and Mary lived at Kensington.

A series of fires destroyed little by little most of the historic old group of buildings and decay and demolition have wiped out nearly every trace of their existence. Behind the Banqueting House

PRIVY GARDEN, FROM AN ENGRAVING BY T. MALTON, 1795.

JAMES II. BY GRINLING GIBBONS, WHICH USED TO STAND IN WHITEHALL GARDENS. NOW IN ST. JAMES'S PARK AT THE WEST END OF THE ADMIRALTY BUILDINGS.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

we may still walk in "Whitehall Gardens" a singularly peaceful bit of Georgian London, built upon Henry VIII's orchard, and further along, Montagu House, the one-time residence of the duke of Buccleuch, and Richmond Terrace sit upon the site of the Privy Garden. All this now belongs to the government and at the moment is camped upon by unsightly barracks erected in connection with the late war.

The statue of James II, by Grinling Gibbons, in St. James's Park at the west end of the Admiralty Buildings, used to stand in Whitehall Gardens in the courtyard behind the Banqueting House; there it formed a picturesque link with the past and was popularly reported to point at the spot where James's father was beheaded! This statue erected in 1686 at the expense of Tobias Rustat, a page of the chamber to Charles II and James II, withstood the revolution of 1688 and the fires which destroyed the palace.

The most imposing statue in London, as I always think it, is that compact little equestrian of Charles I which stands upon an equally handsome stone pedestal at the top of Whitehall (Charing Cross) upon the spot where Edward I erected the last of the Eleanor crosses, and where Pepys saw the regicides hung. This statue is by Hubert Le-

sueur, a pupil of John of Bologna, who arrived in England about 1630. The metal casting round the left forefoot of the horse is inscribed: "Huber[t] Lesevr [Fe]cit, 1633." The revolutionists intended that the statue should have been destroyed and as it had not been set up before the commencement of the civil war it was sold by parliament to John Rivet, a brazier, living at the Dial, near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it to pieces. But Rivet concealed the statue intact until the Restoration; and giving out that he had obeyed instructions, did a brisk business in the sale of souvenir knives and forks with bronze handles supposed to have been made of it. Royalists bought them as mementoes of the martyred king, parliamentarians bought them as symbols of their triumph, and Rivet prospered. The Commonwealth wore to a close, Charles II became king, and the statue was brought from its hiding place and set up at the expense of the crown, about 1678. The pedestal, which is sculptured with the royal arms of England, trophies, cupids, palm branches, etc., all badly obliterated by exposure, is now accredited to Wren. The pretty custom of wreathing it with oak on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the Restoration, has been of recent years discontinued.

CHAPTER VIII

WESTMINSTER

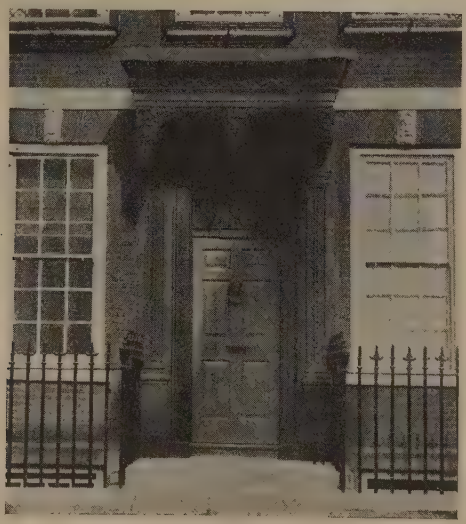
We are constantly to admire, in the midst of a reconstructed London, the care with which old boundaries and ancient places have been kept track of and recorded in the names of streets and courts, of lanes and alleys, of broad highways and entire districts. There is something stirring in the one word Whitehall, as applied to the majestic street traversing the length of a disappeared palace. We have glanced only cursorily at the scenes which the name evokes and are now to pass through the street, across the Privy Garden, as replaced by Parliament Street, into the older atmosphere of Westminster.

The Fleet Bridge, the Strand, Charing Cross, Whitehall—these are the milestones in the route of the old land way between the rival settlements of London and Westminster. One may notice far and wide, and perhaps be puzzled by them, the signs "City of Westminster," posted up at the corners of streets remote from the neighbourhood of

the Abbey. To understand how this can be is to delve into the mysteries of local government with which this book has no concern. The limits of the early settlement were extended in 1900, when by a royal charter Westminster was created a city with a council consisting of a mayor, ten aldermen, and sixty councillors. The "city" includes the parliamentary boroughs of the Strand, Westminster, and St. George's Hanover Square, each returning one member, and it covers an area of over 2500 acres, extending from the west end of Fleet Street to Kensington Gardens and from Oxford Street to the Thames, and borders the river from Chelsea Bridge to a point below Waterloo Bridge.

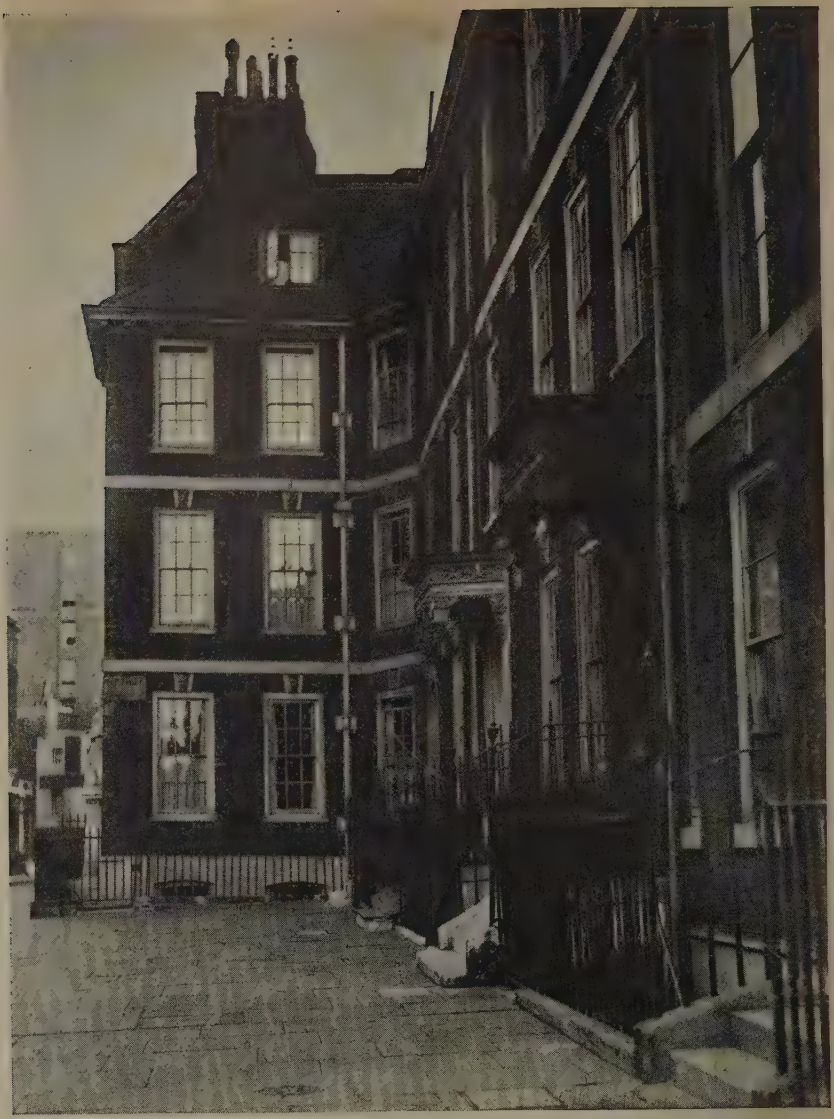
Old fashioned people will have nothing to do with this new kind of speech which seeks to erase from the vocabulary the picturesque old names by which Londoners distinguish their united suburbia. The twenty-nine municipal divisions which make up the administrative County of London take no account of Pimlico, of Belgravia, of Mayfair, of Soho, of Adelphi—all these are Westminster now —but literature is full of references to them and their names are the very language of cab-drivers. Westminster itself, in common parlance, suggests merely the little world which revolves about the most famous sanctuary in the kingdom and the

STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, WESTMINSTER.



OLD DOORWAY. QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, WESTMINSTER.

Photographs by W. Whiffin.



Photograph by W. Whiffin.

QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, WESTMINSTER.

most ancient of the royal palaces. To this add a very restricted district of charming, reticent, old-world houses clustered together in the shadow of the Abbey, in the tangle of narrow, ineffectual streets that cross-hatch a small area between the Dean's Yard and the ugly little church of St. John's Westminster, at which most writers on London have liked to take a crack.

This is the second of Queen Anne's fifty churches, built by imposing a duty on coals brought into the port of London. Its date is 1728 and its style might be dismissed as pseudo-baroque. It has four turrets, one at each corner, like legs of the horse of the school-boy's definition, and it is this feature of the design which has drawn derision upon it. Lord Chesterfield compared it to an elephant on its back with its four feet in the air; Dickens said something of the same kind; but the popular legend is that Queen Anne, fatigued by the discussions of its plan, kicked a footstool over in a temper and pointing to it as it lay upside down across the room said to her architect: "There, build it like that!" I believe as a matter of fact that the turrets did not figure in the original design, but were added afterwards. The row of old stone hitching posts, which forms a circle around it, suggests the good old days when people drove to

church, and together with the plane trees scattering their shade across the building and the pavement and an almond tree which at the moment is showing several fine pink flowers at the tips of sooty branches, adds greatly to the picturesqueness of Smith Square.

Within the heart of this little oasis of irreproachable respectability and within almost a stone's throw of the deafening din of the traffic pounding along Grosvenor Road is secreted Cowley Street, said to be the quietest street of London. Strange that it should lie so near the noisiest, yet the oasis is nearly a *cul de sac* for vehicles, though there is an outlet for pedestrians through Dean's Yard. Except for the church bells, whose melody seems to seek expansion in the silence of Smith Square and the ineffectual streets, the incredible quiet of this little backwater is grateful to a dweller in Grosvenor Road. Its residential possibilities are fascinating in these days of house shortage. The tiny period houses of Gayfere Street could so readily be made charming; North Street with its larger houses makes a brave showing with restored brickwork, handsomely painted doors, bright brass knockers, and cheery window boxes.

Smith Square may be late Queen Anne or early Georgian. There is a date, 1726, on one of the

corner houses but I suspect that others, with the interesting door heads, are earlier and while the square has not the impressive dignity of Queen Anne's Gate, with its large period houses, its decorated windows and handsome doorways and its charming statue of the queen, Smith Square has a very individual appeal. Queen Anne's Gate (the "gate" refers to the entrance to St. James's Park which the houses on the north side overlook) will, I should think, hold out against the renovations which have already wiped out most of the antiquities of Westminster.

Not far from it, at the bend in Buckingham Gate, stands isolated the "Blew" Coat School, assumed to be the work of Wren and in its appearance amply justifying this assumption. The building is a two storey brick structure of singular compactness with a panelled interior; a fine cornice runs round the room, above which springs a coved ceiling pierced by the upper windows. The entrance is distinguished by fluted pilasters with beautifully carved Corinthian capitals and antæ. The building consists of one room and a basement. So small, so exquisite, this little building does not receive the attention it merits; yet it is open on the four sides to plain view from Buckingham Gate, Caxton Street, or Brewer's Court. A stone over

the central south window bears the legend: "This School founded 1688." Over the entrance, in a niche, is a figure of a "blue-coat boy," so called from the costume dating from Edward VI, the founder of Christ's Hospital—the chief Blue Coat School. Wren rebuilt Christ's Hospital after the destruction (in 1666) of the Grey Friars monastery, to which the hospital for destitute and fatherless children succeeded after the dissolution. The costume of the Blue-coat boys, together with that of the Chelsea Pensioners, makes one of the picturesque accents in a London street; it consists of a blue gown, red leathern girdle, yellow stockings, and bands.

In the fine open space below Parliament Square, which is the most favourable place from which to enjoy the best which Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament have to offer as spectacle, there is a diamond sign affixed to an old wall, illuminated by one of London's newest and most effulgent street lamps, which bears the suggestive and apparently irrelevant legend, "Old Palace Yard." Three sooty old houses enjoy, with the Henry VII Chapel and the peers' entrance to Parliament, the distinction of this quaint address. Scraped and shorn and salved it still represents for us the yard of the palace which Edward the Confessor founded,

the palace which Henry VIII left tumbling to ruins when he took possession of Whitehall.

Westminster Palace has yielded completely to the exigencies of Parliament, and fires and rebuilding have destroyed every visible vestige of the old structure except Westminster Hall. The "Yard" of the old palace is as clean swept of proofs of its romantic history as a place can be; yet the clear, open space is so handsome in its proportions, so well guarded even yet by magnificent buildings, to which it forms a sort of court, that it quite suggests its ancient part. Chaucer lived in a house the foundations of which are overlaid by Henry VII's chapel. Ben Jonson lived in the Old Palace Yard, and the place is associated with the Gunpowder Plot and the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Near where now stands the Victoria Tower was a house once used as entrance to the House of Lords; this house was the one through which the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot carried their barrels of explosive to be deposited in a vault under the kitchens of the old palace. Guy Fawkes intended to light the fuse to fire the train and while it was slowly burning he planned to get away by water to Lambeth, trusting to escape the shock which it was expected would shake all London and

Westminster to the ground. The plot was discovered and the conspirators were hung in Old Palace Yard, opposite the house through which they had carried the gunpowder. Guy Fawkes Day is still observed by the street Arabs of London. On the 5th of November they trundle disreputable scarecrows through the streets and reap a rich harvest of coppers by their quaint chorus of "Please remember the Guy."

A window in St. Margaret's commemorates the beheading of Raleigh in Old Palace Yard, in the reign of James I. His execution was arranged to take place on Lord Mayor's Day, October 29, 1618, at eight o'clock in the morning. The idea was that the pageants and shows of that occasion, always popular in London, would draw off the people from witnessing the end of "one of the gallantest worthies that ever England bred." Lady Raleigh waited in her carriage until the deed was done and then carried away the head of her lord to preserve it during the years that she survived the tragedy. The sad relic is said to have been buried with her son at Horsley in Surrey. Raleigh's body was interred under the chancel of St. Margaret's. The commemorative window—it's the west one—was a gift of an American, who collected the necessary money for its erection from a number of his com-

patriots. It contains full-length portraits of Elizabeth, Prince Henry, Raleigh, and his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, as well as scenes from Raleigh's life and especially his part in the colonization of America. The inscription below was written by James Russell Lowell, who was, at the time of its erection, ambassador to London.

Since we have been deflected from our course by this dip into St. Margaret's to see the Raleigh window, let us turn our backs upon it now and regard a far finer window and one with a curious history—the great east window, over the altar. The window represents the Crucifixion. It is said to have been designed as a gift to the chapel of Henry VII, from Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, upon the betrothal of their daughter, Catharine of Aragon, to Arthur, Prince of Wales—the elder brother of Henry VIII. A striking feature of the window is the rich blue background against which the cross is relieved, with the figures of Arthur and Catharine kneeling at the foot, accompanied by St. George and St. Catharine, with the roses of York and Lancaster and the pomegranate of Granada, Ferdinand's newly acquired province. The window was made at Gouda, in Holland, and is cited by Winston, the authority on stained glass, for its harmonious and beautiful colour. Henry VII died

before it was delivered, Prince Arthur's short wedded life had ended in 1502, and his brother fell heir to the throne and by a dispensation married the widow. Henry VIII carried on the building of his father's chapel, but, as he desired to perpetuate in the monument no reminder of Catharine's previous marriage, he discarded the window and it was sent to the Abbey of Waltham. Timbs's *Curiosities of London* gives the full account of the fate of the relic, how it was variously protected during the Dissolution, how it was buried by General Monk to protect it from the fury of the Puritans, how it was finally purchased by the restoration committee of St. Margaret's and installed within a few feet of its original destination.

St. Margaret's was founded at about the time of Edward the Confessor, some say founded by him, and dedicated to Margaret, the martyr of Antioch. Next to the Abbey and St. Paul's it has the oldest foundation in London. The present structure, much restored, dates from the time of Edward IV; the style is perpendicular, plain without but rich and handsome inside. It is the special church of the House of Commons. A window to Milton's memory was given to the church by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia (who was also the donor of a window in the Abbey), and this recalls that John

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL, WESTMINSTER.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL, WESTMINSTER (FROM CAXTON STREET)

Milton was married here "to Mrs. Catharine Woodcocke, of the parish of Aldermanbury, Spinster," in 1656, when he was living in Petty France. It is also quaint to remark that the parish register shows that in the previous year our friend "Samuell Peps, gent." was married to "Elizabeth Marchant de Snt. Michell." But these are only a few of the interesting memories of this church.

There is a certain affinity in appearance between St. Margaret's, the older parts of the Abbey, and Westminster Hall. These stand as survivors of other days in the midst of a vastly regenerated neighbourhood. A fire of 1834 destroyed the old Houses of Parliament and with them almost all trace of the Palace of Westminster; the huge pile of buildings in the Gothic style which replaces the palace was built from the design of Sir Charles Barry, one of the earliest of the Victorian architects, about 1840. The original crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, which dates from 1292, exists, having escaped two fires which consumed the chapel itself, but the restorers have done so well by it in the matter of renovation and decoration that its antiquity is effectively disguised and it had best be left to blush unseen.

Edward the Confessor built the Palace of Westminster and William Rufus, son of the Conqueror,

built the Hall in the years 1097-9 and in the last year, at Whitsuntide, the Red King "kept his court for the first time in his new Palace of Westminster." The hall of William Rufus stood for three centuries, then Richard II, the last of the Plantagenets, enlarged and altered it making it the central structure of his palace, his chamber of state, adding as its greatest feature the noble timber roof of cobwebless beams of Irish oak, which endured five centuries and has just been restored, having fallen at last into a state of dangerous ruin.

The restoration, which has occupied the last ten years and is only about to be terminated, has disclosed many interesting and important facts about the hall. During the time that the great interior was torn out many parts of Rufus's masonry were uncovered in the mainly Norman north and south walls. But interest centres in the roof which examination has revealed as not only the most beautiful but probably the most scientifically constructed timber roof of great dimensions ever erected. It was built between the years 1394 and 1399, of giant oaks so well selected that, but for the destructive agency of the hordes of little beetles which have been at work upon them, they might have endured for another five centuries. While many timbers were perforated with holes like a

sponge, others had been tunnelled through leaving them to outward appearance sound. A close examination in 1913 showed that there was danger of an immediate collapse in parts. The free ends of the hammer beams—the timbers bearing the carved winged angels that stand out horizontally from the wall-head—had dropped as much as ten or more inches, the ridge beam itself had sunk in parts. The aged roof had nevertheless shown a surprising capacity of accommodation as it sank by inches under its load, when some of the tracery had been crushed. To rebuild it as designed was impracticable—England could no longer produce the oak for it, for the royal forests had been searched to find trees of sufficient scantling and those chosen had been growing for fully five centuries. The logs were cut in large part in the wood of Petlewode on the Sussex Weald, but some of the timber was brought from the king's park at Odiham, from the abbot of St. Alban's wood at Burnham, and from Kingston-on-Thames. Modern science has been applied to the old structure and the weight taken off the ancient beams by means of an almost invisible steel support. The concealment of the steel construction is indeed so successful that from the floor no change is visible in the roof. It is still the same glorious forest of timber as in Richard II's

day, and while the principle of the roof is gone it retains all its visible XIVth century features.

The hall, as we now see it, was contemporary with Chaucer, and he must have looked across Old Palace Yard at it when he lived on the site of Henry VII's Chapel. Its aspect had not changed much since those days, nor since Pepys made his almost daily visits there in the pursuit of cravats and amorous adventures. Courts of Justice sat in the hall in early times, when the king himself usually presided, and here comes in the origin of the King's Bench. The Star Chamber, so important in Tudor and Stuart times, still keeps its name, which, though often stated to have been taken from the stars painted upon its roof, has been found to refer to the *Starra,* or Jewish covenants. No *starr* was considered valid not found in these repositories, and here they remained until the banishment of the Jews by Edward I.

From the point of view of tragic happenings the hall has no rival in London except the Tower. Its chief association of this kind is the trial and condemnation of Charles I; but there are other poignant memories. Sir William Wallace was condemned to death here in 1305; Shakespeare immortalized the affecting words of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham, when he received his sentence

in the hall in 1522. Here Sir Thomas More was condemned, the scene rendered spectacular by his son breaking through the guards and flinging himself upon his breast imploring to share his father's fate. The list is long until we come to the last great trial held in the hall, in 1788, when Warren Hastings was the victim in a scene eloquently described by Macaulay.

The coronation banquets were all held in the hall from William Rufus to George IV. These occasions were rendered picturesque by the flinging open of the gates to admit, amidst a blare of trumpets, the King's Champion, who rode into the hall in full armour upon a horse likewise heavily mailed and throwing his gauntlet upon the ground challenged to single combat any person who should gainsay the rights of the sovereign. The body of Edward VII lay in state in this room.

When Barry designed the new Houses of Parliament he incorporated the old hall into the group and made it in a sense a vestibule to the new structure.

CHAPTER IX

THE ABBEY

The Abbey presents the finest loitering ground in London. Most of it needs no cicerone to expatiate upon its charms, and I shall only just venture to mention the high spots. The Poets' Corner, the aisle of the statesmen, the royal tombs, the grave of the Unknown Warrior, the innumerable stones and monuments to distinction bear their own epitaphs and speak the language of their time; the cloisters, the Dean's Yard, the Westminster School teem with romantic souvenirs, touch each of us in different ways, appeal to us all. The Gothic cathedral is at once more religious and more human than the classic, particularly the revived classic, and where St. Paul's is interesting and admirable as the work of a sophisticated age, Westminster gets round us by the naïvete of its expression and by the thousand and one devices by which it links up the disjointed chain of its history.

The study of the Abbey is exceedingly fascinating. The foundation as we know it goes back to

the XIth century, when Edward the Confessor, grateful for the termination of his exile in Normandy, erected a cruciform church—the first England had known—upon this site: but the annals of the monastery discover a small chapel, built by an earlier Saxon king, and dedicated to St. Peter, standing previously in this place. There is a miraculous legend of the saint coming in person to perform the ceremony of consecration. This chapel the Confessor had known, and this chapel he destroyed to rebuild from the foundation the "Collegiate Church of St. Peter at Westminster"—the Abbey's official title.

The site was an island rising above the marshes formed by the Tyburn—another one of those ancient rivers or brooks which used to course through London—where it fell into the Thames. If the Fleet protected London, the Tyburn, by its subdivision into several streams, formed the delta of Westminster and it was upon a smaller promontory than Ludgate Hill, called Thorn Ey (or isle) that the earliest church upon the site of the present Abbey was built. The brook was called the Ey or the Eye or the Aye on account of the island that lay upon it near its mouth. The Ey, like the Holebourne, rose in the dense clay of the region just below Hampstead, but its character, unlike

that of the bold Fleet, was meandering and casual. Where the Fleet cut through obstacles, leaving the indelible impression of its course, the Ey went out of its way to avoid a hill, scattering its name along its course. Familiarly corrupted the Ey became the Aye Bourne, the T'Aye Bourne, and finally Tyburn. An old chapel along its course, near Regent's Park, was called St. Mary-le-Bourne, which, degenerating into Marylebone, has given its name to a road, a station, a workhouse, a church, and a chapel in the old district of Tyburn, now Paddington. Brook Street, Mayfair, refers to the Ey Brook. Like the Fleet the Ey has been confined to a sewer and still burrows under New Bond Street, Green Park, and Buckingham Palace to join the Thames near Vauxhall Bridge.

Edward the Confessor reigned twenty-four years and the building of his Abbey occupied most of that time. The foundation was laid in 1049 and the church consecrated on December 28, 1065, just eight days before the death of the king. No trace is left of Edward's Norman monastery save the foundations of some of the pillars and a round arch in the cloisters; but the Bayeux Tapestry shows the outline of the church as it existed in its glory, and we know that it occupied nearly the same space as the present Abbey, and that the old Norman

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR IN HIS PALACE AT WESTMINSTER. FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

BURIAL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, SHOWING WESTMINSTER ABBEY. FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

Photograph Copyright by Mansell.

SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR AND THE CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

nave stood for many hundreds of years attached to the choir and transepts of the new building and was pulled down bit by bit as the Early English structure grew. The Abbey is a work of five hundred years. The central part is XIIIth century, the Henry VII Chapel is early XVIth century, and the towers of the western front were completed from designs of Christopher Wren, in 1714.

When Edward the Confessor died, early in the famous year 1066, he was buried before the high altar of his sanctuary with his crown on his head, a golden chain and crucifix around his neck, and his pilgrim's ring upon his finger. Just within the hundred years after his death he was canonized, by Pope Alexander III, and his tomb became a shrine and made the Abbey a particularly sacred place.

Henry III was the second founder of the Abbey and the parts which remain of his building are the choir and transepts with the Confessor's Chapel, the side aisles and their chapels. Henry's first care was the enshrinement of his sacred predecessor and about the tomb he built the chapel dedicated to the saint. This chapel remains much as Henry III left it and is perhaps from an historical point of view the most important thing which the Abbey has to show.

One can do no more than run briefly over its

points. The chapel stands behind the high altar. The shrine of the Confessor occupies the centre, its mediæval glories diminished by time and despoliation, but still traceable in the worn carving of the stone and the elegance of the twisted columns. "Peter the Roman citizen" was the artist and one sees in his work reminiscences of the cloisters of San Paolo and San Giovanni Laterano in Rome. Before the Reformation this was one of the most popular of shrines and in the seven recesses at the sides the pilgrims knelt. Within is an iron bound sarcophagus containing the remains of the saint, and originally one end of the shrine was open so that distressed persons might creep in and touch the coffin. There were restorations by Queen Mary and the inlaid wainscoting at the top dates from these; but at the coronation of James II both the shrine and the coffin were broken by the fall of some scaffolding and Henry Keepe, who wrote of the Abbey, relates that at this time he put his hand into the sarcophagus and drew forth the chain and crucifix and that James accepted the sacred relics. The elaborate pall over the shrine was placed there at the coronation of Edward VII. The screen separating the chapel from the choir is embellished with fourteen rude sculptures which tell the fantastic legend of the Confessor as related in the

Life and Miracles of St. Edward, written at the time of Edward II by Abbot Ailred.

The tombs of this chapel are amongst the choicest of the Abbey. When Henry III died, his son, Edward I, expressed his passionate devotion to his father's memory by the erection of a sumptuous tomb, employing again Peter the Roman citizen and bringing from abroad the "divers coloured marbles and glittering stones" and "twisted or serpentine columns of the same speckled marble," which made this tomb only less magnificent than the shrine itself. When, about twenty years later, Edward's queen, Eleanor of Castile, died he placed her at his father's feet in the tomb of Petworth marble, of which we have already spoken. The gilded brass effigies on the two monuments were made by William Torel, an English artist, and were cast in a foundry of his own in St. Margaret's church yard. One must search for the stone of Edward I, for the monument of the greatest of the Plantagenets is one of the plainest in the Abbey. He lies on the same side of the chapel near the screen, under an unfinished tomb composed of five slabs of marble and inscribed simply, "Edwardus Primus Scotorum malleus hic est. 1308. Pactum Serva."

"Is the unfinished tomb a fulfilment of that fa-

mous pact' which the dying king required of his son, that his flesh should be boiled, his bones carried at the head of the English army till Scotland was subdued, and his heart sent to the Holy Land, which he had tried vainly in his youth to redeem from the Saracens? It is true that with the death of the king all thought of the conquest of Scotland ceased. But it may possibly have been 'to keep the pact' that the tomb was left in this rude state, which would enable his successors at any moment to take out the corpse and carry off the heart;—and it may have been with a view to this that a singular provision was left and enforced. Once every two years the tomb was to be opened and the wax of the king's cere-cloth renewed. The renewal constantly took place as long as his dynasty lasted, perhaps with a lingering hope that a time would come when a victorious English army would once more sweep through Scotland with the conqueror's skeleton, or another crusade embark for Palestine with that true English heart. The hour never came and when the dynasty changed with the fall of Richard II, the renewal of the cerement ceased." (Dean Stanley. *Memorials of Westminster Abbey.*)

At the eastern end of the chapel is one of the curiosities of the Abbey—the Chantry of Henry

V. This was built by Henry of Monmouth, the hero of Agincourt, as a little chapel in which masses were to have been forever offered up for his soul by "sad and solemn priests." The king lies buried under the chantry in a small space which, as visits are now arranged, forms a sort of ante-chamber to the Confessor's Chapel. There are steps leading up to this, as it were, back entrance to the chapel and the tomb never fails to attract attention because of the effigy—a withered, blackened, dilapidated figure, carved from the heart of English oak, and minus the head, which lies upon the despoiled tomb.

Henry V, after having occupied Paris and espoused Catharine of Valois, the youngest daughter of Charles VI and Isabeau of Bavaria, died at the Château of Vincennes. Catharine conducted his funeral with all the pomp of woe in which French grief finds relief, and arranged to have the body brought to London by a procession of mourners the like of which England had never seen. The body was laid on a chariot drawn by four horses and upon the hearse an effigy of the deceased monarch—a figure made of boiled leather—represented his person as nearly as might be, painted to simulate life, wearing upon the head an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones, and

upon the body a purple robe, furred with ermine; in the right hand a sceptre and in the left an orb of gold with a cross fixed upon it. The procession marched from Vincennes to Calais and from Dover to London, accompanied by James I, of Scotland, as chief mourner, and all the princes, lords, and knights of the king's house. At a distance of about two miles from the corpse followed the queen with her suite. When the cortège landed at Dover it was met by fifteen bishops, garbed in pontifical robes, and many abbots in their mitres and vestments, as well as priests. The priests chanted, all the way from Blackheath to the Abbey, dirges for the dead king and to the general picturesqueness of the occasion the householders added by standing at the doors of their homes with torches in their hands, for the procession marched through the night.

The grief of the queen, thus manifested, affected the people and they were still more impressed with the barbaric magnificence of the tomb she raised over the remains. There are traces even yet of the Latin inscription, which read that the tomb was erected by Queen Catharine, but it has suffered more than any other monument in the Abbey. The carved figure was overlaid with gilded silver and had a head of solid silver. As early as the reign

of Edward IV two gold teeth from the head were stolen, and at the time of the Dissolution the oak was stripped bare of its plating and the head was carried off bodily by robbers.

Over the tomb is the chantry, an exquisite little Gothic structure in the form of the letter H. The ancient monuments of Eleanor of Castile and Philippa, queen of Edward III, have been encroached upon and are half hidden by the two angular tourelles which form the uprights of the H, joined together by the delicate tracery of the low wall of the chamber above. The tourelles enclose spiral stairways to the chapel, closed to the public by locked oaken doors and to all appearances seldom used. It is difficult to gain admission, but it can be done. Half a dozen or more of the narrowest of winding stone steps bring one into a small room, paved with red tiles, open on three sides, and covered by a beautiful vaulted ceiling of stone. There is a fine view down into the shrine of the Confessor and upon the other tombs. The room is denuded of almost everything that suggests use, but it forms a tiny chapel with an altar of stone under which was interred, since 1878 only, the remains of Queen Catharine of Valois, as a tardy piece of justice to a maternal ancestor of the Tudor dynasty.

Over the altar the stone carving, somewhat mutilated, is elaborate and beautiful. The sculpture represents a departure in the imagery of the Abbey; instead of allegory and abstractions the personality of the man is described, the scenes of his coronation, the magnificence of his court, and his battles in France. There is even a portrait of Henry, amongst the Gothic figures, and a suggestion of the two kingdoms which he united is found in the figures of St. George and St. Denis which guard the entrance to the tomb. As at Canterbury the accoutrements of the Black Prince were hung aloft and are still to be discerned, so Henry's emblazoned shield, his helmet, and his saddle are here upon a cross-beam and figure mistily, confusing themselves with the architecture of the roof. The shield has lost its splendour. The saddle is that into which he "vaulted with such ease, . . . as if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds, to witch the world with noble horsemanship." The helmet is probably "that very casque that did affright the air at Agincourt," which twice saved his life on that eventful day and still shows in its dints the marks of the ponderous sword of the duc d'Alençon, "the bruised helmet" which he refused to have borne in state before him on his

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THE CHANTRY OF HENRY V, WITH THE CONFESSOR'S SHRINE (RIGHT) AND THE TOMB OF ELEANOR OF CASTILE (LEFT).

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THE SANCTUARY TOMBS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY. AVELINE, COUNTESS OF LANCASTER (1273); AYLMER DE VALENCE, EARL OF PEMBROKE (1323); EDMUND CROUCHBACK, EARL OF LANCASTER (1296), SECOND SON OF HENRY III.

triumphal entry into London, "for that he would have the praise chiefly given to God."

There is piquancy in the story of Catharine of Valois. After Henry's death she secretly married the Welsh squire, Owen Tudor, and in mysterious obscurity gave birth to three sons, of whom the eldest fathered Henry VII. This misalliance was looked upon with considerable disfavour at the time, but when Catharine died the king, her son by Henry V, had her suitably interred in the lady chapel of the Abbey; but when that building was pulled down by her grandson, Henry VII, her coffin was found to be decayed and so the body was taken up and placed provisionally in a chest which stood for many years near her first husband's tomb. There it was shown as a curiosity to persons visiting the Abbey for at least three centuries, for by some curious freak of the embalming the body retained its semblance of humanity, "the bones," says Dart, "being firmly united and thinly covered with flesh, like the scrapings of tanned leather."

Mr. Pepys writing on February 23, 1668, tells how he took his wife and "the girls" to the Abbey and 'there did show them all the tombs very finely, having one [guide] with us alone, there being other company this day to see the tombs, it being Shrove Tuesday; and there we did see by par-

ticular favour the body of Queen Catharine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queen, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a queen. But here this man, who seems to understand well, tells me that the saying is not true that says she was never buried, for she was buried; only when Henry VII built his chapel it was taken up and laid in this wooden coffin; but I did see that, in it, the body was buried in a leaden one, which remains under the body to this day."

The "particular favour" shown to Pepys must have been granted to many persons and the story of how the body of this unfortunate woman was exploited by the Abbey guides exceeds in scandalousness the somewhat similar indignity suffered by the body of the Maréchal Turenne at the time of the violation of the tombs at St. Denis. 1793 is the date given as the year in which ended this comedy in connection with Catharine of Valois, for even after she had been reinterred in one of the choir chapels the traffic seems to have continued. This was the year that the Revolutionists in France ordered the exhumation of the royal and distinguished persons buried at St. Denis. The workmen, curious to touch the remains of a hero,

hastened to open the tomb of Turenne. The great general appeared almost unchanged and his body was given to the porter of the abbey, who placed it in a box and exposed it for eighteen months in a little sacristy of the church. This guardian even permitted himself to draw the teeth of the cadaver and to sell them as souvenirs to the "amateurs" attracted to the church by this curious and touching relic.

The fame of Westminster Abbey rests upon its tombs and its coronations. Perhaps the relic which commands the most attention is the Coronation Chair, built over the fatal stone of Scone, upon which have been crowned practically all the rulers of England since Edward I. Seven of the Anglo-Saxon kings, if one is to believe the legend, were crowned at Kingston-on-Thames, and a handsomely enclosed rock near the market-place of that village, is said to be the historic King's Stone. Where the Norman kings and the first of the Plantagenets sat at this important ceremony, except that it was in the Abbey, one does not know. The first king of England crowned in the Abbey was William the Conqueror; but the famous Coronation Chair dates from Edward I; he had it made to contain the stone which he had taken from the Scots in 1296.

The Scottish tradition attached enormous importance to the stone. The Scots believed that this fragment of rock was the same as that upon which the patriarch Jacob had slept at Bethel when he saw the Vision of the Ladder reaching to heaven. The legend is circumstantial in its account of Jacob's pillow, which it appears was carried about as though it had been the lightest of hand luggage, first to Egypt, then through Sicily, to Spain, to Ireland, across the sea to Dunstaffnage, to Iona, and finally to Scone, where the last battle of the Picts was fought. At this point legend gives way to historical fact and one may read of Edward himself having been crowned king of Scotland upon the stone of Scone. He took it as part of the loot of his Scottish campaign and brought it to England as a highly prized trophy and had designed for it the quaint Gothic chair. Under the seat, resting upon a framework supported by four little beasts simulating British lions, the stone, with its iron handles for lifting it about, may be plainly seen. There were decorations by "William the Painter," the same who decorated the Painted Chamber of the palace and probably the Chapter House of the Abbey; but time has obliterated nearly all trace of them.

The loss of the stone remained a thorn in the

flesh of Scotland, and a solemn clause in the treaty of Northampton, which closed the long war between England and Scotland, provided for the restitution of it with the other relics. Edward III agreed and the regalia was restored, but when it came to giving up the stone "the people of England would by no means allow it to depart from themselves."

The first English king to be crowned upon the chair was Edward II and the only exceptions in the long line which have followed him have been Edward V, who was murdered in the Tower and passed to his grave uncrowned, and Bloody Mary, who fearing that the chair had been polluted by having been the seat of her Protestant brother, had the Pope send her another. The superstitious belief in the magic of the chair was so great that even Cromwell, when he was installed as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall, was placed in "the chair of Scotland" brought out of the Abbey for that unique occasion.

On leaving the Confessor's Chapel by the side exit one may look back from the ambulatory upon the richly sculptured arch passing from the back of Henry V's tomb over the steps of Henry VII's Chapel. This arch is adorned with more than fifty sculptured figures which speak for the lively

state of sculpture in England before the Reformation. The central group on the north side represents the coronation of Henry V, as it was performed in this church; on the south side is Agincourt with the king in full armour riding at full speed, attended by the companions of his expedition.

Coronations take place in the sanctuary before the high altar; for these ceremonies the chair is moved around from the other side of the screen. On the left side of the sanctuary are three of the most beautiful of the royal monuments—tombs of the family of Henry III. These interesting Gothic monuments, specimens of the character of English sculpture in the reigns of the first two Edwards, are raised to the memory of Edmund Crouchback, earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III (1296); Aveline, his wife (1273); and Aymer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, nephew of Henry III (1323).

Edmund Crouchback was the greatest of the Crusaders. He and his brother, Edward, started together before their father's death, and the ten knights carved on his tomb have been thought to represent the gallant English band who made that last struggle to recover the Holy Land. The tomb appears to have been erected late in the reign of

Edward II. The epithet, Crouchback, was possibly in allusion to Edmund's deformity, or may have been a corruption of Crossback, or Crusader. The House of Lancaster claimed the throne by descent from this prince and his second wife, Blanche, queen of Navarre.

On the right side of the altar are the sedilia shown as the tomb of Sebert and Ethelgoda, once decorated with eight painted figures. Of these Henry III and Sebert remain, but among those lost was a portrait of Edward the Confessor.

Next to the sedilia is the tomb of Anne of Cleves, fourth wife of Henry VIII, the only one of his consorts to receive a monument: this one is unfinished. Here also hangs the portrait of Richard II, from the Jerusalem Chamber. It is interesting as the oldest contemporary portrait of an English sovereign.

CHAPTER X

HENRY VII'S CHAPEL

The most conspicuously beautiful part of the Abbey is the Chapel of Henry VII. Standing well out to the sidewalk in Old Palace Yard it is readily detachable from the older parts by its form, its colour, and the rich lace-work of its ornamentation. It joins the rear of the main bulk at the apse—to the east of the high altar and the Confessor's Chapel, where the Lady chapel should be—where the Lady chapel was until 1502, when Henry VII pulled it down and built his own beautiful perpendicular chapel in its place. Even within, at this point, one feels the break in construction, the "solemn architectural pause" which Dean Stanley compares to the break in English history of which Henry's reign is the expression. "It is the close of the middle ages: the apple of Granada in its ornaments shows the last crusade was over; its flowing draperies and classical attitudes indicate that the renaissance had begun. It is the end of the Wars of the Roses, combining Henry's right

of conquest with his fragile claim of hereditary descent."

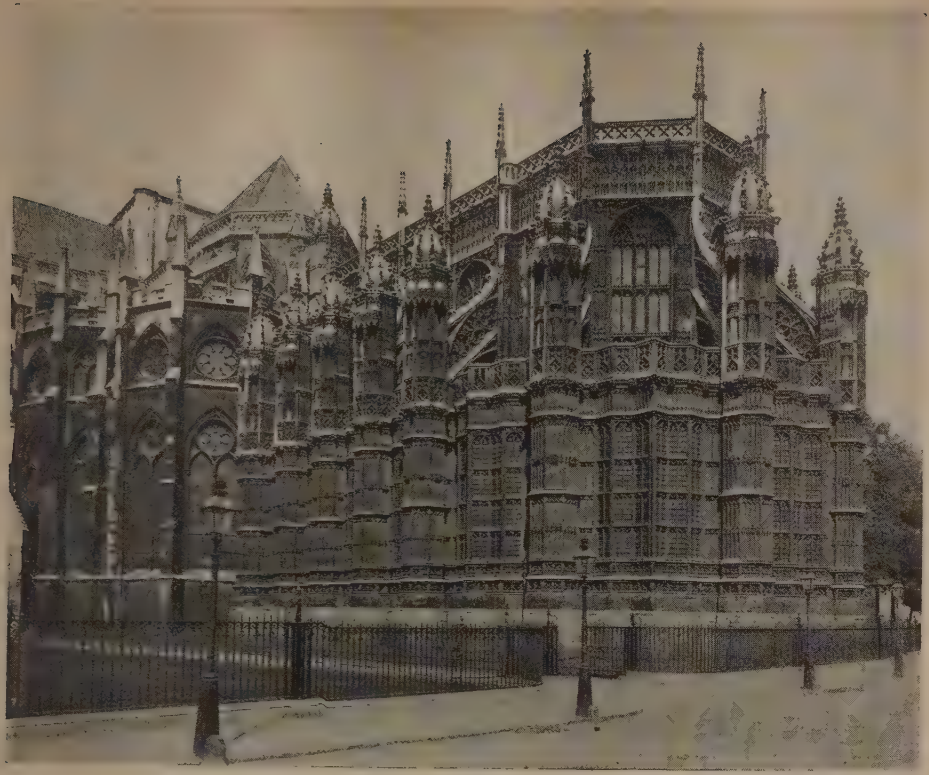
From the rear, which is the handsomest view of the Abbey, one is at once struck with the distinction of the angular structure, with the richness of the elaborate stone carving, of which the Tudor rose, the portcullis, and the fleur-de-lys are oft-repeated motifs, and with the deep black note which the building makes in the pervading gray of its surroundings. The older parts of the Abbey are warm in tone, varying from rust colour, where the stone is clean, to a rich *tête de nègre,* where the fog has settled, and the stone in general of the older fabric (I mistrust it has been much refaced) has proved more resistant to fog; but this elegant chapel, with its clean-cut uprights, its delicately adequate balustrade, its foliated turrets, is of a material which lends itself willingly to all the beautifying influences of time. It has absorbed the sooty exhalations of the Westminster chimneys until nearly the whole surface is covered with a rich, black patine, only rubbed slightly in places where the stone shows a clear, cool gray.

If I write as if in ignorance of the sinister sort of restoration which is at the moment taking place upon a secluded corner of the monument, it is because I will not believe that it can continue. The

effect would seem to be a preservation of the building at the price of its charm. It appears that reparations to the chapel, necessitated by the action of the destructive ingredients of the fogs, are costing at the rate of £40,000 a year, and, as I understand it, it is proposed to effect a permanent restoration by filling up the corroded stone with a preservative and by covering the whole with a coat of something resembling white paint. A few turrets have been so treated experimentally. The result rejuvenates after its fashion—lends to the venerable treasure the meretricious aspect of a "White City" palace. But let us brush this consideration aside as too dire a disaster to contemplate here and return to our muttons.

The chapel is considered the most remarkable building of its period. It is England's Sainte Chapelle. As that monument expresses the perfection of the Gothic in France, so this one is the efflorescence of the perpendicular in England. Certainly there is nothing of its epoch to surpass it; its contemporary at Cambridge, King's College Chapel, is not its equal, especially without, though it shares the original and special feature of this chapel—the fan-tracery vaulting of the roof.

I like to dwell a little upon the exterior of the chapel because it seems to me that people in gen-



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HENRY VII'S CHAPEL, FROM OLD PALACE YARD.

eral do not appreciate it enough. This may be because the front view of the Abbey is so very disappointing and one is accustomed to look for beauty in buildings, as in people, in the face. The work that Wren did upon the Abbey has not added to his reputation as an architect: he refaced much of the exterior with Oxfordshire stone, destroying or paring down its original richness of detail, and showed himself not much in harmony with the "Gothic humour." His attempts at Gothic are few and none of them is successful. The more one studies the two western towers the more palpably do they detach themselves from the original structure. Until 1740 there were no towers, and if one makes an effort not to see them, the building becomes more imposing. They were added from Wren's design after his death.

The façade of the north transept as part of the oldest construction of the present Abbey, has interest and is considered a fine example of the pointed style, but its "Solomon's Porch" lacks the vitality of the French cathedrals. The view of the Abbey, however, is fine from this side, especially from Parliament Street where St. Margaret's fits into the picture, like a child with its mother, and lends scale to the monument. But the entrance that suits my fancy is by the Poets' Corner. To

arrive at that small door one must pass the back of the Abbey enter a gate in Old Palace Yard, to the left of Henry VII's Chapel, and follow a path alongside the chapel. This is the best of all places to enjoy the richly decorated buttresses, upon which the three badges of the founder are represented in big and in little with such good effect. The portcullis, like a cross-barred gate, its ends spiked, and surrounded by a chain, by its geometric form makes a strong accent in the embellishment and is repeated oftenest, alternated with the Tudor rose and the fleur-de-lys of France. These three emblems meet the eye in every direction.

Originally three thousand statues ornamented the outside of the chapel. One may still count many little animals running up and down the slopes of the turrets and buttresses in the Gothic style, and these may have been counted in this generous reckoning, but the niches stand empty. From the repletion within it seems certain that the niches were once filled with statues of saints, no doubt torn down and destroyed in obedience to the injunction of Henry VIII (1538) "that all images which had been worshipped, or to which idle pilgrimages had been made should be taken down and removed from all churches." If Henry spared the monument that he had com-

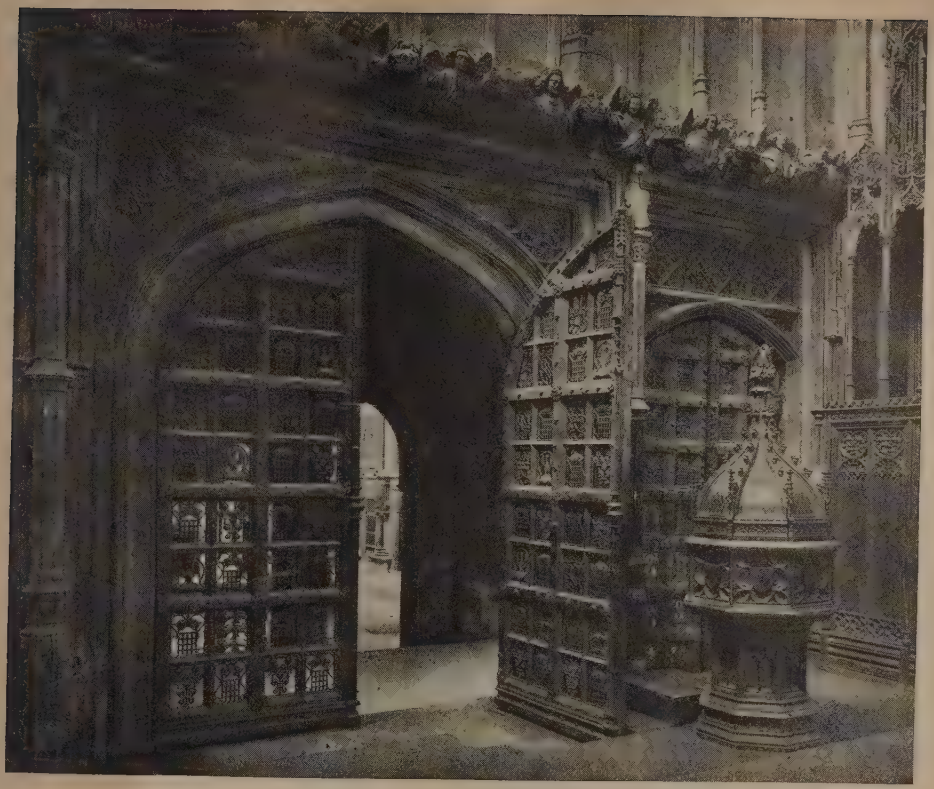
pleted the statues may have disappeared in the reign of Edward VI, when Protector Somerset ordered all images without distinction to be thrown down and destroyed.

Inside the cathedral the entrance to the chapel, marked by that "solemn architectural pause," is by a wide flight of steps, which, overarched by the chantry of Henry V, lead from the dusk of the ambulatory to the golden light of the chapel. Three magnificent brass gates mark the entrance, emblazoned with badges, devices, and the cipher of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York. These set each in a square compartment of the gates, tell in heraldry the piquing story of the ancestry of the House of Tudor, and the claims of the new sovereign to the throne.

As for the claims vaunted at such length upon these brazen gates the one of which Henry might have been most proud was the one he urged least—his marriage with Elizabeth of York. The right officially recognised was his descent through his mother, Margaret Beaufort, from John of Gaunt, the founder of the house of Lancaster. John of Gaunt was the fourth son of the Plantagenet king, Edward III and Queen Philippa. He married three times: from his union with his first wife descended Henry IV, Henry V, and Henry VI; his

third wife was Catherine Swynford, who had been his mistress for many years. His children by her were now legitimised and from this line came Margaret Beaufort. This Lancastrian claim was not valid until the direct line of John of Gaunt had become extinct.

Margaret Beaufort married Edmund Tudor, the eldest of the three sons of the queen dowager, Catharine of Valois and her lover, Owen Tudor. Henry VII was the only child of this union. No record of a marriage between Catharine of Valois and Owen Tudor has survived. Their union seems to have been kept secret until the birth of their fourth child, when the scandal of the misalliance forced Catharine to retire to the Abbey of Bermondsey; her children were taken from her and Owen Tudor disappeared. Strickland in her *Lives of the Queens of England,* describes Owen's appearance at the court of the infant king, Henry VI, a young handsome creature who attracted the fancy of the Frenchwoman by his graceful dancing. The fair Catharine was young, widowed, beautiful, and probably monstrously dull and the Welsh youth danced before her until overcome by his efforts he fell into her lap. By the fashion in which Catharine met this adventure her ladies in waiting saw that she was not displeased and those who dared



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GATES TO HENRY VII'S CHAPEL.

remonstrated with the queen for her tolerance of "a person who though possessing some personal accomplishments and advantages had no princely nor even gentle alliances but belonged to a barbarous clan of savages reckoned inferior to the lowest English yeomen."

The queen replied that "being a Frenchwoman she had not been aware that there was any difference of race on the British islands;" and afterwards, repeating these reproaches to her lover he held forth so eloquently on the subject of his high-born kinsmen and princely descent that the queen asked him to introduce some of these noblemen to her court at Windsor. "Whereupon," says Sir John Wynne, "he brought into her presense John ap Meredith and Howel ap Llewellyn, his near cousins, men of the goodliest stature and personage but wholly destitute of bringing up and nurture; for when the queen had spoken to them in divers languages and they were not able to answer her, she said 'they were the goodliest dumb creatures she ever saw;' a proof that Catharine knew several languages but had no skill in Welsh." In view of his illustrious connections however, an ancestry was worked out for Owen Tudor and his descent traced back to Cadwallader, a Welsh chieftain, a provision that made the squire's grandson an ac-

ceptable monarch to the Welsh constituents when he was proposed for the succession.

Catharine died in Bermondsey Abbey in 1437 and when Henry VI came of age he created his half-brother, Edmund, earl of Richmond and made provision for Owen Tudor. Owen, it is said, took the red rose and fought manfully for it; but falling into the hands of the Yorkists he was beheaded in Hereford market-place and his head set up on the market cross; and it is recorded that "a mad woman came and combed the hair and washed the face of this lover of a queen, setting lighted tapers round about it."

Margaret Beaufort married twice after the death of her young husband, Edmund Tudor. Her third husband was Lord Stanley. At the Battle of Bosworth, after Richard III was killed, the crown of England was hidden by a soldier in a hawthorn bush, but being found was carried to Lord Stanley, who placed it upon the head of his step-son, saluting him by the title of Henry VII. It was in memory of this incident that the house of Tudor assumed the device of a crown in a bush of fruited hawthorn, while to the same circumstance may be attributed the proverb: "Cleave to the crown, though it hang on a bush."

Elizabeth of York was the sister of the princes

that were put to death in the Tower and, by virtue of direct descent, heiress to the throne; but England up to that time had never recognized the claims of a female heir. However, her marriage to Henry VII, much desired by parliament and the people, added strength to the king's frail claim, and was accepted as the end of the Wars of the Roses.

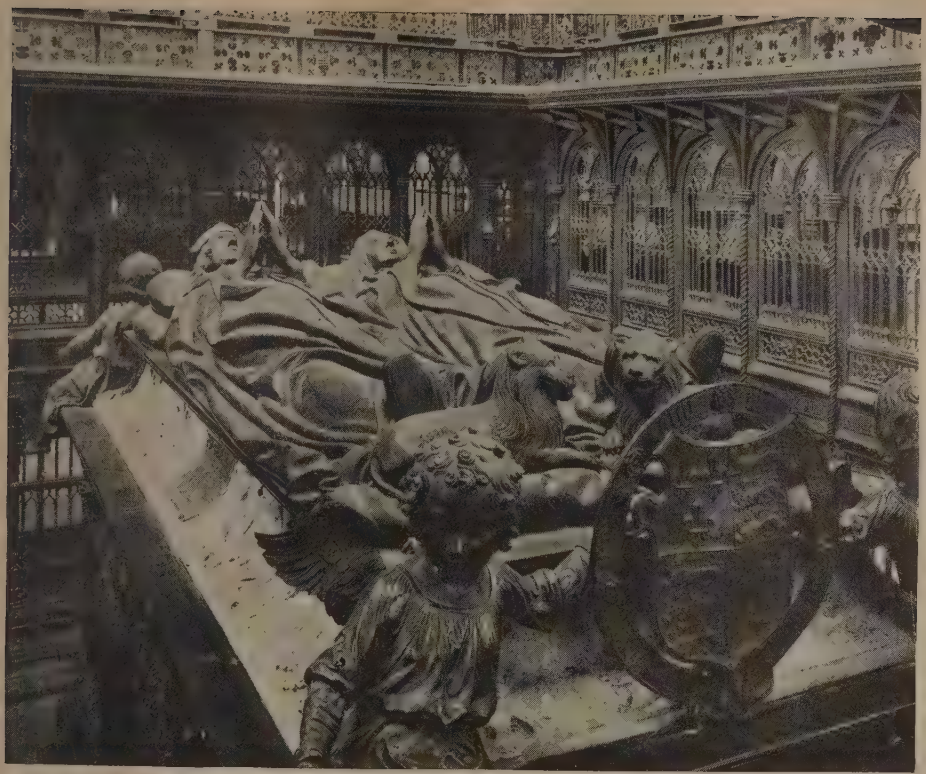
All this and more may be read in the brass gates of the chapel. Here are the roses of Lancaster and York, growing upon their leafy stems intertwined; here are the three lions of England, the portcullis of the house of Beaufort, the dragon of Cadwallader; here is the falcon and fetterlock, badge of Edward IV, and here the greyhound of the house of Neville, ancestors of Elizabeth of York; here again the root of daisies, in allusion to the Christian name of the king's mother, the hawthorn bush and crown, the cipher R.H. Over each badge is the crown.

In every corner of the interior the portcullis of the house of Beaufort, as Henry's strongest claim, figures in the decoration. In the stained glass we see fragmentary traces of the crown hanging on the green bush in the fields of Leicestershire, of the white rose of York charged upon the red rose of Lancaster, of the fleur-de-lys of France, and the H's with which the windows were once filled. In

the frieze of stone which runs round the chapel, forming a most beautiful feature of the embellishment, the chief of the badges and devices are repeated between carved angels, who hold the crown of England above them. The monument is superbly egoistic.

The chapel is dedicated to the Virgin. Her figure looks down upon the founder's grave from the east end, standing between Peter and Paul, the patrons of the Abbey and sculptured tier over tier, on every side of the chapel, as Henry directed, are the innumerable figures of angels, archangels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, evangelists, confessors, and virgins "to whose singular mediation and prayers he also trusted," some retained from the ancient Lady chapel, others the work of his own age. Henry designed the chapel for his chantry as well as his tomb, and, says Dean Stanley, "almost a second Abbey was needed to contain the new establishment of monks who were to sing in their stalls 'as long as the world shall endure.' Almost a second shrine, surrounded by its blazing tapers, and shining like gold with its glittering bronze, was to contain his remains."

The feature of the chapel is, of course, the tomb of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, though it does not at first attract attention, being somewhat



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TOMB OF HENRY VII AND ELIZABETH OF YORK. PIETRO TORRIGIANO, SCULPTOR.

concealed by the screen which encloses it and by the altar to Edward VI, which stands in front of it. This tomb brings the first renaissance touch into the chapel and the cathedral. It is as it stands the work of Pietro Torrigiano, an Italian sculptor chosen by Henry VIII to complete his father's tomb. Henry VII himself had selected a more illustrious sculptor for the execution of the monument, recorded in the annals of the Abbey as "Master Pageny." No other work of Master Pageny's is known in England, but it seems fairly certain that he was the same Pagani who designed the tomb of Charles VIII, at St. Denis. The French king's sepulchre, demolished in the Revolution, was described by Dom Millet, a contemporary scribe, as the most beautiful one in the choir of the basilica. The massif of the monument was of black marble enriched with ornaments and figures in gilded bronze. Twelve circular niches in the sides contained twelve figures of women, representing the virtues. In the intervals between the niches and at the ends were swords enveloped in branches of laurel. The figure of the monarch knelt upon the top, before an oratory on which there was a crown and a book, and kneeling angels occupied each of the four corners. The whole of the upper portion was of gilded copper, except

the robe of the king which was of blue, sown with fleurs-de-lys of gold.

The death of the king arrested progress on the tomb and the chapel, and Henry VIII, who had not scrupled to discard the window offered by Ferdinand and Isabella to his father's chantry, gave Master Pageny congé and passed the commission over to "Peter Torrisany," as Torrigiano was styled in London. This was the same Pietro Torrigiano who broke Michelangelo's nose, as related by Vasari, in the days when both were students under the patronage of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in Florence. He is described as a man of strong build and some violence of character, very jealous of the achievement of his competitors; having conceived a bitter envy of Michelangelo, in the course of a quarrel he dealt him such a blow upon the nose that he crushed it as though it had been paste and the sculptor bore the disfigurement to the end of his life.

Torrigiano is pointed out as the sculptor who introduced the renaissance style into England. His design for the tomb of Henry VII departs widely from the English tradition of mortuary monuments and follows logically in the path of what had already been done in royal tombs at Saint Denis. The figures of the king and queen, sump-

tuously executed in gilt bronze, lie upon a base of black marble, richly decorated with statues and reliefs. Angels holding coats of arms and the crown that Henry won on the field of Bosworth, sit lightly on the four corners. Their fresh and charming style suggests the Donatello tradition which had been transmitted to the sculptor through his master, Bertoldo, in the garden of the Medici. The base is a new departure for England; it is divided into six compartments in which are sculptured, in as many bas-reliefs, encircled by wreaths, the saints to whom Henry particularly commended his spirit. The beautiful screen which veils the tomb is highly artistic in design and displays figures and emblems; it is said to be the work of British craftsmen.

The stalls of the knights of the bath line the sides of the chapel, with seats for the squires in front. The end stall, on the left on entering, bears a little wooden figure of Henry VII. Above the stalls hang the banners of the order, which was revived by George I, at which time the chapel was mutilated to make enough stalls, and the renaissance canopies, dating from Tudor times, were bisected to increase the number. The sculptures of the misereres, or nodding stools, are delightfully quaint in the spirit of the time and the brass plates

emblazoned with the coats of arms and inscribed with the names of knights and squires lend colour to the picture.

The fan-traceried roof with its carved stone pendants is the most exquisite architectural feature of the chapel though, like the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, it is not easy to find a corner from which it may be viewed in comfort. The chapel however, like the whole of the Abbey, makes its special appeal on the score of its tombs and, beginning with the founder, is the burial place of almost all the sovereigns of England from Henry VII to George II. Henry VIII was buried at Windsor, by his own request and out of special sentiment for his favorite queen, Jane Seymour, who had distinguished herself by giving birth to a male heir. Their son, Edward VI, lies before the altar of this chapel. The altar is a modern construction, replacing the ancient original, also by Torrigiano, destroyed in the Civil Wars. Worked into the new design is a fine piece of renaissance carving with the Tudor rose and the fleur-de-lys interwoven with a scroll pattern. This was part of the frieze of the old altar, found in the young king's grave in 1869.

The queens, Mary and Elizabeth, who followed their brother, lie under one tomb, bearing the effigy

of Elizabeth, in the north aisle. The monument is by Maximilian Poultraine and Jean de Critz and represents the queen as she was at the time of her death. There was once a crown—it was stolen—and the tomb has otherwise been despoiled of much of the richness of its decoration. James I lies without a monument in the vault with Henry VII and Elizabeth of York. Charles I was interred at Windsor; his queen with her own line at Saint-Denis. Charles II was buried "without any manner of pomp" in front of the step of the ancient altar in the south aisle. His waxen image stood over the place as late as 1815, and served as his only monument. In the same vault, also without monuments, are William and Mary, Prince George of Denmark and Queen Anne. James II died in exile and lies at Saint-Germain. The body of George I was returned, in accordance with his urgent instructions to be laid with his ancestors at Hanover; and George II lies with his queen, Caroline of Anspach, under the floor of the chapel proper, in front of the founder's tomb. Caroline died first and the king survived her by nearly a quarter of a century. She was conspicuous for her wifely devotion and George, with considerable feeling, wished to be laid in her coffin so that in death their dust might mingle. To fulfill this com-

mand one side of each casket was withdrawn and they rest together like models of conjugal felicity —a pretty piece of sentiment in a man who, when his dying queen bade him marry again, blubbered out: *"Non, non, j'aurai des maîtresses."*

Cromwell, as we know, was buried here, in the central eastern chapel, with all imaginable pomp. Evelyn describes the superb funeral of the Protector. "He was carried from Somerset House in a velvet bed of state, drawn by six horses, housed with the same, the pall held by his new lords; Oliver lying in effigy, in royal robes, and crowned with a crown and sceptre and globe, like a king. The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army; the Imperial banners, achievements, etc., by the heralds in their coats; a richly caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold, a knight of honour armed cap-à-pie, and after all his guards, soldiers, and innumerable mourners." But Evelyn continues: "It was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw, for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went." Into his vault were put the relatives of the Protector and the promoters of the Commonwealth, all of whom were disinterred after the Restoration except Elizabeth Claypole, Crom-

Photograph Copyright by Mansell.

ROOF OF HENRY VII'S CHAPEL.

well's daughter; her body, lying in another place, somehow escaped finding and a stone opposite that of George II and Caroline of Anspach marks the spot where she still lies undisturbed.

We have touched upon the finale of Cromwell's grandeur (in Chapter I) when he and his son-in-law, Ireton, and Bradshaw the judge, were "hanged in their shrouds" at Tyburn, after exhumation, and their heads cut off and put up on spikes on the roof of Westminster Hall. Cromwell's head remained thus exposed for twenty-five years, until a great gale blew it down. It is still in existence and in the possession of the descendants of a certain Dr. Wilkinson of Sevenoaks, Kent. A letter signed "Senex" published in *The Times* of December 31, 1874, gives the full particulars and adds: "It is the only head in history which is known to have been embalmed and afterwards beheaded. On the back of the neck, above the vertebræ, is the mark of the cut of an axe where the executioner, having perhaps no proper block, had struck too high, and laying the head in its soft embalmed state on the block, flattened the nose on one side, making it adhere to the face. The hair grows promiscuously about the face, and the beard, stained to exactly the same colour by the

embalming liquor, is tucked up under the chin with the oaken staff of the spear with which the head was stuck upon Westminster Hall, which staff is perforated by a worm that never attacks oak until it has been for many years exposed to the weather. The iron-headed spear, where it protrudes above the skull, is rusted away by the action of the atmosphere. The jagged way in which the top of the skull is removed throws us back to a time when surgery was in its infancy, while the embalming is so beautifully done that the cellular process of the gums and the membrane of the tongue are still to be seen."

There are of course many pilgrims to the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots (in the south aisle), provided by her son, James I, upon his accession, when he had her remains brought from the place of her original interment at Peterborough. The effigy, by Cornelius Cure, represents the queen as known from her portraits. She wears a close coif, a lace ruff, a mantle fastened at the breast by a jewelled brooch; and at her feet is the crowned lion of Scotland. This monument lies between two of the most interesting in the Abbey. The first is that of Margaret Stuart, Countess of Lennox, the mother of Darnley. The second is that of

Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of Henry VII. This tomb has been ascribed to Torrigiano and if the attribution is correct would be the first work that he did in England.

CHAPTER XI

THE ABBEY: OUTSIDE THE ROUTINE

I suppose there are still to be found in the Abbey guides who "seem to understand well" such as Mr. Pepys encountered when he took his wife and the girls to see the tombs. I see them dutifully making their rounds with parties but have never had the courage to try one. A good guide with an enthusiasm for his subject and respect for the intelligence of his audience could make the round of the Abbey an exciting adventure, and not the least of the thrills would be a visit to the comparatively little known Waxwork.

The Abbey Waxwork is one of the less familiar curiosities of London. It antedates Madame Tussaud's by several centuries, for while that exhibition dates only from the period of the French Revolution, this other seems to have come into existence early in the XVth century. It is reduced now to a few remainders of the exceedingly curious effigies which used to be carried, fully clothed in the familiar costume of the deceased,

upon a "herse" or draped platform, preceding the corpse in the funeral processions of royal and other distinguished persons. The practice had precedent in the funerals of the great Roman commonwealth, it was common in the France before Catharine of Valois introduced it in the funeral procession of her husband, Henry V. Before this time the body itself, embalmed and with the face exposed, used to be carried on top the bier.

The "herse" was a sort of float and often quite a work of art. It was driven or carried into the Abbey and stood usually before the high altar. After a time the wax effigy was taken from the platform and kept near the grave of the deceased, sometimes for a month, but in the case of a sovereign for a much longer time. The effigy of Charles II, which is now the oldest complete original in the museum, stood over his grave from the time of his burial, in 1685, to 1815. William Hutton, who wrote *A Journey to London,* in 1793, saw the figure of Charles II standing "at the far end of the south aisle . . . dressed in the robes he wore at the installation of the Knights of the Garter at Richmond." He also saw "in a press without glass" the duke of Albemarle, better known as General Monk, "in the short dress of his time" and the duchess of Buckinghamshire and her

eldest son, who died an infant, and the duchess of Richmond in another glass case with her parrot, and reflects that "this is the only bird consigned to fame in Westminster Abbey by obtaining a place among Kings."

In the course of time the effigies were gathered up and put away in the wainscot presses above the Islip Chapel, where all these that Hutton saw standing by their graves have now been assembled. He does not mention seeing the collection which Dryden saw and wrote about in the time of Charles II; probably most of the older figures had crumbled to pieces. Stow, the historian of London, mentions those of Edward III and Philippa, Henry V and Catharine of Valois, Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, Queen Elizabeth, James I and Anne of Denmark, and Prince Henry. They seem to have suffered in the rebellions for, in 1708, Tom Brown found most of them stripped of their robes and mentions good Queen Bess "with the remnants of an old dirty ruff and nothing else to cover her."

The chapel of Abbot Islip is the first one in the north ambulatory, readily distinguishable by its fine perpendicular screen; but the interior has been robbed of the founder's tomb. It was Islip who laid the foundation stone of Henry VII's Chapel,

but he seems not to have cared enough for its style to repeat it in his own. Over the screen, as well as inside in the ceiling, one may read the name, Islip, repeated twice and a rebus of the same, consisting of an eye and a man holding a slip or branch, like a little tree. The dusty little room above, containing the waxworks, is reached by a flight of wooden steps. The earliest original now displayed is Charles II, clad in red velvet with lace collar and ruffles, wearing a blue velvet cloak, a hat with a plume, and shoes with buckles. His long, curled wig is powdered thick with dust, but the face bears an unholy resemblance to the portraits in the National Gallery. Over in a corner is a lively restoration of the original figure of Queen Elizabeth, made in 1760. The effigy that Tom Jones saw in such a disgraceful state was the one carried from Whitehall at her funeral in 1603. Stow recalls the scene: "And when they beheld her statue or effigy, lying on the coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown on the head thereof and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man. . . ."

William and Mary stand together in a large case with the crown between them. Mary is large and handsome—a fine figure of a woman—William is

short and pompous; the face of Mary was made from a death mask. In a corner is the armour of General Monk, the restorer of the Stuarts, mounted on a dummy—the effigy has disintegrated. Nearby Queen Anne sits in a case; she is fat and personable, with hair flowing, wearing a crown, as queens should, and holding the orb and sceptre. A lady of her court, the duchess of Richmond (la belle Stuart) stands next, with her parrot, just as Hutton saw her, wearing the very dress she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne. Her handsome profile was copied for the Britannia on the pence of the time of Charles II. Catherine, duchess of Buckinghamshire, with her youthful son, stands next and in the centre a recumbent figure of Edmund Sheffield, another son, completes the catalogue. Walpole in his *Reminiscences,* tells of this duchess's pride in the funeral emblems and of her inviting her friends to view the effigy of the young duke, saying that if they wished she could let them in conveniently by the back door. She planned the splendour of her own hearse and effigy and on her death-bed urged her attendants to show her the canopy before she passed out of the world. "Let them send it, even though the tassels are not all finished," is recorded as amongst her last words.

Her gown is that worn at the coronation of George II, in 1727.

The practice of carrying the wax effigy in funeral processions was discontinued after 1735; but to increase the attractions of the chapel and in the interest of the fees paid by visitors to the exhibition, the figure of Pitt was added in 1779 and one of Nelson was made as a counter attraction to his tomb at St. Paul's which was proving a serious rival to the Abbey waxwork. The admiral wears his own clothes, except for the coat.

The cloisters form a centre of interest and lead to some of the remoter parts of the conventual buildings, once part of the ensemble of the Abbey. The Chapter House and the Chapel of the Pyx, reached from the cloisters, were taken by the crown at the time that Henry VIII dissolved the monastery and have never since come under the jurisdiction of the Abbey. The Chapter House —liberally restored by Sir Gilbert Scott—belongs to Henry III's construction and was built over the crypt of a similar building of the time of Edward the Confessor. It was originally the hall of the monks of Westminster and was for three centuries the seat of the House of Commons. After the Dissolution it became the record office and was so

used until 1865 when the records were removed to the Rolls House in Chancery Lane.

The Chapel of the Pyx was the ancient treasury of the kings of England, housed in this securest part of the foundations of the monastery, in the Confessor's crypt. The place has immense archæological interest and importance as the most tangible remnant of the original Abbey. Its antiquity is shown in its Norman arches supported by the great round Saxon pillar in the centre and the ancient stone altar. Until 1904 the standards of gold and silver, used every five years in the "trial of the Pyx," for determining the justness of weight in gold and silver coins issued from the mint, remained in this chapel, and to gain entrance it was necessary to have permission from the secretary of the treasury, the chancellor of the exchequer, and the comptroller of the exchequer, who were represented by three huge keys required to open the great double door.

The Chapel of the Pyx is sometimes confused with the King's Jewel House, an ancient tower, the exact origin of which is unknown, still standing visible from the end of Old Palace Yard, or from the mews in Great College Street. Built seemingly at a time so remote that its date has never been definitely decided, but certainly before the XIVth cen-

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CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE ABBEY, FROM DEAN'S YARD.

tury, it becomes one of the very oldest things in London; yet its walls are so sturdy, its aspect so little that of an ancient ruin, as one had prefigured it, that it was only after staring hard at its round-arched windows and its massive rugged walls, that one became suddenly convinced of its identity. My eye must have rested upon it a thousand times in passing back and forth from Grosvenor Road to my choice of 'buses at Westminster Bridge, for it stands solidly enough, a tiny gray fortress overtopping certain back buildings beyond a little patch of green just behind the "diamond sign." But before making certain of it I was to give myself the trouble to walk round it and into the rather unsavory mews opening from Great College Street at the back. This street, which in no wise suggests "greatness," is a romantic pathway, almost a cul-de-sac, which bounds the Abbey precincts on the southern side and connects by a tiny aperture, just wide enough to slip through, with Dean's Yard. It is all mystery, conventual seclusion, behind high stone walls over which old trees throw dense shade. The mews runs well up to the old Jewel Tower, hedged about and confined and ungetatable, more secure than ever since so many houses have invaded the "Abbey Garden."

The only entrance now is through one of the

Queen Anne houses of Old Palace Yard; beautiful old houses in themselves, with the hoary fronts of Portland stone upon which rains and fogs have battled for supremacy in effect, to the purpose so typical of London, and which have long since been marked for demolition, together with the Jewel Tower, for no better reason than the widening of Abingdon Street. The Abbey has no jurisdiction over the Jewel Tower, which now belongs to the government and is used by the Board of Trade for the testing of standard weights and measures.

The place is by no manner of means "on show," and to tell how I gained admission and saw the little treasure from the foundation to the roof—which commands a proud view—would be to betray an act of hospitality so charming and gracious that I can but regard it as sacred. It would be unkind to send loiterers flocking there, yet I suppose no one with a legitimate quest would be turned away. The building appears to have been joined to the back of the Queen Anne house, so that one passes merely through a door from one building to the other without a conscious break. The walls are perfect, even to the parapets, and the original doorways remain, their heads being of the form called the "shouldered arch" so much used in domestic work throughout the middle ages.

The ground floor, long used as kitchen and offices, shows by its depth below the modern street, how the centuries have filled up the surface of London hereabouts. The rooms have been preserved intact, with their original groined vaulting, their moulded ribs, and curious carved bosses. There is a small room and a big one—the building being shaped like the letter L, and this part of the building shows a similarity to the cloisters and other vaulted sub-structures of the Abbey, done in Abbot Littlington's time. The upper chamber has its original chestnut roof and the door which separates the two rooms bears the initials of James I.

Dean Stanley thought that the tower might once have served as a monastic prison. It was sold to the crown in the last years of the reign of Edward III and for many years was the King's Jewel House, after which it became "Parliament Office," the depository of the acts of parliament passed either in the adjacent Chapter House or in the chapel of St. Stephen. In 1864 these were removed to the Victoria Tower.

So the old tower with its immensely thick walls stands solid as a rock and is put by the Board of Trade to a very useful purpose into the mysteries of which one would like to have delved a little more deeply than was possible in a single visit. The

house contains a little museum of relics connected with the weights and measures. Here are the old exchequer tallies, Queen Elizabeth's standard ell and yard, and some curious old standards of the time of Henry VII. The collection also guards the six horseshoes and sixty-one nails which, by ancient custom, the sheriffs of London are compelled to count when they are sworn in, as a proof of their education, as they demonstrate their strength by cutting a bundle of faggots. It is perhaps not generally noticed that the standard measures—inches, feet, yards, perch, etc.—are imbedded for public reference in the base of the wall between the steps at the north side of Trafalgar Square, but I have never seen anyone verifying anything there, the place being chiefly made use of by the slumbering unemployed.

The Jewel Tower has usually been ascribed to the reign of Richard II, which would make it late XIVth century, but since a layer of Roman tiles has been discovered in the building it is now more generally thought that Richard may have merely bought an existing monument, possibly one of the earliest portions of the Abbey, dating even back to the time of the Confessor. Littlington, whose hand has been thought to be detected in the fittings or refittings of the vaulted chamber, was the great buil-

Photograph Copyright by Mansell.

THE ABBOTS' COURTYARD. ENTRANCE TO JERICHO AND JERUSALEM CHAMBERS.

der of the time of its usual attribution. Monk, prior, and abbot of Westminster, his name resounds through the annals of the Abbey as one of the greatest of its builders.

To Littlington is due the Jerusalem Chamber, that curious excrescence which crowds the western face of the Abbey, proclaiming itself obviously of an earlier century. Inspection of this historic relic is a matter of special privilege, for technically it belongs to the Dean's house, as once it was a private apartment of the abbatial residence, opening on the one hand into the refectory and on the other into the garden. The refectory has become the dining hall of the Westminster School, and the garden a picturesque forecourt to the Deanery.

Across this court, opposite the Porter's Lodge, a flight of steps made charming with flowering plants, leads to this XIVth century fragment of Abbot Littlington's Abbey. There is an anteroom, called Jericho Chamber (because it leads to Jerusalem Chamber); a small room whose chief claim to attention is the beautiful hand-carved panelling of the walls, from floor to ceiling. The Jerusalem Chamber is smaller than one had supposed from the outside; but it is of goodly size and impressive proportion, with the same charming panelling and a lofty timbered roof, all carved from cedars of Lebanon.

The panelling forms a dado around the walls, above which the stone was concealed by tapestries whose subject—the History of Jerusalem—gave the name to the apartment. Its imperishable link with English history is that Henry IV died by its fireside; and, if there be truth in the legend, it was here that his impetuous successor tried on his father's crown before the king had breathed his last.

Fabyan's chronicle gives the whole story which Shakespeare has paraphrased and embellished. The King's health broken and himself greatly troubled by political disturbances and some scruples concerning the murder of Richard II, Henry sought to expiate his usurpation by a crusade in the Holy Land. "Whereupon," says the chronicle, "all hasty and possible speed was made; but after the feast of Christmas, while he was making his prayers at St. Edward's shrine, to take his leave and so speed him on his journey, he became so sick that such as were about him feared that he would have died right there; whereupon they, for his comfort, bare him into the abbot's place, and lodged him in a chamber, and there upon a pallet laid him before the fire, where he lay in great agony a certain time." It is the original chimney, refaced with a renaissance mantel-piece.

"At length, when he was coming to himself, not knowing where he was, he freyned of such as then were about him, what place that was; the which shewed to him that it belonged unto the abbot of Westminster; and for he felt himself so sick, he commanded to ask if that chamber had any special name; whereunto it was answered, that it was named Jerusalem. Then, said the king, 'Praise be to the Father of Heaven for now I know I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophesy of me beforesaid, that I should die in Jerusalem;' and so after he made himself ready, and died shortly after, upon the day of St. Cuthbert."

Henry's body was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, and less than a hundred years ago his tomb was opened and the condition of the face confuted the story as to the ravages that leprosy had made.

CHAPTER XII

PICCADILLY

As to which is the true centre of everyman's London there is a kind of friendly rivalry between Piccadilly and Charing Cross. Charing Cross, the older, more romantic centre, the half-way ground between the ancient cities of London and Westminster, is above all else a point of departure, a place where interests totally dissimilar break cleanly away from one another: trains set out for the Continent, the picture gallery holds aloof from the great central market, Whitehall keeps itself intact from the Strand; only the banks and the great American hotels and the steamship offices seem to join hands in a common cause. London is continually "changing at Charing Cross," it's the obvious cross roads of the metropolis.

But Piccadilly, as the fashionable thoroughfare of the "west end" is perhaps the more indispensable point of orientation for the average visitor. The "circus," no longer circular, is still remarkable for the convergence of many streets of differing char-

acter, and in respect of assimilating the incongruous scores a point off Charing Cross, and represents itself preëminently as a point of arrival. At Piccadilly Circus, it is true, the elements flowing together are more homogeneous; all is vanity of one kind or another. If the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross, as Dr. Johnson thought and said, the full tide of fashion is at Piccadilly—fashion that is to say, of course, for men, women must go farther and fare worse.

The shops of Piccadilly have an irresistible allure and specialize in all the refinements of male attire. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that this finest promenade in London is practically given up to the equipment of men, and whenever I find myself lingering before a seductive shop window with what little money I chance to have burning holes in the device that takes the place of the pocket, I notice that I am longing to acquire some totally irrelevant garment such as a man's soft shirt, or a magnificent bath-gown of post-impressionistic tendencies, or a mustard yellow square of silk with a design in palm motifs to tuck up my cuff, or a fine fat walking stick, or a pair of heavy doe-skin gloves, stitched by hand in black, size about No. 9. And I sympathize immensely with an American youth whom I met

one day strolling along Pall Mall with an air of just having left the hands of one of these expert haberdashers. My young friend was enjoying to the full a *bourse* allowed him for travelling in foreign parts, in the interest of his art education, and by way of showing his appreciation of the London opportunities had got himself up "regardless" in tweed on tweed, carried a prodigious stick, and lifted from perfectly brushed blond curls a nobby little plush hat of the latest hue. Drawing off a primrose glove he produced from an inner breast pocket a pig-skin wallet of many compartments and extensions, and from one of these a card case, belonging to the "set," from which he extracted a visiting card of flamboyant correctness, and as he scribbled his address upon it said, as if in answer to my roving gaze: "I've bought all the things I've always wanted all my life."

Remembering full well the figure the lad had cut at the art school in Philadelphia—for his origin had been simple though his genius great—I was impressed anew with the diversity of results attained by the study of art, and as my eye detached itself from the great soles of his swagger walking boots to be caught again by the knot of his amazing tie, I thought what an extraordinary flair had this boy for an aspect of London that must have been

THE GLOUCESTER COFFEE HOUSE, PICCADILLY. FROM A COLOUR PRINT BY POLLARD.

farthest from his thoughts when he was struggling with pigment in the local academy! We had been joined in front of the Old Water Colour Society by a London artist of my acquaintance who listened while my young friend gave the home news and recounted his impressions and those of other young painters financed by the same legacy for extended tours of Europe. The recital was breezy, full of unconventional criticisms and heresies and youthful scrappings of traditions, and as we shook hands before parting he threw off brightly: "Roy Miller and his wife didn't like London fer a darn!" He gave us this as a priceless bit between people who understand one another, and indeed he seemed to have made London his in the briefest space of time. He was leaving that night for Paris and I could picture his "boxes" strapped and labelled at Charing Cross—stout cowhide receptacles for all those things he'd always wanted all his life, and which he had no doubt, as an instinctive connoisseur, picked up in Piccadilly.

Piccadilly. One would have supposed the collar —the funny old collar with the turn-down points which carried the name of this thoroughfare all over the world and which degenerated into a travesty of the original elegance, worn by nigger minstrels—one would have supposed the collar to have

been named from the street, but, curiously, the reverse seems to have been the case, though the origin of the name is speculative. An old map of London, attributed to Ralph Aggas, which represents the metropolis as it appeared in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, shows the west end of the road now called Piccadilly as "The Way to Reading." A certain Gerard, who wrote a celebrated *Herbal,* in the year 1596, speaks of gathering bugloss in "the dry ditches of Piccadille;" and where Sackville Street now cuts Piccadilly there stood, from all accounts, late in the XVIth century, a place of amusement called Piccadilly Hall. This in Charles I's day is described as "a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks with shade, and where was an upper and lower bowling green, whither many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation."

Whether the "dry ditches of Piccadille" established the name of the hall, which in turn gave the name to the turn-down ruffs, worn by the gallants of the reign of James I, who frequented the hall; or whether the hall was called "Piccadilla" because of the peccadilloes of the dandies who patronised it and who wore the ruffs, called after the hall or the sins; or whether the ruffs were first called

"pickadils" or "piccadillies" because of their stiffened points which resembled spear-heads or "picardils"—the word in such a case derived from *spica,* a spear—and the hall then called after the ruffs and the street after the hall—it is a very vexed question!

The first thoroughfare bearing the name Piccadilly was a short road running no further west than the hall of pleasure. Beyond, when the street was continued as far as Hyde Park Corner, it was called Portugal Street in honour of Catharine of Braganza, Charles II's queen. The "Way to Reading" seems also to have been known as the "Great Bath Road" and was the route followed by the coaches of the smart set in the days of the great popularity of Bath. The first house of distinction, the forerunner of the great houses which came to line Piccadilly, was built on what the owner thought would be the ultimate limit of the spreading city. This was Burlington House—not the present edifice which dates merely from 1868—nor yet the famous residence built by Richard Boyle, the third earl of Burlington and fourth earl of Cork, about two hundred years earlier. The present Burlington House, the home of the Royal Academy, is the third on the site. The first would antedate anything now discoverable in Piccadilly,

as the second was of the oldest standing at the time (1867) that it was demolished to make way for the University of London, once established here.

The famous Burlington House, that is the second, was designed by Lord Burlington himself a circumstance which inspired Hogarth to make a topical cartoon, or print, called *Taste,* in which Kent, the earl's favourite, surmounts the gate of Burlington House while Lord Burlington carries building materials up a ladder and Pope whitewashes the gate and splashes the passers-by. The house excited general admiration, especially the portico, attributed to Colin Campbell, the author of *Vitruvius Britannicus,* and which Sir William Chambers considered one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe. Horace Walpole compared it to "one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night time," and Gay rejoiced that:

> ". . . Burlington's fair palace still remains;
> "Beauty within, without proportion reigns."

As to beauty within, according to Mr. Pepys it was not the mistress of the house that called forth such praises; for visiting the house he notes: "Here I first saw and saluted my lady Burlington,

a very fine speaking lady and good woman but old and not handsome; but a brave woman." Gay's reference is to the walls, painted by Marco Ricci.

A stroll through Piccadilly now will reveal nothing older than St. James's Westminster, as it is called, the fine brick church on the left, built by Wren in 1684. It is often called St. James's Piccadilly, as the entrance is now from that street, but it properly belongs to Jermyn Street and was built upon a portion of the estate of Henry Jermyn, earl of St. Albans, who was privately married to Henrietta Maria, the queen dowager. Though hardly a typical Wren church it is interesting as representing the utmost that the architect attempted in capacity, for it is the largest of the many churches built by him in London after the Fire. These buildings, intended to serve the requirements of the reformed religion, were designed primarily as auditories; Wren himself uses the word and emphasises the futility of making a parish church larger than that all present can both see and hear. He thought it impracticable "to make a single room so capacious with pews and galleries as to hold above two thousand persons and all to hear the service and both to hear distinctly and see the preacher."

Wren's genius was in making these simple square rooms things of beauty, and while St. James's is far from being his handsomest effort it has certain points, such as its beautiful cylindrical roof, divided into panels of crocket and fretwork, and the twelve columns which support it. The construction is peculiar in that, though very broad, there are no walls of a second order, nor lanterns, nor buttresses, but the whole roof and the galleries rest upon the pillars. Wren himself was proud of it, thought "it might be found beautiful and convenient" and said that as such it was the cheapest form he could invent. The door cases, especially that fronting Jermyn Street, are admirable and the windows, particularly the one at the east end, charming.

The great feature of the interior, the one that should on no account be missed, is the carved altar screen by Grinling Gibbons. This sumptuous piece of carving represents a pelican with her young at her breast surrounded by garlands of roses and fruits in high relief and all in a most perfect state of preservation. Evelyn records his visit to the new church, "elegantly built," on December 10, 1684. "There was no altar anywhere in England, nor has there been any abroad," says the diarist, "more richly adorned." The beautiful font at the

Photograph Copyright, Tiranti.

ST. JAMES, PICCADILLY. DETAILS OF CARVING TO REREDOS BY GRINLING GIBBONS. REPRODUCED FROM "GRINLING GIBBONS AND HIS COMPEERS," EDITED BY ALBERT E. BULLOCH, A.R.I.B.A.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

GATEWAY, DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

west end of the church, is also by Gibbons. The elaborate organ was the one ordered by James II for his Catholic chapel at Whitehall and given by his daughter Mary to this church. Many fine old tablets ornament the walls.

The entrance is now from Piccadilly over the defaced tombstones of departed parishoners, which form the paving of a yard indescribably derelict; the bit of old garden towards Jermyn Street is blocked off by rubbish and the sacred precincts have a shabby and neglected air. A few of the quaint testimonials of appreciation and affection carved upon the corroded stones set in the Piccadilly wall are decipherable and one, bearing the date 1848, records that "Close to this spot, in the green churchyard," were deposited the remains of a certain faithful servant of the Rev. Gerrard Andrews, rector of the parish at the time. The "green churchyard" has become a stone-flagged area of desolation, dingy and lifeless as a school-yard in holiday time.

These are the early memories of Piccadilly Its more familiar celebrity is associated with the vanities of the regency and reign of George IV. Beau Brummel and the prince regent must have been familiar figures in all this district that lay between Carlton House, the residence of the prince, and

Brummel's elegant bachelor establishment, at No. 4 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair. We know that Fox, Burke, Windham, Fitzpatrick and Sheridan did homage at the feet of Georgiana, the beautiful duchess of Devonshire (whom Gainsborough painted) in that unpretentious house, with the low pillared entrance hall, which with its large gardens and tall trees occupies so favourable a location at the corner of Berkeley Street and Piccadilly. Devonshire House is up for sale, a huge placard draws attention to its doomed condition, and its handsome iron gate with the posts surmounted by sphinxes, its chief ornament, has been uprooted and replanted on the opposite side of Piccadilly on the edge of Green Park.

The familiar aspect of Piccadilly Circus, which after little more than a hundred years is rapidly being absorbed in a new conception of Regent Street, dates back to the regency of George IV, when it was created as one of the features of a plan for a great architectural revival undertaken in 1813 by John Nash, the prince's architect. The development of London between Waterloo Place and Regent's Park, as they are now called, was the scheme which Nash conceived, and starting with Carlton House as the base of the plan he laid out this important thoroughfare from the prince's resi-

dence to Marylebone Park, renamed Regent's Park, in honour of his royal patron.

Carlton House stood at the base of Regent Street, across the wide opening of Waterloo Place, at the top of the Duke of York's Steps. The gardens of the house extended as far to the west as Marlborough House, and the name is preserved in a dozen ways throughout the vicinage—an hotel, a fashionable club, a street, a terrace, etc.—and the actual site of the house is marked by a column, raised to the inglorious memory of the regent's brother, Frederick, second son of George III. Waterloo Place was first conceived as a square in front of Carlton House and a note in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for December, 1818, tells what was contemplated:

> "The new street from Carlton House to the Regent's Park is making rapid strides to its completion, almost the whole ground on the intended line being let. The part of it which forms a square in front of Carlton House is called Waterloo Place; from thence to Piccadilly is called Waterloo Street; and from Piccadilly the street, which will form a grand approach to the Regent's Park, is to be called 'The Regent's Parade.' "

The Regent's Parade and Waterloo Street are

names unknown in west London to-day, and the fine street itself suffers some loss of identity above Oxford Circus, but even now the southern and northern extremities of this royal highway bear traces of their intended magnificence, and the destinies of all Regent Street were determined by these extremities—the palace and the park.

Marylebone Park had been a royal hunting ground from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the Commonwealth, after which Cromwell sold the deer and cut the timber. It had degenerated into a nondescript sort of pleasure ground, partly country, dotted with farms, and partly a heath with rural taverns, such as the Yorkshire Stingo, the Jew's Harp, and the Queen's Head and Artichoke, the latter two connected by a wandering path known as Love Lane and very popular with the youth of London.

Piccadilly Circus, Nash called Regent Circus, but the name did not sufficiently describe the locality to Londoners and had no success, so Piccadilly Circus it inevitably became. The wide curve of the "circus" led naturally to the formation of the quadrant, which is the feature of Regent Street and leads gracefully into the highway built over the lines of old Swallow Street, of which a

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS. A FRAGMENT OF NASH'S ARCHITECTURE BUILT DURING THE REGENCY OF GEORGE IV.

rather jolly fragment remains at its junction with Piccadilly.

In his design Nash adopted the idea of uniting several dwellings into a common façade. The experiment had been successfully made by the Adam brothers in the building of Adelphi Terrace and was to become a feature of late Georgian architecture—we see it in most of the squares of Bloomsbury. But the building of a street upon a curve was new and Nash made it his opportunity to produce an effective novelty in street architecture that was considered very fine and picturesque. Stucco was just coming into fashion and the painted fronts of Regent Street are typical of their period. The quadrant had originally a Doric colonnade on each side, projecting over the pavements. The columns, two-hundred and seventy in number, were of cast iron, sixteen feet high exclusive of the granite plinth, and supported a balustraded roof. This idea was Italian in its origin, Napoleon had imported it into Paris from his native Corsica; but if the Parisians found it unsuited to their climate, how much less desirable was it for London! The roof darkened the shops and most of it was taken down in 1848.

As to Carlton House itself, the base of the whole design of this development of London, it stood

across the end of Waterloo Place until 1828. The palace which had so much influence in this neighbourhood and which was so famous in its time is perhaps worth describing. The original house, called "tame and poor" by contemporary critics, was built by Henry Boyle, Baron Carlton, in Queen Anne's reign, and came into the possession of the crown through Frederick, prince of Wales, who purchased it in 1732. This was the son of George II and father of George III, of whom the contemporary epitaph is an eloquent summary:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

Frederick's widow, Augusta of Saxe-Coburg, occupied Carlton House, represented in contemporary prints seated within a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. The house, after the death of the princess, was modernized at vast expense

for the occupancy of her grandson, and a grand ball was given on February 10, 1784, to celebrate his twenty-first birthday and the opening of the palace.

The house was distinguished by a row of pillars in front, dividing the forecourt from Pall Mall, and standing like a screen across the façade. Thackeray mentions, in *The Four Georges,* remembering peeping through the colonnade, as a child, and seeing the abode of the great prince-regent. The columns, handsome in themselves, but supporting nothing, gave rise to popular witticisms, and Bonomi, the Italian architect, is said to have scratched on the screen the couplet:

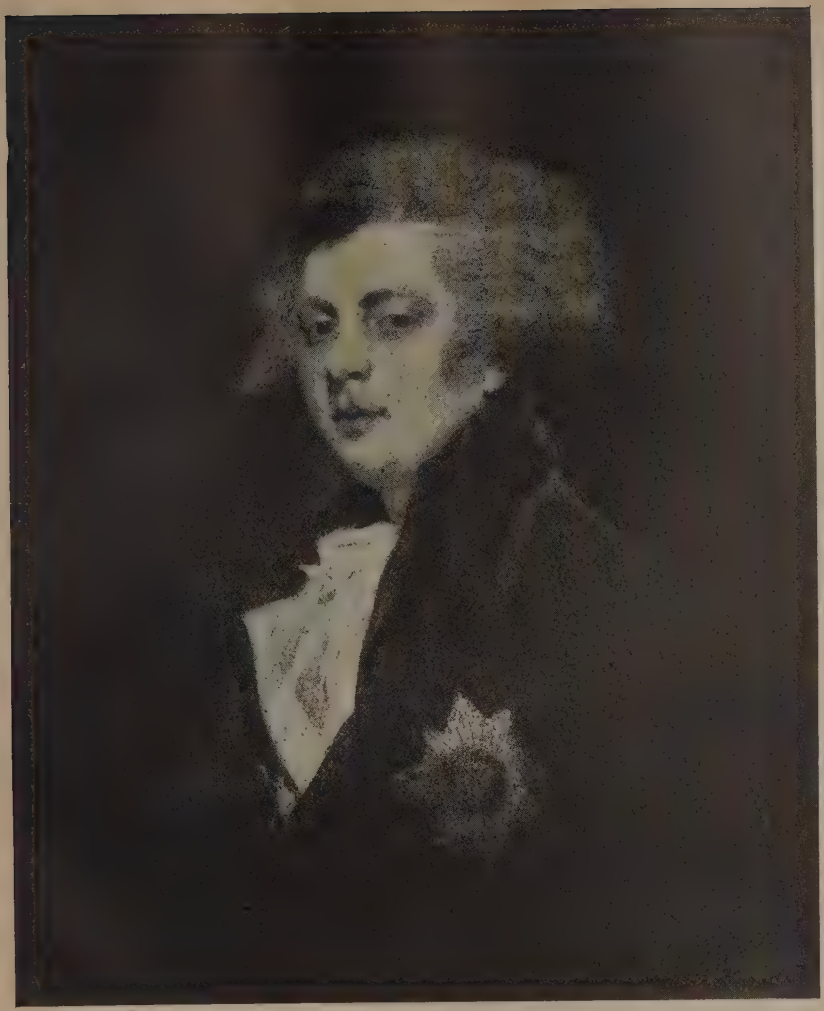
"Care colonne, che fate quà?
Non sappiamo, in verità."

But Horace Walpole's letters reveal his ecstatic admiration of the house and of the lavish extravagance which furnished it, though he wondered where the money was to come from to pay for it—"all the mines in Cornwall could not pay a quarter." And there were further alterations in 1788 and 1815.

The prince's daughter, Charlotte, was born here and here her marriage to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was celebrated. Here also George gave his famous

banquet as prince regent. This most brilliant of the Carlton House fêtes took place on June 19, 1811. The prince had been sworn in as regent on February 5 of that year. He determined to give such a gala as London had never known; its avowed object was to promote national manufactures, but the fame of the princely entertainer was the real end and aim, and society was in a furore to obtain invitations, "Those who are invited," reads a contemporary account, "and still more those who are not are making an outrageous fuss." The lists were made out helter-skelter, husbands were invited without wives, daughters without their mothers, in some cases daughters who were not "out" and even people who were dead and buried. Meanwhile the king's condition deferred the festa, and in the midst of final preparations a rumour got abroad that he was dead. This was thought to have been a ruse of shop keepers to stimulate the sale of crêpe but again there was postponement. At last the date was fixed for the 19th of June.

The omissions amongst the invited guests were singular and reveal the relations between the prince and his family. Neither the queen nor the princesses graced the occasion—they viewed the affair as indecent with the unfortunate king distraught



Photograph Copyright National Gallery.

GEORGE IV AS PRINCE OF WALES. BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

REGENT STREET, SHOWING CARLTON HOUSE. FROM A PICTURE BY T. H. SHEPHERD.

if not dying—but the dukes, the royal brothers were there, a worthy cohort! Princess Charlotte, then a girl of fifteen, was excluded with her mother, Caroline of Brunswick, and the famous Mrs. Fitzherbert thought it in better taste not to appear. On the other hand the royal family of France, then in exile in London came. The prince wrote to Louis XVIII in his own hand and sent the invitation by a general officer. Louis slept at "monsieur's" house in South Audley Street, and going and coming from Carlton House was escorted by an officer's detachment of hussars. The king, monsieur, the duc and duchesse d'Angoulème, the prince de Condé, the duc de Bourbon, and the duc de Berri came. The prince regent received them in an apartment fitted up for the occasion with rich blue silk studded with fleurs-de-lis in gold.

The room in which the throne stood was hung with crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lace and fringes. The canopy of the throne was surmounted by gold helmets with lofty plumes of ostrich feathers; the state chair was covered with crimson damask on a gold frame, the corners carved in the form of a lion's head to express fortitude and strength; the feet of the chair had serpents

twining round them to denote wisdom. Facing the throne was the helmet of Minerva; and over the windows, St. George with a superb gloria.

The saloon is described in *The European Magazine,* for March, 1784, as the *chef d'œuvre.* It was hung with figured lemon satin and the ceiling ornamented with emblematical paintings representing the Graces and the Muses, together with Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, and Paris. The grand circular dining room had a cupola supported by columns of porphyry, the ballroom floors were chalked in beautiful arabesques, and the range of apartments from the saloon to the ballroom formed a magnificent spectacle. During the evening the prince regent passed from room to room without ceremony, conversing with the guests.

Supper was announced at two and the company descended the great stairway to the apartments below and the temporary buildings on the lawn. The room at the bottom of the staircase represented a bower with a grotto lined with shrubs and flowers. The chief table, two hundred feet long, extended the whole length of the conservatory and across the width of the house, and along its centre a stream of pure water flowed from a silver fountain at the head, its banks covered with moss and

aquatic flowers, its small depths filled with gold and silver fish.

At the head of the table, above the fountain, sat the prince, his most particular friends on each side, and behind his chair were tables covered with crimson draperies, to show off the profusion of magnificent plate, and a sideboard covered with gold vases, urns, heavy salvers, the whole surmounted by a Spanish urn, taken from the Invincible Armada. Nearly two thousand persons supped, while others hung over the balconies to watch the festivities and to marvel at the fish swimming through the waters of the miniature canal or sporting through the bubbling current, where it fell and formed a cascade at its outlet.

We read of the prodigious sums which this prince consumed, of his coats, of his debts. Alexander wept when he had no more worlds to conquer; George blubbered when told that Brummel did not like his coat.* His debts caused him to forsake Carlton House two years before the close of his reign, and in 1828 the whole of it was pulled down to make room for the opening of Waterloo Place. Some of the columns were used in making the portico of the National Gallery, others served the chapel at Buckingham Palace, and many of

* Moors. Memoirs, Journals, etc., I. 272.

the ornamental details of the interior were transferred to Buckingham Palace, which became the residence of the crown upon the accession of Queen Victoria.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DIPLOMA GALLERY

I confess to a perverse passion for moribund art galleries. I like the stale smell of dried varnish, the pale gold of ancient frames, the uncoffined corpses of extinct reputations, the grandiose sculpture, the sense of arrested development in sequences, the rococo decorations, the dusty skylights, the shabby furnishings, the stoical custodians. Mæterlinck, in *The Blue Bird,* brings out the idea that the dead are dependent for life upon the thoughts of the living. So I like to think it is with these neglected institutions. Completely masked to the inattentive eye, they seem, at the sound of the sympathetic footfall, to rouse and shake themselves free of the trappings of slumber, to sit up, to compose themselves anew, to take heart, to live again.

Making a second visit to-day to the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, I was tempted to allow myself to stray for once into the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy. I should be more

abashed to acknowledge that this was the first time I had ever penetrated this retreat had I not found, on comparing notes, that to go there at all is so very outré a proceeding, unusual not only among the laity but for professional artists as well. Asking my way, as I turned aside from the brilliant galleries of the current exhibition, thronged with fashionable visitors, an obscure stairway to the extreme right of the entrance lobby was indicated; there a modest sign pointed the way to those who may search for it. Thus do the Royal Academicians hide their light under a bushel!

There are several flights of stone steps to mount, and upon the landings divers hermetically sealed doors as intriguing as portals to Bluebeards' chambers. But the way is cheered by an increasing number of framed prints and etchings and drawings that the galleries above have exuded and which have run down the walls, until at the top one has fairly to fight one's way through the accumulated overflow.

Through the suite of four rooms, allowed the Diploma Gallery in conjunction with the Gibson Collection, a solitary guard was pacing restlessly when I made my visit. The rooms themselves represent the most desperate period of Victorian elegance; they are long and thin, crowded as to

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

LANSDOWNE PASSAGE, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR.

floor space with great folding cases full of separately mounted drawings, with heavy benches, with cases of medals, with pedestals and statuary, with iron mongery suggestive of outmoded heating apparatus; crammed as to wall space with huge pictures in heavy frames; rooms whose sense of fulness is intensified by the angry red of walls that seem to close in upon the visitor and impede his vision. There is desolation compounded of red walls, of ponderous and ill-assorted frames, of colossal sculpture, of monster decorations, of pictures too big for their setting, and of variegated tiled floors.

Great, silent, cold, the place seemed at first sight a veritable morgue for departed Academicians. Its walls, despite their colour, yielded no genial glow; incompatible pictures huddled one another in unseemly confusion, and in the far room —the depository for contemporaries—two tall step-ladders, a stage feather duster, a pail, and some drab rags were nesting as though this were their habitual hiding place. An excellent hiding place too, for though I remained, in the cause of art, well above an hour in the galleries not another soul came to join me in my devotions. Only the guard, hearing no sound from the room where I had paused to get my first genuine thrill—before

the palette of John Constable—came fearfully, thinking no doubt that I had made 'way with myself. A rare place for suicide is the Diploma Gallery!

Well, here was Constable's palette! I stood before it in reverence. It is in a state of riotous disorder, as though the painter had had no settled places for his colours, yet there is something of the abundant joy of the sketches with the gray, cumulous clouds, the watery, rain-washed landscapes he loved to paint. The palette is covered with glass now and framed just below the artist's diploma work, a large landscape, *Dedham Lock or The Leaping Horse,* presented by Mrs. Dawkins—was she not the great man's daughter? Constable's palette! The hole where his thumb passed, the bit of worn wood that strengthened the part that the thumb embraced! I should like to have held it in my hand, but that guard had me on his mind as a suspicious character and I was afraid to tamper with the glass. Coward! I might have held Constable's palette!

I passed on to the next picture, Sir Joshua Reynolds's diploma work, a portrait of Sir William Chambers, a celebrated architect of Dr. Johnson's day. His chief work was Somerset House, the successor of the old queen's palace sometimes called

Denmark House because James I gave it to his consort, Anne of Denmark. Sir Joshua was the first president of the Royal Academy so the note after his name, P. R. A. 1768, must give the approximate date of this portrait as well as the year of the founding of the institution. He was generous in his diploma work—the portrait is a splendid, virile work, a solid piece of painting, a masterly head and a masterly red velvet coat, a fat, selfish face. Chambers is seated before a bulky mass of manuscript, or plans, and through a window is Somerset House. Under the picture is Sir Joshua's palette, still warm from his hand! Thrills again, perhaps even more human thrills for Sir Joshua was a lovable person. Constable is perhaps a little abstract as a personality, revealed only in his work, though there revealed magnificently, especially in his sketches, which are many everywhere, but here too, and always more intimate and delicious than his finished productions. But Reynolds was a more living Londoner; and here is his palette, and a curious palette it is, shaped like the head of a spade, with a handle like a palm-leaf fan. It is coated with a heavy gray impasto—I thought at first it was lead, but where the nameplate has been let into the wood the red mahogany shows through, clean and clear.

Further along I was arrested again by Sir William Beechey's portrait of the prince of Wales—George IV, of course, the Prince Florizel, the man who blubbered because Brummel did not like his coat! "What, you call that thing a coat!" the Beau exclaimed disdainfully and the prince-regent wept. Beechey does full justice to his sitter's charms, making the prince beautiful, with soft blue eyes and abundant, blond hair, the hands and face of the incipient fat man already plump. This must be another coat, it fits charmingly.

Gainsborough was one of the charter members of the Academy, but his diploma work, a large landscape, was not presented until eleven years after his death, in 1799 by Miss Gainsborough.

Amongst the impedimenta which take up all the central floor space I came unexpectedly upon Sir Joshua's "Sitters' Chair," a sacred relic from the painter's studio, covered with well worn leather, fastened with tarnished brass-headed nails. A large glass case has been made to contain it and a tablet reminds us that the chair was occupied in turns by the most eminent lawyers, poets, philosophers, actors, and wits of the XVIIIth century. "The loveliest and most intellectual women of that time have sat in it," says the legend. "The majestic Siddons leaned her arms upon it, as the *Tragic*

Muse, and Kitty Fisher lounged in it as *Cleopatra.*" The chair passed by purchase into the possession of each succeeding president of the Royal Academy until Sir Frederick Leighton, in 1878, presented it to that body.

My notebook here ejaculates "Cold floors!" I seem to have hurried out of this room, with only a passing glance at several large allegorical compositions by Watts, that are worthy of attention, and to have come up short at Orpen's *Le chef de l'hôtel Chatham, Paris,* one of the very latest acquisitions of the gallery. Orpen was made a full R.A. in 1921 and this picture, shown in the Royal Academy of that year, was selected as his diploma work. The *"Chef"* was much featured, much talked about during the exhibition, but here, taking its place in the extraordinary mosaic of the walls, it falls sadly from grace and looks cold, abandoned, and at the mercy of its environment. Casting about for other moderns I discovered a cheerful Sargent, *Interior in Venice,* painted in 1899, not a work of his noble best, not particularly representative of himself or his epoch, but a jolly, little, unimportant canvas, tossed off, as one might suppose, *con amore,* as the phrase is, in a holiday mood, but why chosen as his diploma work is not apparent to the naked eye. Evidently standards have changed

since Sir Joshua presented his Sir William Chambers to the institution.

Not far from Sargent I found a beautiful *Tigers Drinking,* by that rare artist, John Malcolm Swan, who was made R.A. in 1905 and who died in 1910. The picture has curious unreality, something Chinese in its inspiration, was very obviously painted in the studio and not in the jungle, but shows at the same time magnificent observation in the sinuous bodies of the tigers and their portentous melancholy: there is, too, exquisite texture, quality, a tenderness and charm of rendering that is all Swan.

Another room yielded an altogether delightful little nude, *Venus and Cupid,* but more Venus than Cupid, by Richard Cosway. This was in a hexagonal frame as charming as the picture. I found Hogarth's maul-stick in a glass case; Turner's diploma work, a tragic landscape with Dolbaddern Castle, North Wales; a picture by John Singleton Copley, the American painter, who was made R.A. in 1779; and a very interesting little canvas, in the corridor, representing the Life School in St. Martin's Lane, which was the forerunner of the Academy schools. It is carefully done, with portraits, and was presented by Wm. Smith Esq. The guard, who by now had accepted

THE OLD HAT SHOP, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

me as bona fide, made me see a beautiful but irrelevant marble medallion by Michelangelo, similar to one in the Bargello in Florence, presented by Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and a celebrated cartoon for a finished decoration by Leonardo which is obviously genuine. I was also much intrigued by a cold, little *Cupid and Psyche*, medallion in white marble, by the gossip Nollekins, who was R.A. in 1772.

Here I seem to have been overcome by the presence of ladders and dustpans and was about to flee the place when another attendant came in, *très affairé*, wearing a workman's blouse and an apron filled with carpenter's tools. By this time attendant No. 1 had begun to follow me around and to accept the fact of my sustained interest in the pictures. He even began to brag a little of what a fine gallery his really was. But at the advent of the workman he at once gave way and I could see that here I was in the presence of an authority. No. 1 passed me on promptly and went his way (to get less cold on the stairs I fancied); No. 2 was full of information. He seemed to have the whole Diploma Gallery in his pocket and began at once vigorously to remove an angle iron from the wall where there was a new-made bare space. A new picture by Brangwyn having been sprung

upon him suddenly, the whole room had to be changed to get it in. The walls are like a puzzle. I could imagine his feelings. Having fitted all the odd sizes together into what appeared to be a solution, along came a big Brangwyn to destroy the whole game. He was annoyed but capable, and one felt that he would do it; that he could get more pictures of all sizes on a given amount of wall space than anybody else and he went at it with a will.

Towards the end of my visit I made my most important find. I had already noted with much satisfaction one of Richard Wilson's unusual portraits. There is nothing more exciting than to see a portrait painter painting landscapes unless it be a landscape painter doing portraits. Till now one's admiration for Richard Wilson had been as landscape painter, so that to come upon a self-portrait by the artist and to find it a remarkably revealing document, painted with wonderful breadth and simplicity, luminous in colour and beautiful in drawing was a surprise and pleasure. Wilson with Reynolds and Gainsborough was one of the charter members. He has painted himself in the ease of a painting costume as whimsical as Quentin de la Tour's and, like the French pastellist,

he lays aside his wig for comfort in working and the head is enveloped in a white cloth. His flowered dressing gown is exquisitely painted and as beautiful in design as the loose robe worn by Elizabeth in the Zucchero at Hampton Court. Facing the spectator he holds in his left hand the palette, knife, and brushes. On the palette are some robust daubs of colour—red and yellow—and the initials R.W. in black. The canvas has that searching fidelity that is seldom seen except in a self-portrait.

So much for Wilson by himself. In another room, hanging in a corner and rather overshadowed by an enormous Watts, is, for me, the *chef d'œuvre* of the gallery, my "important find." It is a full-length portrait, on a canvas possibly 24x30, of John Hamilton Mortimer R.A. by Wilson, which opens up a new aspect of the painter altogether. The man stands in a garden against a large stone pedestal partly concealed by the leaves of a bush or vine clambering over it, and beyond there is a touch of brilliant landscape done in the freest, most joyous manner. The "sitter," who is standing, wears a long coat in a rich shade of mahogany red, a white stock, ruffled shirt front and fine linen wristbands, black breeches, white stockings, and black, buckled shoes. One knee is raised, the foot resting upon a stone, to support a sketch book,

and the face is turned to almost full profile as the artist looks over his shoulder at what he is sketching. If the self-portrait is what one might expect from an acquaintance with Wilson's landscapes, the portrait of John Hamilton Mortimer reveals the painter much more profoundly and one could regret the portrait painter that was sacrificed to the landscapist. The colour is full and rich throughout, the painting of the face is particularly luscious. It is a juicy, fat, mellow little canvas—a handsome thing.

I found myself unable to leave the Diploma Gallery without a friendly word to the Cenobite in charge, who came forward again from behind a forest of classic sculpture, in a small gallery at the end, constituting, as I learned, the Gibson Collection, to smile me out. I flatter myself he felt grateful to me for a whole hour of human companionship. "This is a fine place for a complete rest," I ventured affably, noting the while that his broad chest was liberally covered with rainbow tinted ribbons in little stripes and patches and that he wore on his shoulder a brass number like a taxi-cab driver. He agreed but pointed out that rest is acceptable after an active life, and I learned that he had served in the cavalry for thirty or forty years in India; and while the sepulchral chill of

the variegated tiles mounted higher and higher and chilblains settled for the winter in my numb feet, he held me spell-bound with reminiscences of life in India and, as mind triumphed over matter, I seemed to grunt and sweat with the fearful heat of the jungle and to feel the lassitude of a summer evening in Calcutta.

Only a philosopher could settle down in the Diploma Gallery after such a life as this man described with so much colour and vivacity, but he seemed well content and said that money could not tempt him to return. I felt, as I descended the stone steps and passed the Bluebeard doors, that this exotic, ex-cavalry officer of the Indian dragoons or whatever they may be called, caught in the backwater of the Diploma Gallery, feasting upon his rich memories amidst the forgotten masterpieces of departed Academicians, was worthy of a prominent place in my collection of museum guardians. Some day I shall write a book, "Guardians I Have Known." There is a fascination in the thought of the immense vitality compressed under the conventional uniform of those who spend their days in guarding the national treasures. One has only to prick the surface of the automaton to turn on something splendidly interesting.

Down below the chattering crowd was still pay-

ing shillings and sixpences to view the current exhibition, still fluttering up and down the imposing central stairway with the air of conscious virtue worn by the British public when it patronises Art. The sincerity of its interest in the current exhibition may be measured by the attendance in the Diploma Gallery to which even the smatterers must know that it is as an honour that works pass. I am afraid I held rather ostentatiously to my course, straight out, across the courtyard and into Piccadilly.

CHAPTER XIV

TEMPLE BAR

A few months ago it was brought home to us in quite a practical way the separate identity which the "City" has preserved in the surrounding County of London. This was when the county decided, in the combined interests of safety and uniformity, that pedestrians should forsake their time-honoured custom of keeping to the right—as opposed to the vehicles, which keep to the left—and directed that a universal rule of left-keeping be adopted for all moving bodies whether afoot, astride, or aboard. And after what seemed to a mere outsider an extraordinary amount of newspaper correspondence on the subject, pro and con—the plan appeared so reasonable—we woke one Sunday morning to find the sidewalks, far and wide, urban and suburban, stenciled with a peremptory order to "Walk on the Left."

The result was ludicrous and one could see from the start that the new ruling was doomed to failure. Londoners for the most part paid no attention to

it; they walked, as they and their ancestors back to Boadicea had always done, on the right; or they shied from side to side according to the exigencies of the moment, avoiding trouble or steering for the shop window attractions. The foreigners and some few native experimentalists tried to observe the new order of the foot-path with disastrous results and wrote irate letters to *The Times* about it, which, as the silly season was in full swing—it was the month of June—were published at length, and every Johnnie had his say. The public fairly jumped at it as a summer diversion and it was amazing to read what there was to be said against the change and how seriously all sorts of Londoners were taking this upheaval of their tradition, and how tenaciously they clung to their inalienable right of regulating their traffic differently from *tout le monde*.

It was a revelation to read the arguments. In my narrow-minded way I had always supposed that it was from sheer perversity that England stuck to the left-hand rule of the road, just as she refuses to adopt the metric or decimal systems. It was not until one had lived for some time in London that one discovered that pedestrians were supposed to move in a contrary direction. Now it came out that there was method in their madness.

To be sure it was not always the same method; there were those who held that the pedestrian, meeting vehicles coming from the opposite direction on the same side of the road on a muddy day, received less splash from the wheels than those who were overtaken by waggons travelling in the same direction and were subject to the spatterings of the hind wheels as they passed; there were others who thought it safer to encounter the death-dealing char-a-bancs and motor lorries face to face than to have them creep up and "do one in" from behind. But these were only a few of the arguments advanced.

I ranged myself tacitly on the side of the few audacious letter writers who maintained that the thing to do was not to upset the walkers—they were right—but to make the vehicles alter their wayward course. This for humanitarian reasons, if for no others, so that unfortunate persons coming into England from the Continent or the United States, or wherever, should not be in constant danger of losing their lives while in process of mental reconstruction. But above all it seemed to me absurd that vehicles should observe one regulation while pedestrians follow another. Surely it's an unnecessary strain on the intellect; one must stop in the midst of vehicular panic to ask oneself fev-

erishly, "Am I riding or walking?" before knowing which way to turn, and while the brain is struggling to get off its dead centre, one is killed, *et puis voilà*. But, believing as I did, I, giving up wholly my individual prejudice and coercing my functions of reflex action to a new response, was one of the few hardy ones who trod valiantly and unequivocally in accordance with the stencilled dictate, resolved to be right, though left, and through thick and thin I made myself an obstacle to the oncoming tide of walkers, and was bumped into and pushed up against the wall or into the gutter in a most shameful manner for my pains.

And then, one fine day, after the stencilled instructions had been pretty well effaced by the contrary shuffling feet, it was unofficially given out that the City police were not enforcing the mandate, that the City was walking on the right and had no intention of changing its tactics. So, as nobody at all advocated the only possible alternative—that the millions should change sides as they passed through the emplacement of Temple Bar, or any other of the technical entrances to the City—the whole scheme fell through and was rapidly forgotten.

I bring it up as a forceful example of the City's detachedness from the vast suburbia which we are

pleased to think of as London One had accepted the sort of hushed acknowledgment of London's peculiar position as compared with other metropolitan cities, of the fact that London, with its apparently enormous topographical expansion had not grown materially beyond the original boundary of its wall and gates; but nothing in one's experience had so emphasised the City's position as a separate entity as this independent attitude of the City police.

The old walled City of London was a distinct political unit, retaining its identity through the various changes of the early period of conquests; and this old city, having spread but little beyond the original barrier, remains the heart of the metropolis grown up around it without becoming integrally part of it. The old London still exists within its well defined limits, has its own peculiar government with its own Lord Mayor and preserves its identity entirely surrounded by the twenty-eight metropolitan boroughs of "Greater London."

This inner London, this London of London, covers less than seven hundred acres and makes one of the smallest of the twenty-nine municipal divisions of the administrative County of London. As the London County Council governs the bor-

oughs, so the City is in the hands of a corporation whose mediæval system has resisted reform and whose peculiar dignity and traditions are shared by no other municipal body. The City Corporation consists of a mayor, twenty-six aldermen, and two hundred and six common councilmen. The Lord Mayor has his residence in the City, where he enjoys a position of importance second only to the king and holds certain curious privileges which have been jealously guarded and are evidently of great antiquity. Anyone who has ever seen him in full regalia taking part in any of those historic functions of which he is the spectacular centre cannot fail to be impressed with the majesty of his person, which, bedecked and glittering, and sometimes carrying a nosegay, far outshines those occasional glimpses of the king himself, with which one is rarely favoured.

The Lord Mayor's Show, which takes place on the 9th of November and celebrates the inauguration of this dignitary, is a pageant not to be missed by those curious to see the survival of a mediæval custom. The crowd of Londoners who find time to enjoy the spectacle take it very casually; but it strikes a fresh eye as a most extraordinary exhibition of civic pomp, theatrical to the last degree, with its golden chariot on springs, like a Cinderella

coach; its four horses to draw it and powdered footmen to stand up behind it; the officer in a cocked hat who rides in front, carrying the sword; the Lord Mayor himself, a figure of mediæval splendour, incredible in his velvet robes and furs and long chain; and his attendant mace bearer. It might be a party of masqueraders on pleasure bent rather than the investiture of a serious man in a dignified office; yet there is something fine in this treasuring of an old tradition, and the arrival at the Guildhall, where the banquet is held, is an impressive moment in which the twentieth century fades almost out of the picture.

The Royal Maundy at Westminster Abbey, the Trooping of the Colours on the king's birthday at the Horse Guards, the opening of parliament, all these are occasions celebrated by a return to that pageantry associated with more ostentatious times and contrasting vividly with the sober usages of to-day, when kings go about in ordinary clothes and even society seems to have withdrawn itself from the public eye.

The origin of the Lord Mayor's Show is traced to a new charter granted to London by King John, in 1215. This charter stipulated that the citizen chosen for mayor should be presented to the king or his justice for approval. At first the mayor rode

or walked quite simply to Westminster but as each season his retinue became more elaborate, it was made a pageant upon the river. The first coach was provided in 1757 and this was superseded by a gorgeous affair of gilt and decoration costing over £10,000, of which the present equipage is an exact replica. From 1639 to 1655 the show was suppressed by the Puritans, but with the Restoration it was revived with renewed splendour. Interruptions occurred again during the years of the Plague and the Fire, and in 1683, when a quarrel broke out between Charles and the City, ending in the temporary abrogation of the charter; but with these few exceptions the day has been celebrated annually since the beginning of the XIIIth century. The newly elected chief now moves with his train through the streets of the City to the Courts of Justice to take the oath of office and the festivities terminate with a grand dinner at the Guildhall.

Amongst the Lord Mayor's privileges the most curious is that known as "closing Temple Bar to the sovereign." This ceremony, enacted to this day, asserts the inviolability of the City into which none may enter save by the permission of the chief magistrate. In the old days as the royal cortège approached Temple Bar the gates were

TEMPLE BAR. FROM AN OLD PRINT BY T. H. SHEPHERD, 1824.

closed. When the monarch arrived one herald sounded a trumpet while another knocked at the gate; the knock was answered by the mayor's representative and a parley ensued. Then the gates were flung wide open and the City's chief received the king, presenting him with the keys of the City and a sword, which the king touched and returned with some phrase to the effect that they could not be in better keeping; then the lord mayor preceded the sovereign into the City, carrying the sword. Since the removal of Temple Bar the ceremony is less effective. There are no gates to close, but a cord is stretched across the boundary and this gives way after the ancient ceremonial has been rehearsed and the Lord Mayor presents a symbolic gold key upon a velvet cushion and the jewelled sword which may be seen at Guildhall.

Strype, one of the early historians of London, says that "anciently there were only posts and a chain" at Temple Bar, and explains that it was the place where the "freedom" of the City of London and the "liberty" of the City of Westminster parted. All round the outside of the walls of London was fen and common land at the disposal of the citizens. The bounds were defined by posts and chains of which we have a survival in Temple Bar, Holborn Bar, Spital Bar, etc., names merely now

which may be noticed on the sign boards of 'buses, as points to and from which fares are reckoned. Afterwards at Temple Bar, always the main approach to London, a gate-house of timber was erected to close off the street. This was an old structure "newly paynted and repayred" for the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and again painted and beautified for the coronation of Edward VI.

The Temple Bar which many people remember as a characteristic part of the Strand and Fleet Street was a Wren design, built as part of his reconstruction of London after the Fire. It was a stately gateway of Portland stone, in the classic style, not in the least like Holbein Gate or King Street Gate in Westminster. Its wide central opening arched the roadway and two narrow posterns, one each side, provided for pedestrians. There were strong gates to shut up at night and watchmen to guard the coming and going. Over the main arch was an upper storey devoted chiefly to ornamental façades, but in which was a small room, lighted by windows looking into the Strand and Fleet Street, occupied for many years by Messrs. Child and Company, bankers, as a strong room for their ledgers, and let to them, it is said, for £50 a year. The ornamental façades were fitted with royal statues—James I and Anne of

Denmark on the City side, under the arms of the City, and Charles I and Charles II facing Westminster, under the royal arms. Four Corinthian pilasters divided the spaces and an entablature and arched pediment finished the design.

Temple Bar was called the City Golgotha because of the heads of the unfortunates which used to be displayed there as a warning to others. This must have been so common a sight as to have failed of its effect, and curiosity is the strongest note sounded by the old writers who make allusion to it. Walpole saw the heads of the Jacobites that had been hung at Kennington Common on Temple Bar and says that money was made out of the sight by the letting out of spy-glasses to passers-by at a ha'penny a look. Johnson tells how he and Goldsmith visited the Abbey and says "while we surveyed the Poets' Corner I said to him, 'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis' [Our name may be mingled with theirs]. When we got to Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it and slyly whispered me, 'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis,'" which was in allusion to Johnson's Jacobite leanings, but shows how callous even great minds had become to the spectacle.

With the passing of Temple Bar the district lost its hall-mark of antiquity and Fleet Street to-day

is merely in appearance a busy thoroughfare like another. When Kingsway swept down into the Strand much that was curious and antiquated was annihilated and for years it seemed only a question of time when the two old churches which stand out into the middle of the road would have to go to relieve the congestion of one of London's busiest streets.

A loiterer with plenty of leisure might be amused to follow the old gate to its present dwelling place, near one of the entrances to Theobald's Park, itself historic as the place where James I died. The old gate-house was not destroyed: its stones were carefully numbered before it was taken down and were finally purchased by Sir Henry Meux, famous in connection with the national beverage, who carted them piously away for reërection on his estate, in 1888. A trip merely to see the gate may be done easily in an afternoon, but the surrounding country is so full of interest that a week-end might be spent profitably at Cheshunt, the nearest and prettiest village, where, putting up at the old-fashioned *Green Dragon,* the most charming walks open up in all directions, with Waltham Cross, Waltham Abbey, Cheshunt Church, and the "Great House" of Cardinal Wolsey as objective points. Near Cheshunt Church also is the site of

Pengelly House, the residence of Richard Cromwell, the deposed protector. He lived here from his return to England, in 1680, to his death, in 1712.

Temple Bar stands at an angle of the great park which belonged to James I and before him to Elizabeth's minister, lord Burghley. The historic palace at "Tibald's" Park (of which nothing remains) was begun by Burghley in 1560, begun "with mean measure but increased on the occasion of her Majesty's often comyng." Elizabeth made in fact many visits accompanied by her train, and from the year 1564 made a practice of passing a part of the summer here, so that her host was bound to adapt his house to her requirements. When Burghley died his youngest son, lord Robert Cecil, succeeded to Theobald's and he entertained James here on his way from Scotland to become King of England. He again received James and his father-in-law, Christian of Denmark, and finally the king took the estate in exchange for Hatfield House and it descended in his family until William III sold it. James extended the park and enclosed it with a wall ten miles in circumference. He spent much of his time here and died in the house in 1625. The last vestiges of the old palace were destroyed

in 1765, when the present house was erected on a different site.

Theobald's Road was originally a private way to the palace at Theobald's, and Kingsgate Street, High Holborn (dear to memory as the street in which Sairey Gamp lodged) was in the time of James I a mere country lane with a barred gate at its entrance, through which the king usually passed on his way to his country estate. It led to Theobald's Road and was completely swallowed up recently in the widening of Southampton Row. It was at this gate that Charles II and his brother and two friends were "overset," as related by Mr. Pepys, "and the king all dirty but no hurt."

It would be a dreary business to follow the route now, especially dreary through Theobald's Road, but by train to Enfield and thence by foot is an agreeable walk. Two ancient pubs, the *Holly Bush* and the *Hop Poles,* mark the first turnings, first to the right and then to the left, and you are soon beyond the pavings of this pretty suburban village, where Charles Lamb lived, and launched upon a beautiful route across the park, which Elizabeth and lord Burghley and James and his descendants must have known, skirting an ancient brick wall which encloses "Mewkses" estate. When I asked for Theobald's Park the answer

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

TEMPLE BAR AT CHESHUNT.

came at once "You want Mewkses," so it is best to fall in with the local vernacular.

At a turning where a road sets out for Waltham Cross, the other piece going on to Cheshunt, the venerable structure looms large in its leafy setting, and it is curious to see this hoary Londoner retired to such sylvan solitude, its surfaces, which used to run gore now acquiring a most innocent coat of green moss. The low, wide arch under the central portion and the two narrow posterns measure the quaintness of that little London of Charles II's day. One can hardly fancy our huge, cumbrous 'buses thundering through this small opening. Would not the outside passengers be scratched off by the flattened arch? And pedestrians would have to go single file. No sketch that one has seen does justice to the graceful upper storey, with its window in the centre and the royal statues standing in deep, rounded niches at each side. It is the City side which fronts the public road and James I and Anne of Denmark enliven the façade. "Bushnell, a sculptor who died mad, in 1701," says Hare, is responsible for the figures, which though they have little value as works of art are jaunty and charming as people—especially James, who turns a beaming face upon his consort. His little ruff is so neat, his doublet and hose are so

coquet, and his drapery is caught up in quite the Vandyck manner. A hand is extended, green with mould, which probably held the sceptre, and his feet are in the first dancing position. Anne is a negligible figure, perhaps the sculptor had begun to go mad before he made this one. Over the top the circular pediment follows the flattened line of the arch; the City coat of arms is gone from the oblong space supported by horns of plenty gracefully disposed. Where the upper storey meets the lower one—it is only the width of the carriage way—a handsome bit of ornamental modelling, in scroll pattern, makes the finish.

The fine mansion within the gates stands mostly untenanted now. When Lady Meux died she left the place, with the name, to Admiral Lampton, now Sir Hedworth Meux. I was told that there was no getting in even to see the other side of Temple Bar, but there is a charming walk along the banks of the New River from which one can see enough and a handsome view it is. And further down the road towards Waltham Abbey is a public park which contains some suggestive ruins and two cedars of Lebanon that are finer and, I should think, older than those at Kew.

CHAPTER XV

ALDWYCH: ST. CLEMENT DANES

Of all the fatuous and silly monuments that mar to no purpose the simplicity of public places the stupid emblem which blocks the narrow entrance into Fleet Street may be judged the most inane. The same arguments brought forward for the removal of Temple Bar should have protected the disencumbered thoroughfare from the erection of this ridiculous "memorial" to the banished treasure, with its flamboyant griffin, its inept reliefs, and its Teutonic statues of Queen Victoria and the "Prince of Wales." If the old gateway was incompatible with modern traffic this rococo shaft, however slim, is only less—nay more—so, and its existence belies the pretext upon which the venerable barrier was condemned. The old gateway was at least a symbol. It spoke with eloquence of other times and other *mœurs,* it marked a definite breach between the environs of Westminster and the London that had grown out to its extra-mural boundary. If it held one up the time

lost in waiting could be spent in admiring the obstruction, in reflecting upon the sights and pageants it had witnessed, the ceremonies in which it had taken part. A thousand pities that it was suffered to depart! Ten thousand pities that having gone an eloquent emptiness might not have been allowed to mark the hallowed spot.

The hallowed spot would have been indeed scarce richer for a tablet let into a friendly wall and inscribed with the simplest record of its significance, though this might well have been done. But the street in point of fact is sufficiently arresting in itself at this place to need no reminder of its special history. The Strand, sweeping largely to the right and left to embrace St. Clement Danes, narrows in so curiously behind that church, in the short space left for it, that the demarkation is noticeable; so noticeable that, even without the support of several ancient houses, with the rounded, many-paned shop windows of a remoter century, as well as the Temple gateways hard by, it is evident that some sort of transition is in the air.

The prescience too of something unusual is definitely expressed in the attitude of St. Clement Danes itself, marking as it does practically the end of Westminster's liberty, and one cannot too much admire how all London turns out for it. It makes

indeed its small effect with more immediate emphasis than St. Paul's, to which distance lends a considerable enchantment. It is the first genuine Wren to be encountered in the approach to the City, standing without the boundary of the liberties like a sentinel. The tower of the mediæval church which preceded it, still exists, recased and altered by Wren, but the quaint, pagoda-like spire is by Gibbs, the builder of St. Martin in the Fields and of St. Mary-le-Strand.

The church so comfortably seated upon this decline of the old beach of the Thames rejoices in an embarrassment of reasons for consideration. If the legends be true the antiquity of its foundation, still more of its site, carries us back to the Danish invasion of Britain. The whole area over which St. Clement Danes presides, and of which a large part has been swallowed up in the opening of Kingsway and its terminus, Aldwych, was once a Danish settlement, owing its origin to the great peace established by King Alfred. Aldwych was the village and its principal street was the Via de Aldwych, later Wych Street, which carried Drury Lane down to the ancient church. According to the tradition when Alfred the Great expelled the Danes, in 886, he allowed those who had married English wives to remain, but compelled them to

settle in this place outside the city boundaries. Stow, London's historiographer, relates that Harold, the illegitimate son of Canute who reigned some years in England, was buried at Westminster Abbey, but when Hardicanute came to the throne he exhumed the body of the usurper and cast it into the Thames: a fisherman, seeing it floating upon the river, took it up and buried it reverently on this spot.

In this little pause before entering London we have to make the most of St. Clement Danes as the only tangible survivor of the Danish village. That the church sits curiously askew in its relation to the Strand and Fleet Street, like an old boat drifting from its moorings, is more readily perceived from behind, where the apse points towards the angle of Essex Street. This has been explained as due to its axis having been placed scrupulously east and west; but I prefer to think that it was built to form the vista of the disappeared Wych Street, in the Danish village, and that its position was not considered in relation to the modern Strand. The present church dates from 1682. A decade more modern than Temple Bar, it is about contemporary with Wren's Middle Temple Gateway. The steeple was added in 1719.

Aside from the fact that Dr. Johnson was a

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

WYCH STREET, STRAND (DEMOLISHED). THE SITE COVERED BY ALDWYCH.

GRINLING GIBBONS (1648-1721). A MEZZOTINT BY J. SMITH FROM A PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER. (R.I.B.A. COLLECTION.)

parishioner—his seat in the north gallery is marked by a tablet—the interior (much renovated and brought up to date) is cosy and interesting because of its graceful shape. It is not the square room so much affected by Wren and dependent upon rich woodwork, screens, columns, reredos, and the amenities of Mr. Grinling Gibbons for its invitingness; it has rather more appeal in form than in decoration, and the rounded apse, whose charming perversity of direction has been noted, upheld within by the slenderest of columns, holds as in a curved arm the holier parts of the edifice, separating them ever so tactfully from the rectangular body of the church. The plan is odd and original, I think there is none other like it in London, and the semi-circular termination of the nave and the projecting, rounded apse would seem to indicate a following of the foundations of the old Latin church that must have preceded it. The ceiling is arched in a pretty way and the surfaces are elaborately decorated, garlanded as for a fête of fêtes, and the spandrels of the vaulting, springing from the slender columns which support it, are enriched with charming panels. The whole decoration is held together by a large and liberally gilded lion and unicorn of uncommon verve and sprightliness. The pulpit is an especially

handsome and rather odd piece of carving, though not, one ventures to think, a genuine Gibbons. One of the earliest entries on the registers, which commence at 1558, is the baptism of Robert Cecil, son of Elizabeth's minister.

The church is chiefly remarkable for its peal of ten bells, cast in 1693. They chime softly three times a day—at nine, at twelve, and at five or six —but are best heard at evensong on Sunday when they are put through their little repertoire of melodies. The old conversation between the bells of London which began:

> "Oranges and lemons,"
> Say the bells of St. Clemens.

was set to one of the original changes rung upon the peal and the couplet referred to an old custom at Clement's Inn, one of the Inns of Chancery. On a certain day in the year the attendants of the inn called on each of the residents of the chambers bringing gifts of oranges and lemons as a gentle reminder that the annual gratuity was expected.

As the traffic thunders past St. Clement Danes, if one happens to be passing at one of the proper times, it is sometimes possible to distinguish the quaint melody issuing from the belfry. Everything, as a sweet-faced boy who presides over the

entrance will tell, depends upon the amount of traffic and the direction of the wind. But by concentrating the attention and rising superior, as it were, to the deafening din of motor 'buses and other vehicles one may catch in the supra-mundane atmosphere of the tower the pure sound of the hammers striking against the bells and the old-world cadences carried sometimes in waves of extraordinary clarity upon the air.

"Oranges and lemons,"
Say the bells of St. Clemens.
"You owe me five fardens,"
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
"When will you pay me?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
"When I grow rich,"
Say the bells of Shoreditch.
"When will that be?"
Say the bells of Stepney.
"I'm sure I don't know,"
Says the big bell of Bow.

It might be Antwerp playing with the nursery rhyme; and it is seldom in London that the voices of the past and present are so curiously intermingled. The sweet tinkle falls for the most part upon deaf ears, but once in a blue moon one may see the wrapt face of a listener standing over against the Law Courts, stemming the tide of the Strand in complete detachment from his world.

The boundary of the parish of St. Clement's

was marked by a number of little iron plates, bearing the initials S.C.D. and an anchor, the sign of the martyrdom of the saint (Pope Clement I), who was tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea. One of these plates is trodden upon daily by the throngs which pass in and out of the City, though few remark it and fewer still know what it means. It lies in the pavement of the Strand just in front of Messrs. Child's Bank; another is to be discovered upon a house overlooking the garden of Lincoln's Inn; another is hidden away upon the corner of a house in Devereux Court, off Essex Street, beside the gateway into New Court of the Temple. I believe many people miss this exceedingly picturesque way into the Temple—I fancy Ruth Pinch knew it when she walked so often to meet her lover in Fountain Court, which is just beyond. Beside this anchor is a red tablet fixing the boundary of the manor of the Savoy.

"Beating the Bounds" of a parish was a mediæval custom probably originating in the necessity for beating squatters and other trespassers off the parish territory. At St. Clement's, which has always been noted for keeping up old traditions, the ceremony had never been quite forgotten, though it had lapsed for a quarter of a century, and it was revived last May (1922) with

a very pretty return to the old forms—divested, naturally, of their ancient abandon. After a brief service in the church, when, according to the old enactment, the rector read a comminatory warning addressed to those who remove the landmarks of their neighbours, a procession, headed by the surveyor of the church, made a circuit of the parish. After the surveyor came the choir boys, wearing purple cassocks and white surplices and small anchors suspended from their necks by blue ribbons; then came the verger and three church wardens, past and present, carrying the maces of the church; behind these came the rector followed by parishioners and school children. The choir boys carried stripped switches with which to beat the bounds.

A first halt was made outside Child's Bank where the boys fell upon the metal plaque in the pavement with youthful gusto. A second mark was visited inside the bank. Then the procession moved through the Outer Temple and discovered anchors on the walls so high that ladders had to be climbed to reach them. As the boundary here goes to the middle of the river the official part of the procession took to boats at the Temple steps and was rowed out to mid-stream. From the river the line passed through the Hotel Cecil, and thence across

the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, making its final lap through Drury Lane, Kingsway, Lincoln's Inn, and the Law Courts. The full round of the bounds took about two hours and though many of the anchors were found it was noted that in the many changes to the parish in the last few years more than forty of them had disappeared.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TEMPLE

This no man's land between the two cities of London and Westminster was largely occupied by the Inns of Court and Chancery which cluster around the site of Temple Bar and make a chain from Theobald's Road to the Thames. One of the handsomest walks in London is through Gray's Inn, Staple Inn, Lincoln's Inn, across the Law Courts, and through the Temple, an almost unbroken succession of old world gardens and buildings not elsewhere to be matched, leading down by slopes and occasional flights of steps from the heights of Holborn to the Thames's bank and introducing the loiterer to a sort of preserve of Stuart, Tudor, and early Plantagenet London. I don't know which is the more amusing, to enter upon this ramble from the clang and clatter of Theobald's Road (against which the reader will begin to suspect I have a special grudge) and thus get the abrupt plunge from the brutality of the present conception to the charm of the XVIth

century intact, at Gray's Inn; or to steal upon it by way of what stands of the old Essex Water Gate and the obscure entrance to the Temple Garden, through Devereux Court. The first order will give the greater sense of a complete fringe of pre-fire London; but there is an added romance in the trail which leaves the Embankment just beyond the Temple Underground Station and leads, by a long, dark flight of stone steps, up to Essex Street. The path leading to the foot of the steps is of an exceeding picturesqueness, combined of old walls, old trees, old gates, old street lamps, and a suggestively winding, narrow lane where a builder has imbedded himself in the brick foundations of the Water Gate, and advertises his calling to the vacancy of as quaint and improbable a bit of stage scenery as is to be found in the world.

Let us, then, since we are here, step into the Temple through Devereux Court. It leads if not to the oldest, the Plantagenet remnant, to a fragment of Elizabethan London that is infinitely more living in its appeal. I mean, of course, the Middle Temple Hall. A few pretty trees and a round basin of water, in which lives a low, bubbling fountain, make the allurements of Fountain Court, a small, gravelly patch of ground enclosed by grave, portentous seeming brick surfaces, pierced by ex-

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

ESSEX WATER GATE, MILFORD LANE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE, FLEET STREET.

pressionless windows whose black, polished panes betray no hint as to what manner of life, if any, may go on within these chambers (dedicated presumably to the abode of barristers) though the lettered door jambs fairly bristle with assurance of intensive occupation.

Middle Temple Hall, which makes the peculiar grace of this court, advances as its liveliest claim to sympathetic interest the fact that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was performed upon its stage soon after it was written, and that it is probably, with the exception of Gray's Inn Hall, the only building extant in which a Shakespeare play was performed in the lifetime of the dramatist. The custodian does not scruple to suggest that the poet himself trod the actual boards of the slightly elevated platform; but even if he did not play, there must be many spots of the revered old planking upon which he stood, and though generations of char women have scoured the floor diligently during these three hundred years they have not yet come through to the other side of the solid oak logs of which it is constructed. Occasionally one is taken up for some purpose and they are described as massive and strong with their bark still adhering to the under side. The boards are well adjusted now, but a popular scandal upon the old

habits of the benchers records that when the flooring was taken up, in 1764, no end of dice were found that had slipped through the cracks.

Tradition ascribed this first performance of *Twelfth Night* to a revel held in Middle Temple Hall as part of the Christmas festivities of the year 1601; and tradition is supported by a discovery made only a hundred years ago in the entries of a certain John Manningham, who chanced to keep a diary for only two years—from 1601 to 1603—which chanced to have been preserved among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum. Our diarist says: "At our feast (on the 2 February) wee had a play called 'Twelue Night or what you will,' much like the 'Commedy of Errores,' or 'Menechmi' in Plautus; but most like and neere to that in Italian called 'Inganni.'" And Manningham goes on to describe the plot, which leaves no doubt that Shakespeare's play is the one referred to. The "revels" and "masques" indulged in by the students of the Inns of Court were of great antiquity and magnificence: Fortesque, writing after the middle of the XVth century, relates that the students learned to dance and sing and play instrumental music, and Evelyn speaks of the revels at Middle Temple as an old and riotous custom having relation neither to virtue nor to policy.

The entertainments at Inner Temple and at Gray's Inn, of which Sir Francis Bacon was the chief contriver, were especially distinguished.

Middle Temple Hall is Elizabethan—its date is about 1572. Of its inherent beauties there is first the harmony of its proportions, the mystery of the upward sweep which carries the eye at once to the dimly perceivable weightiness of its lofty, antique roof, with its hammer beams, described as "the best Elizabethan roof in London." Thence the eye travels naturally to the magnificent Flemish carved oak screen at the back, with its English carved doors and their fine hinges. The high windows are gorgeously emblazoned with the arms of kings and dignitaries connected with the Temple, for the heraldry in the hall is very interesting. The oak panelling under the windows is carved with the escutcheons of members who held the office of reader —all of which supplies colour to the pervading duskiness of the interior.

The hall used to contain busts of the twelve Cæsars, but now their place is filled with armour; and underneath, groups of old torches (fitted with electric light bulbs) make for decoration. The furniture and portraits are not without interest; there is a large Vandyck of Charles I and a table, made from the wood of the Armada, upon which

Elizabeth signed the death warrant of the Scottish queen.

Outside Middle Temple Hall the gardens slope towards the river, serenely beautiful and fitted here and there with sundials, sacred to many memories. Shakespeare makes them the scene of the brawl between the partisans of York and Lancaster, in *Henry VI*, which begins by Suffolk's:

> "Within the Temple Hall we were too loud:
> "The garden here is more convenient. . . ."

and terminates by the reflection of Warwick, the king maker, who says:

> "This brawl to-day,
> "Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
> "Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
> "A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

There is a tradition that roses were first grown in England in the gardens of the manor of the Savoy, whose boundary joined that of the Temple, which gives to Shakespeare's scene a special meaning.

The Temple has been the abode of the law since the XIVth century. The Templars possessed it two centuries earlier, as a lodge for the "poor soldiers of the Temple of Solomon", and the names, Inner, Middle and Outer, with the devices, the lamb with the flag and cross and the winged horse, to-

gether with many of the peculiar terms used by the Templars have all been handed down to the lawyers from that earlier ownership, and survive in spite of the centuries that have passed. When this order was suppressed, about 1313, Edward II gave the Templars' property to Aymer de Valance, Earl of Pembroke. At his death it passed to the knights of St. John, who leased it to the students of the law belonging to the king's court, from which it became known as the Inn of Court.

The Inner and Middle Temple lay within the enceinte of the City. Outer Temple seems to have referred to some fields without the City included in the original holdings of the Templars, but never possessed by the lawyers. Devereux Court and Essex Street are supposed to mark the site of the Outer Temple property, which belonged finally to the Devereuxes, earls of Essex. High up on the west wall of Devereux Court is a bust of Lord Essex, attributed to Caius, the father of Colley Cibber; the bracket supporting it is inscribed in contemporary lettering, "This is Devereux Court, 1676." It marks the site of the celebrated Grecian Coffee House, patronized by the wits and coxcombs of the XVIIIth century. As if in honour of this memory the air of the court is perfumed with the aroma of coffee from "Twinings", which has a back

entrance here through the warehouse into the shop, whose tiny bedizened front, covered with every conceivable insignia of patronage, must strike every observant passer-by in the Strand.

With the exception of the Middle Temple Hall and the Temple Church all the enclosure that is not palpably modern is Wren or of the Wren type. He had a free hand here beginning with Temple Bar, and once within the boundary we are in a little world of Wren. He built the "new" gateway to Middle Temple Lane, of dull brick with stone facings and pilasters, its sides decorated with the paschal lamb bearing the banner of innocence with the red cross, the badge of the Middle Templars; he built the Master's House, that charming residence behind the church, standing within its own garden and protected by iron railings—it might be a country estate; and his style influenced the doorways of King's Bench Walk and gave to many of the courts their gravely noncommittal air.

The second gate-house belongs to the Inner Temple. It is called the Little Gate in some early documents and dates, in something like its present form, from James I (1609) and the ornamental fragment remaining bears the three feathers of James's eldest son, Prince Henry. In its "restored" state the old house of which it forms part

may be taken to stand for the one-time aspect of Fleet Street and the Elizabethan buildings adjoining it. Over the gateway the shields bear the ancient figure of Pegasus, the winged horse with the motto, "Volat ad astera virtus." The winged horse is said to be an evolution from an older symbol—a horse with two riders—the badge of poverty borne by the Templars in evidence of the plea that they could afford but a single horse for two knights. When the two men had been nearly worn away they were mistaken for wings and so represented in the restoration.

The great Fire of 1666 made the Inner Temple its western limit. The Master's House was destroyed, all King's Bench Walk was gutted, and the flames, it was said, "licked the walls" of Temple Church, ceasing within a few feet of the chancel. Through Inner Temple Gate is the direct way to the church, a curious structure in two manners, showing the transition from Norman to Early English architecture. The Round Church, which is Norman, was built in the reign of Richard II, the first of the Plantagenet kings, and it is interesting, even in its "restored" condition, as the oldest church in London (if we except St. John's Chapel in the Tower) and as the best of the four remaining churches in England built

on the plan of the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The others are at Cambridge, Northampton, and Maplestead in Essex.

The Round Church was completed in 1185 and dedicated to St. Mary by Heraclius, the patriarch, who happened to be in London at the time. It forms a sort of vestibule, or circular nave, to the Early English addition, built about fifty years later. The entrance is by a semi-circular arched doorway, deeply recessed, supported by columns with enriched capitals on each side. Even in the face of its obvious and on the whole deplorable restoration the interior is instantly impressive because of its small circular form, its heavy rows of columns, its vault-like character, and the solemn hush that pervades its twilight atmosphere. On the circular pavement in the centre are two singular groups of sepulchral effigies, cut in high relief from solid blocks of stone and representing vaguely identified knights of the order. The attitudes are spirited, six are cross-legged; they are variously garbed, wear their chain armour and bear shields of the Norman form; but they have been villainously restored and it is difficult to believe them of genuine antiquity.

The effigy as to the identity of which experts agree is one thought to be the oldest in the church,

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APRIL SUNSHINE, PUMP COURT, TEMPLE.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

PUMP COURT. LOOKING TOWARDS THE OLD WIG SHOP, TEMPLE.

said to represent Geoffrey Mandeville, or de Magnaville, whom King Stephen made earl of Essex. This interesting person figures in a curious moment of the history of London. Henry Beauclerc had left his kingdom to his daughter Matilda—Stephen was in actual possession of the throne. Matilda appointed Geoffrey de Magnaville constable of the Tower giving him jurisdiction over the City and with it both Essex and Middlesex, the old heptarchic kingdom of the East Saxons. This violated the historic liberties of the City, which even the Conqueror had respected, and produced a situation which was largely responsible for the imperious Matilda's defeat. Essex was made to surrender the Tower, his dominion was overthrown and he retired to the north on a military expedition, where, receiving a wound from an arrow, he died. The Templars received his body in their place of previous residence at Holborn, but, as Geoffrey was said to have died excommunicated, their belief would not permit them to bury him, so they suspended the coffin from a tree in their orchard. When they moved to their new estate they brought the body with them and when it was proved that Geoffrey had repented in his last moments he was absolved and the remains laid to rest in the Round Church. The arms of the

de Magnaville family are recognisable in bold relief upon the shield.

Other figures are supposed to represent the Protector Pembroke (his sword piercing an animal) and his sons, William Marshall, brother-in-law of Richard Cœur de Lion (sheathing his sword) and Gilbert Marshall (drawing his sword) who was killed in a tournament before he had started for the Holy Land. Protector Pembroke is the Pembroke of Shakespeare's *King John* (Act. IV. sc. 2) who pleads for Prince Arthur in a well-known passage.

W. J. Loftie gives a complete description of this chapel in his *Inns of Court* and dwells particularly and with much authority upon the vandalism to which the edifice has been from time to time subjected. The greatest outrage of all took place from 1830 to 1840 when, at the outset of the "great Gothic revival" of the period, the Round Church came in for a general overhauling which swept out most of its original features. The old marble columns were taken out and replaced by new ones. the old wainscot and beautiful reredos were removed and their places given to modern arrangements; the roof was painted, the windows darkened with stained glass, and beautiful and precious monuments were destroyed.

The early English addition is considered one of the most beautiful existing specimens of the Pointed Style in England. The vaulted roof is supported on Purbeck marble columns of great elegance and delicacy, and in the lightness of the peculiar design the chapel suggests the refectory of Saint-Martin-des-Champs, at Paris, with which it is practically contemporary.

This church is all that remains of the convent of the Templars. The Inner and Middle Temple divide it between them now—the prayer-books on one side are marked with the paschal lamb and on the other with the Pegasus. The preacher at the Temple is still called the "master;" he is appointed by the crown and, as the church is not in the bishop's jurisdiction—not being strictly speaking parochial—, he is admitted without the usual formalities simply on receipt of the royal letters-patent. The master of the Templars was the chief of all the English Templars, who had some fifty subordinate communities scattered about the country.

By the side of a paved walk which rounds the left-hand side of the church against the side of the Master's House, is the monument to Oliver Goldsmith, who died and was buried in the Temple. Goldsmith took up his residence here when his

reputation as poet was established. He lived first in Garden Court, afterwards in King's Bench Walk, and finally on the second floor of No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple Lane, in chambers over the learned Blackstone, and this is where he died. The story of his struggles with poverty, of his lightheartedness, of his merry supper parties preceded by games of blind-man's-buff and followed by dancing, which so disturbed Blackstone, of his tragic death and of his funeral attended by the poor of the quarter, to whom he had been so generous, runs through the pages of contemporary writers, and moves one alternately to laughter and to tears.

London in 1774 held a choice little clique of kindred spirits who met in the coffee houses near Temple Bar or at Dr. Johnson's club at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho. There was a strong fraternal bond between them all and mutual admiration in the stimulating sense. When the news of Goldsmith's death was reported (he died in his forty-sixth year) "Burke burst into tears" and Reynolds, his most intimate friend, gave up painting for the day. He was buried in the Temple—a stone on the north side of Temple Church approximates the spot, and the benchers placed a tablet in their church (now removed to

the triforium.) A monument with a medallion by Nollekins was erected in the Abbey at the expense of Dr. Johnson's club, of which Goldsmith had been a member, and Dr. Johnson composed the epitaph engraved upon it.

This epitaph the good doctor, with every appearance of pliability, submitted to his friend Reynolds with authority to consult the club and report to him privately any suggestions for change or improvement. Boswell describes the meeting, at dinner at Sir Joshua's house, to consider the matter and the decision of the others that the epitaph, which begins "Olivarii Goldsmith, Poetæ. Physisi. Historici.", did not sufficiently emphasise the deceased's special distinction as a poet, and furthermore that the inscription upon the monument of an Englishman of letters should be in the language in which he himself wrote. This was agreed, but the great question was who would dare to convey the message to the author, Finally a most tactful letter setting forth these points was dictated by Edmund Burke, Boswell acting as scribe, and in order that there should be no prejudice in the manner of signing, the message was so arranged to fill a circle, while the names of the twelve signatories were written around the outside, after the fashion of a "round robin" so that it was impos-

sible to tell who had put his name first or last to the paper.

Sir Joshua agreed to carry it to Johnson and the latter received it with much good humour but desired Reynolds to "tell the gentlemen that while he would alter the epitaph in any manner they pleased as to the sense of it, *he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription.*" The signers were twelve: E. Gibbon, Jos. Warton, Edm. Burke, Thos. Franklin, Ant. Chamier, Geo. Colman, William Vachell, J. Reynolds, W. Forbes, T. Barnard, R. B. Sheridan, and P. Metcalfe. Boswell, in a footnote, presents the scene between the conciliatory ambassador and his formidable host. The moment must have had its terrors for Sir Joshua, whom one seems to feel seated upon the edge of a chair, fingering his hat, and wearing a brave smile, while the lovable autocrat bent his poor eyesight over the signatures to the ridiculous paper. When he saw Dr. Warton's name to the suggestion that the epitaph should be in English, Johnson observed: "I wonder that Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool," and when he made out Burke's name also he exclaimed: "I should have thought Mund Burke would have had more sense." Needless to say the epitaph is en-

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S TOMB, TEMPLE.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE OLD WIG SHOP, TEMPLE.

graved upon the memorial without alteration in any particular. The year of Goldsmith's birth, 1731, is an error and should be 1728.

Burke's chambers were at the *Pope's Head,* over the shop of Jacob Robinson, bookseller and publisher, just inside Inner Temple Gate. Johnson's residence was for five years at No. 1 Inner Temple Lane. An ugly bulk of new buildings, named after the lexicographer, occupies the site of the lodgings where Boswell first ventured to call upon him. The biographer's portrait of the place and its genius is an old story: "His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little, old, shriveled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirtneck and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly peculiarities were forgotten the moment he began to talk." When some other visitors departed the shy Boswell arose to go, but "Nay, don't go," said Johnson. "Sir" said Boswell, "I am afraid that I intrude on you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." But Johnson, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me."

Boswell's rooms were in Farrar's Buildings—likewise rebuilt. He must have moved into them

from Downing Street, which he left in pique resolving not to sleep another night under the roof of a landlord who had been rude to him, on the very day that Johnson, Goldsmith, and some other gentlemen were to have supped with him there. Repairing to his friend in much embarrassment with the news that the party would have to be held at the Mitre, Johnson made light of the affair with, "There is nothing in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre."

Charles Lamb was more intimately associated with the Temple. He was born at No. 2 Crown Office Row, lived at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, and finally moved to Mitre Court Buildings from which he wrote to his friend Manning: "Bring your glass and I will show you the Surrey Hills. My bed faces the river, so as by perking upon my haunches, and supporting my carcase with my elbows, without much wrying my neck, I can see the white sails glide by the bottom of King's Bench Walk as I lie in bed."

Both Dickens and Thackeray made use of the Temple in their novels. There is the pretty description of Fountain Court where Ruth Pinch and John Westlock used to meet, while Thackeray lays much of the scene of *Pendennis* there. Thackeray himself occupied chambers at No. 10 Crown

Office Row, sharing them with Tom Taylor, and he writes a characteristic paragraph on the memories of the Temple in the first volume of *Pendennis* in which he speaks of the attractions of the venerable inns which have the Lamb and Flag and the Winged Horse for their ensigns, and indulges in poetical reminiscences upon their inhabitants, invoking lively pictures of "old Samuel Johnson rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels on their way to Dr. Goldsmith's chambers in Brick Court," and "Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the *Covent Garden Journal* while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage."

But who has not lived in the Temple, back to Chaucer, who was a student there in the time of Edward III?

CHAPTER XVII

LINCOLN'S INN

The Inns of Court and Chancery cluster thick in fact and in retrospect upon Chancery Lane. That legal thoroughfare (its name derived from a chancellor of England) opening directly opposite Inner Temple Lane, serves as a sort of highway to the rookeries of the law, scattered to the right and left of its path. Chancery Lane is the route to Lincoln's Inn, to Staple Inn, to Gray's Inn, to the Temple itself, in the reverse direction: it connects the four Inns of Court; it linked together until recently most of the nine or ten Inns of Chancery, of which so many have disappeared, it conducts to all that is most suggestive of the past in this border-land between rural London and its royal suburb.

A street particularly typical in the busy preoccupation of its surface aspect, Chancery Lane, despite mighty changes, remains true to its name and fame and dominates a little warren of small streets and labyrinthine passages which, branching

off it, burrow far afield and lose themselves in many an unsuspected nook and corner of forgotten London—derelict fragments beached too high to have as yet been carried off by the tide of "improvement." The street and its tributaries serve a highly specialized clientèle and its activities are all by-products of the law. It talks "shop" from one end to the other and across and around through Chichester Rents to Star Yard and back by Bishop's Court; or up Cursitor Street to Took's Court and back by any narrow, crooked lane chosen to Carey Street, behind the Courts of Justice. Everything is for the law. There are law stationers, leaders in second-hand law books, printers, publishers, surveyors, valuers, strong-box makers, chartered accountants, typists, scriveners. There are robe makers, their windows resplendent with specimen gowns and hoods, and their exclusiveness discreetly suggested by faded royal letters of license signed by deputies of the Georges; and there are wig makers with the neatest of curled wigs displayed under glass cases, like wax flowers in a Victorian drawing-room.

It's a Dickens atmosphere, if you like—all the tragedy of *Bleak House* was enacted here; Thackeray too is thick upon the scene, and older romance writers with whom the law's delay was a

frequent theme; so that, however streets have been redeemed from former degradation, the names alone are sufficiently incriminated to conjure up wicked memories of bailiffs and duns and sheriffs' officers, or debtors, defaulters, and bankrupts and their sufferings. Cursitor Street with its rebuilt offices, presents a blank face to inquiries after its desperate past, but in Took's Court, an exceptionally dismal impasse leading out of it to the left, there is a small row of guilty looking houses with brick pilasters and old lantern-lit doorways, with smoky iron railings and damp narrow areas leading to dark mouldy basements, which might well have been amongst the notorious sponging houses of their day. In 1815 Sheridan was arrested for debt and taken to a lock-up house in Took's Court, and in one of these very houses "Mr. Snagsby, Law-Stationer," pursued "his lawful calling."

Took's Court Dickens lightly disguises as "Cook's Court" and Mr. Snagsby's stock differed not materially from the stock now displayed in the lavish manner peculiar to London tradesmen in the shops of this neighbourhood. Mr. Snagsby "dealt in all sorts of blank forms of legal process; in skins and rolls of parchment; in paper—foolscap, brief, draft, brown, white, whitey-brown, and

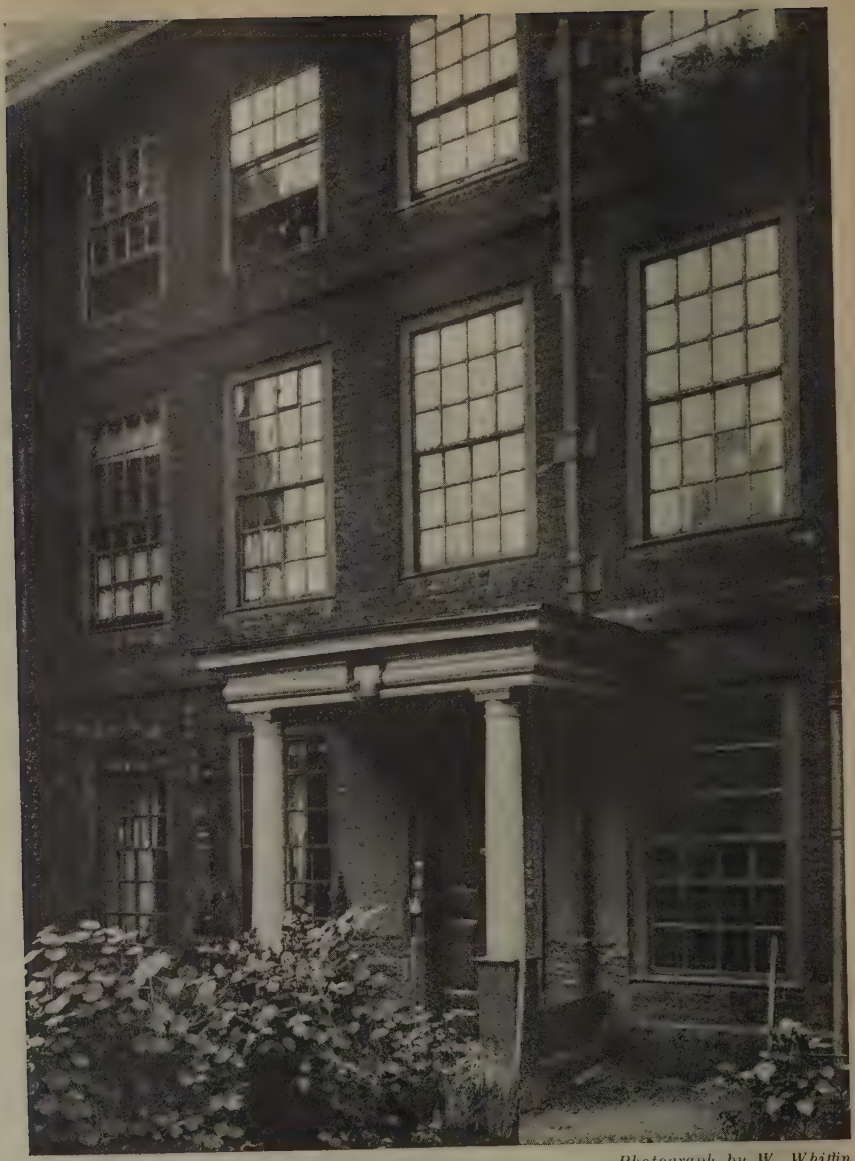
blotting; in stamps, in office quills, pens, ink, India-rubber, pounce, pins, pencils, sealing-wax, and wafers; in red tape, and green ferret; in pocket-books, almanacks, diaries, and law lists; in string, boxes, rulers, inkstands—glass and leaden, pen-knives, scissors, bodkins, and other small office cutlery; in short in articles too numerous to mention . . ." and I feel sure that he had some of all of these things in his window. It would be amusing to see if there is anything in Mr. Snagby's list that couldn't be got now in one of the shops in Chancery Lane; possibly they might stare if asked for "pounce" or "ferret" or "office quills."

Though Took's Court, like many other of these neighbouring passageways, has all the appearance of an impasse, it has an outlet—quite the narrowest and most picturesque possible brick aperture—upon Furnival Street. A house torn down next door has let the light of day into this part of the court and left the passage standing absurdly revealed and alone. The whole neighbourhood might have been planned by thieves with its ingenious means of evading pursuit, its facilities for dodging into dark courts and lanes, its sharp, rapid turns, its sudden and unexpected openings upon bland thoroughfares. Dickens drew heavily upon it for the setting of *Bleak House,* which centres around

Lincoln's Inn Hall where the famous suit of Jarndyce and Jarndyce droned on in the High Court of Chancery. "Miss Flite" lived "in a narrow back street, part of some courts and lanes immediately outside the wall of the Inn," in lodgings over the shop of her landlord, Krook. *Sol's Arms* is supposed to have been a disappeared tavern in Chichester Rents, and Mr. Tulkinghorn lived "in a large house, formerly a house of state" in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This house Dickens studied from Lindsey House, one of those on the west side of the Fields built by Inigo Jones: it has been divided and the beautiful centre window built up and the stone façade with noble pilasters, painted, but it may still be readily distinguished from its neighbours by its air of aristocratic detachment. Inside are a few traces of its original splendours, and even in "Mr. Tulkinghorn's" time it was "let off in sets of chambers . . . and in those shrunken fragments of its greatness" lawyers lay "like maggots in nuts. But its roomy staircases, passages, and ante-chambers still remain; and even its painted ceilings, where Allegory, in Roman helmet and celestial linen sprawls among balustrades and pillars, flowers, clouds, and big-legged boys, and makes the head ache—as would seem to be Allegory's object always, more or less."

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

NEVILL'S COURT, FETTER LANE.



Photograph by W. Whiffin.

NO. 10, NEVILL'S COURT, FETTER LANE.

It is curious that of the four Inns of Court, two —Inner and Middle Temple—stood within the boundary of London's defences and two—Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn—stood just without. Of the two latter each has its special appeal: Lincoln's Inn is the older, Gray's is more faded and grave; Lincoln's Inn has its Gothic gateway, Gray's its stately garden; Lincoln's Inn has its chapel by Inigo Jones, Gray's its Elizabethan Hall. In the matter of masques and interludes and revels Gray's Inn had no competitor of consequence except the Inner Temple; but when it comes to luminaries Francis Bacon shines preëminent at Gray's against a rich constellation, in which, perhaps, Sir Thomas More gleams brightest at Lincoln's; and if Sir Francis Bacon planted trees in the great garden of Gray's, Ben Jonson quite as clearly laid bricks at Lincoln's, with "a trowell in his hand and a book in his pocket."

The idea is so pretty I wonder so much effort has been made to controvert the story of Ben Jonson's bricklaying. His stepfather was a bricklayer and Jonson is described by Aubrey and Fuller as following for a time that humble calling. The garden wall on the side next Chancery Lane is said by Aubrey to have been the scene of his labours and it was there that "a knight or bencher

walking through and hearing him repeat some Greek names out of Homer, discoursing with him and finding him to have a wit extraordinary gave him some exhibition to maintain him at Trinity College at Cambridge." But Bacon's trees have been superseded and it would be difficult to put a finger on Jonson's bricks.

In the old days of the Strand palaces there were estates granted to the nobles and the clergy on the north side of the Strand as well as upon the river, and near the end of Chancery Lane was a "house and garden" belonging to the bishops of Chichester, one of whom was chancellor of England in the reign of Henry III. This Ralph Nevil, Lord High Chancellor and Bishop of Chichester, was the builder of the house, on a piece of land granted to him by the king. The name, Chancery Lane, derives from "Chancellor's Lane," so called in honour of Ralph Nevil, and Chichester Rents and Bishop's Court are souvenirs of the estate. North of the bishop's residence stretched the early domain of the Black Friars, as far away as Holborn and the Oxford Road. When this brotherhood found a site more to its liking on the river, just within the City wall, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln and Salisbury, acquired their property and built himself an inn, in which he died in 1312.

Lincoln's Inn, then, stands on a site combined partly of a episcopal palace erected in the time of Henry III and partly of an old friar's house in Holborn. Henry Lacy, the great earl of Lincoln, who gave his name to the inn, is reputed to have been a person "well affected to the study of the laws," so much so that he devoted his house to the professors and students of law, leaving it to them when he died.

Lacy gave the estate and Sir Thomas Lovell built the gate, when he was a bencher of the inn in the time of Henry VIII; so the front bears the arms of the sovereigns between the purple lion rampant of Lacy and the arms and quarterings of Lovell. Built while Cardinal Wolsey was chancellor, its date, 1518, placing it early in the reign of Henry VIII, it groups itself at once and visibly with the great gate of Hampton Court (built in 1515) with the older parts of St. James's Palace, and with the still handsomer gate of Lambeth Palace, and St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, the last two built in the time of Henry VII.

Lincoln's Inn Gate, standing full upon Chancery Lane, as one of the so few examples of its kind in London, is an interesting relic with a very special character of its own, expressed in a sort of clumsy bulkiness and emphatic squareness of

shape, which immediately calls attention to itself and asserts conclusively its authenticity. The deep purple of its narrow bricks, made it is said in what is now New Square of the inn, the unmitigated rectangularity of its short blunt towers, the peculiar arch of its stone-faced aperture, the solidity and depth of the whole construction make it a figure of striking oddity—much more so than any other of the group mentioned. There is nothing quite like it anywhere. It is incredible that a quarter of a century ago the benchers were on the point of taking it down!

Within the gateway the venerable effects have been much overshadowed by the magnificent neo-Gothic hall, built by Philip Hardwick, in 1843; but the old hall, a few years older than the gate, stands with a fair suggestion of ancientry under its coat of stucco, which so lamentably belies its character, and in spite of renewals that have vastly diminished its features.

The chapel was one of Inigo Jones's three attempts at Gothic churches in London. Under still more drastic renovation and enlarging—which destroyed its old proportions—the chief thing that remains to speak for its builder is the open crypt upon which the chapel is raised, somewhat after the fashion of the Sainte-Chapelle. It dates from 1623

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

LINCOLN'S INN GATE, CHANCERY LANE. BUILT IN 1518 BY SIR THOMAS LOVEL, ONCE A MEMBER OF THIS INN AND AFTERWARDS TREASURER OF THE HOUSEHOLD TO HENRY VII.

and the reign of James I. The windows, filled with saints, are the originals, designed by Bernard van Linge, a Fleming, but made by Hall, a glass-painter of Fetter Lane. Somehow in the crusade against imagery these windows escaped destruction though the "Popish images and pictures," with which Archbishop Laud filled the windows of Lambeth Chapel, were the subject of one of the articles of indictment against him, and his windows were entirely smashed by the Puritans.

Ben Jonson's garden has been much abbreviated by the great new hall erected upon it. Impressive and homogeneous upon its terrace, which lifts it high above the old features of the inn, its size, which is perhaps great for the enclosure, is diminished by the proximity of the great wooded area of the Fields, just without the western gate. Built of bricks, like the great gate in Chancery Lane, it repeats in its surface the diagonal lines of vitrified bricks which make one of the beauties of the ancient entrance. Among the buildings of the so-called "Gothic revival" it stands out as a wonderfully successful adaptation of that style.

The interior is equally handsome and successful in its finish of dark oak panelling, its carved screen, its elaborate ceiling, and its stained glass. The feature of the interior is a fresco by George Fred-

erick Watts, on the entrance wall, filling the entire space above the panelling. Although it has undoubtedly darkened with exposure to London's atmosphere, the colour is as rich and harmonious as the composition is noble, and one cannot doubt that Watts counted upon the effects of the darkening process and allowed for it. The subject is *The School of Legislation.* The adjoining rooms contain portraits of benchers and dignitaries of the inn, of which one remembers a delightful portrait of William Pitt, by Gainsborough. The library of Lincoln's Inn, adjoining the hall, is a development of a nucleus of books forming the original library of the inn and the first of its kind in London. It dates from 1487.

The great men of Lincoln's Inn, though many, are less than those of the Temple. Chaplains, lawyers, bishops, chief-justices of note there were many—Donne, Tillotson, Warburton, Hurd, Heber, Egerton, Matthew Hale, Herring, are names which occur. Sir Thomas More shines out among the great names but he seems never to have lived in the inn. Prynne, the Puritan, lies buried in the chapel; Thurloe, Cromwell's secretary of state, lived in the turret of Old Buildings; William Pitt was once treasurer; Mackintosh gave his lectures on the law of nations in the old hall; Horace

Walpole was entered as a student in 1731. John Donne becomes an appealing figure through his biographer, Izaak Walton, who lived opposite, in Chancery Lane. Donne was a preacher at Lincoln's Inn until 1621, when the king made him dean of St. Paul's. He laid the corner-stone of the new chapel and preached the consecration sermon before an audience so great that several people were overcome and taken up for dead "with extreme press and thronging."

CHAPTER XVIII

GRAY'S INN: THE INNS OF CHANCERY

I suppose I may have passed Staple Inn and the foot of Gray's Inn Road fifty times without noticing, or at any rate questioning, two rather short and squat obelisks that stand opposite to one another at the point where the old road to Oxford from the City breaks into Holborn and High Holborn. This point marks the limit of London's liberties on that road and the two obelisks stand as the symbol of Holborn Bars.

Gray's Inn, the fourth Inn of Court, lies just over the barrier. It has gateways neither noble nor quaint, nor even, in the sense of Lincoln's Inn's, ancient; but there are at least five more or less obscure ways in that are more picturesque than the main entrance, which breaks through a long row of buildings of the dead-faced type in Gray's Inn Road. The main entrance leads into Gray's Inn Square, an enclosure of early XIXth century buildings with a parade in the middle, which did duty as a drill ground for soldiers dur-

ing the great war. The keystones of the arch of the gate are embellished on the outer side with the "Griffin Segreant" of Gray's Inn and on the inner side with the "Pegasus" of the Inner Temple, in remembrance of the alliance between the two inns in the production of pageants and revels. The griffin similarly figures at the Inner Temple, and of this alliance a familiar proof is the *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn,* written by Beaumont and Fletcher and performed by the two societies.

Gray's Inn Square was formerly Chapel Court out of respect to the chief, in point of seniority, of the antiquities of the inn—the chapel, which is attached to the Elizabethan Hall and forms the southern enclosure of the square. The chapel is a little old black building, disguised under a shabby coat of plaster, added about a hundred years ago in perfectly good faith as a great embellishment, as well as a means of preservation, when stucco was the madness of London. The hall was stuccoed too, but its coat has been mercifully scratched off. Some day perhaps as much will be done for the chapel, which suffers, with a miserable kind of resignation, an indignity which robs it of its look of genuine antiquity and reduces it to a seeming nonentity among buildings of its time. There is

nevertheless reason to suppose that this chapel in a more primitive form was attached to the manor of the original owner, Lord Grey, or Gray, of Wilton, from whom the inn takes its name, and that would bring part of it at least back to the year 1315—the year when Lord Grey gave lands in the manor towards the endowment of a chaplain.

The hall, built about 1560, has suffered much in restoration and alteration but has been brought back to something very convincing and charming. It is older than the Middle Temple Hall, which it rivals to an extent in interest. The roof has lost its tiles but keeps its louvre, which seems a size too big, but within there is much to admire and to recognize as original. The interior is small and intimate: the walls are oak panelled, filled with the burnished devices of the members; the handsome Jacobean screen in black oak is original; the ceiling of black oak is "good;" the floor is made of original wide old planks, the windows are filled with charming old glass, and on the walls are royal portraits among which that of Elizabeth, at the age of twenty-six is given a place of honour in the centre over the bencher's platform, surrounded by the Stuart kings. A toast to the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth," is proposed at all festive meetings in this room in honour

of a sovereign who always treated the members of Gray's Inn with special distinction. Of the windows the oriel contains the oldest glass, and prominent among the coats of arms there displayed are those of Nicholas and Francis Bacon and George Monk, duke of Albemarle.

The wide old planks of Gray's Inn Hall are pointed out with pride as "the same" upon which Shakespeare trod when, according to the legend, he played in this hall, and upon which his *Comedy of Errors* was performed during his lifetime. *The Masque of Flowers* was played here in 1613, before James I. Bacon was the chief "devizer" and organized and financed a masque for this inn. The last revel recorded took place about 1773.

In Lord Grey's time the manor and its appurtenances sat within the great garden facing Theobald's Road, the grounds behind the chapel and hall belonging to other estates. Gray's Inn Gardens, as remarked in an early chapter, was a fashionable promenade in Charles II's day. Mrs. Pepys went there to study the styles! Now they are closed to the public, by a beautiful iron gate, dated 1753, through which one may look upon the broad avenue with a terrace at the far end with steps leading to it. Bacon, who wrote so charmingly *Of Gardens,* is said to have laid out

this one and to have planted trees of which there remain a revered stump and two aged catalpas with low lying branches spreading over the green. At one corner overlooking Theobald's Road there appear to be some remains of one of Lord Bacon's mounts, which he recommends so highly in his essay, but of the delicious cycle of blossoms and fruits "suited to the climate of London," upon which he discourses so appetisingly, and of the clumps of lavender and rosemary, which when trodden upon give forth such spicy odours, there is nothing.

Charles Lamb, in his essay, *On Some of the Old Actors,* devotes a parenthesis to the gardens, in which he recalls walking some twenty-five years earlier than the date of the essay, and describes them as "far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not then encroached upon all the eastern side of them, cutting out the delicate green crankles, and shouldering away one of two of the stateliest alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverent and law-breath-

ing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks—"

Lamb at least remembered the gardens in something of their original state. He wrote this essay before the "accursed" Raymond Buildings were projected. These cramp the gardens on their western side, at the Theobald's Road entrance, which is a pity. We other unfortunates, have to content ourselves by peering in through the railings at what has been left of former splendours and piecing out with what has been written of them a mental picture of their flourishing state. The rooks of Gray's Inn too are among the memories of the place; the benchers drove them forth (as Loftie, in his *Inns of Court,* relates) in a manner so hard-hearted and under circumstances so painful—it was at the nesting season that they were finally warned off (in 1895) and had to go, leaving their miserable offspring, just out of the shell, to perish of starvation and cold. "It is to be feared," says Mr. Loftie in his best manner, "that the people who habitually use the gardens would have heard with less sorrow that the benchers themselves had experienced this horrible fate."

No one seems to have had much to say in favour of the Rolls Chapel, originally built in the time of Henry III and rebuilt in 1617, by Inigo Jones.

It has disappeared completely under the buildings of the New Record Office in Chancery Lane; but its monuments, which were its greatest interest, have been installed in the Museum of the Record Office to which visitors are usually drawn by the Domesday Book here preserved.

The chief of the monuments is that of Dr. John Young, master of the Rolls under Henry VII and Henry VIII, said to be the work of Torrigiano. Unlike the stone tombs by the Italian in the Henry VII Chapel, this monument is of painted terra-cotta. Within a circular arch the recumbent figure of Dr. Young is extended in repose upon a sarcophagus of great beauty, in the style of a Florentine bride-chest: behind it is the head of the Saviour between two cherubs, done in high relief. The monument is greatly defaced and has no doubt lost much of its charm in its removal from the original setting; but even while allowing for this it seems to me that its beauty has been somewhat exaggerated. It bears the date 1516 and is therefore later than the two tombs by Torrigiano in the Abbey. The other monuments saved from the Chapel of the Rolls and installed in the Record Office Museum are those of Lord Bruce of Kinloss, master of the Rolls in the time of James I, and Sir Richard Allington.

LYON'S INN. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

CLIFFORD'S INN, FLEET STREET.

Photographs by W. Whiffin.

Of the Inns of Chancery, whether dependencies of the Inns of Court or independent hostelries of junior law students, there remain traces of but four, and these are no longer attached to the Inns of Court, nor do they keep up any special connection with the law. Formerly Lyon's Inn, Clifford's Inn, and Clement's Inn were attached to the Inner Temple; Furnival's and Thavie's recognized Lincoln's Inn; the New Inn belonged to the Middle Temple. Besides these there were Sergeants' Inn, originally intended for judges and sergeants-at-law; Scroope's in Holborn, a kind of junior to Sergeants'; Strand Inn, pulled down by Protector Somerset; George's Inn, near where is now Holborn Viaduct, Barnard's Inn, of which the little hall remains, and Staple Inn, the most perfectly preserved of the Inns of Chancery.

Clement's Inn has been wholly rebuilt, you may search in vain for any remnant of the charm which old writers describe as pervading it. The inn was originally used by patients coming to be healed by the miraculous waters of St. Clement's Well—a fair fountain, finally a prosaic pump, destroyed in 1874. The Temple Gardens preserve a relic of Clement's Inn, dating from Queen Anne's time, in the kneeling figure of a Moor supporting a sundial, brought from Italy by Holles, Lord Clare.

Shakespeare makes Clement's Inn the home of "Master Shallow."

New Inn disappeared in the opening of Kingsway and Aldwych; Lyon's Inn was removed in 1863, but its ancient entrance beside an old shop with bow-windows, adorned with a lion's head and paws in bold relief, stood between Wych and Holywell Streets until Aldwych swallowed up all the antiquity of that site.

From a window in the hallway of the Record Office there is visible the fragment of an old garden, overlooked by a row of dark, plum-coloured brick dwellings. The garden is railed in and a few stately plane trees cast their shade over the buildings and struggle to mitigate the bare ugliness of a great *baraque,* camped upon the middle of the garden during the war and still in use by the government. This is what is left of Clifford's Inn. There is an entrance to it from Fetter Lane and another, which the tide seems just about to carry off, from Fleet Street, by which we arrive at an old gateway in a shabby state but still bearing traces of something noble. Within the gate a small, stone-paved court stands before the old hall, dishonoured and dilapidated, but the same in which Matthew Hale and the other judges sat after the great Fire in judgment over the tangled claims

arising out of disputed boundaries and lost landmarks. The place is indescribably picturesque.

Clifford's Inn took its name from Robert de Clifford who owned the property under Edward II. A great deal of it has been taken down, but just how handsome were the chambers, built after the Fire, in the time of James II, may be judged from a complete room from "No. 3 Clifford's Inn" set up at the South Kensington Museum. It is panelled in oak with carvings partly of cedar and is dated 1686. The block of buildings from which it came stood on the south side of the court, had deep cornices and tiled roofs, and was still more picturesque than what remains.

The rest of the Inns of Chancery were grouped upon Holborn. You may enter Clifford's by the Fleet Street passage and leave it by Fetter Lane; walk up Fetter Lane to Holborn, which isn't very far, and find fragments of the inns to the right and left and across the way. Furnival Street points to the site of Furnival's Inn, opposite, now occupied by the building of the Prudential Assurance Company. The inn was wholly rebuilt in 1820 and a hotel on the site was long famous as a one-time residence of Charles Dickens. Dickens wrote *Pickwick Papers* here and his own bedroom is said to have served the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit* for

the description of John Westlock's lodging. Wilkinson's *London* gives an interesting print of the old building, which was in the quasi-Palladian style, and attributed to Inigo Jones.

Thavie's Inn is now an open street opening off Holborn Circus nearly opposite the statue of the "Prince Consort." It still contains a certain number of substantial brick dwellings with good doorways and dismal areas surrounded by iron railings, any one of which might be expected to show "a tarnished brass plate on the door, with the inscription, JELLYBY," and one has only to choose the railings through which young Peepy Jellyby got his head stuck on the occasion of Esther's arrival at that extraordinary abode.

A long and exceedingly unpromising passageway, between the numbers 22 and 23 Holborn, leads to a little courtyard at once distinguished by a tiny Elizabethan (or earlier) hall, which spans the roadway, by an arch. This is Barnard's Inn. The old tiled roof of the hall supports a small painted louvre, or lantern, and inside time has dealt lovingly with the venerable relic and left the hall in its original state, its walls panelled with cedar carved in the linen pattern, and there are many old shields in the windows—the oldest dated 1545. The property now belongs to

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

STAPLE INN, HOLBORN BARS.

STAPLE INN, SHOWING THE OLD PLANE TREE AND SEAT SINCE REMOVED.

THE GARDEN, STAPLE INN.

Photographs by W. Whiffin.

the Mercer Company and the hall is used by a school. Barnard's Inn suffered in the Gordon riots, which approached it so closely that great damage was done to its architectural attractions. Nothing now remains to speak for its beauty but the little courtyard and the hall, which, however, for a picturesque "bit" is scarcely to be matched in London. But not to become too sentimental over what is lost it is wholesome to read Dickens's description of the inn, in *Great Expectations*: "the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats."

The handsome row of James I timbered houses, by Holborn Bars, makes the glory of Holborn as well as shows the finest front of all the Inns of Court and Chancery. Staple Inn, leading away southward under the overhanging eaves of these houses, has been turned over to the Prudential Assurance Company since 1884, when it was purchased by them from the ancients of Staple Inn for £68,000. The present tenants are the Institute of Actuaries. The hall, which has recently been reroofed, is much less old than the inn. Staple Inn is supposed to have derived its name from the fact that the wool-staplers, in the XIVth century, carried on their business there; but Richard II sending

them back to Westminster, the place in 1378 became an inn of chancery. An oriel window in the hall records, in one of its panels, the sojourn of the merchants in the inn, yet it is also urged that the name refers to the staples of Holborn Bars without.

The court into which one steps from Holborn is exceedingly quaint and contrives to unify fragments of Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, and Georgian building in a picturesque whole. The great point of interest is again the hall, of which the characteristics are Elizabethan; the roof is said to date from 1581. It is only less tiny than Barnard's, but strikes the observer as very small and very perfect and above all charmingly placed between the two courts of the inn and fronting upon both. The turret is considered one of the finest of its kind in London and, inside, the case of the great clock is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. Some of the earliest glass is 1500. The roof, like that of Westminster Hall, fell a victim to the death-watch beetle which had bored immense cavities in the beams before the danger was discovered; but scientific treatment and great care in respecting its antiquity have resulted in preserving the roof in its original beauty. In some

cases steel reinforcements have been used to strengthen the impoverished oak.

Under the house adjoining the hall a small passageway leads into the second court in which is a terraced walk, with a stone parapet and a sunken garden with a low-playing fountain bubbling from a moss-covered urn in the centre of a round basin. Pools filled with water-lilies, masses of rhododendron, chrysanthemums, and flowers for each season intermingled with decorative stone urns make a romantic foreground for the old hall from this side and one could fancy oneself far from London; but the terraced walk leads out, through a fine old iron gate, into Southampton Buildings and so into Chancery Lane, close to Lincoln's Inn, and the circuit of the inns is made.

CHAPTER XIX

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM: LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

If I hadn't been put "on" the Soane Museum by the person in London for whose opinion I have most respect, I might easily have been put "off" it by the singularly unsympathetic light in which the few writers who touch it at all, among the myriads who write of London, have chosen to view it. It is so immensely different from all the other museums of London, different even from the Wallace Collection, with which, as a private individual's treasure shown in his own house, it might be expected to have something in common, that its difference alone may be considered a quality; while it is so artless and frank, so complete within its own limitations, that its very ingenuousness ought to have protected it against clever writing at its expense. Yet even the serious and conscientious Augustus Hare described it as "eccentric," and quotes and apparently agrees with a Dr. Waagen who complains that "the over-crowded and labyrinthine

house leaves the impression as of a feverish dream."

But it is Mr. E. V. Lucas who makes one fairly rise to the defence, for getting up elaborately on the "wrong side of the bed," as it would appear, on one of London's darkest and dreariest mornings, he seems to have determined to "do" the museum in a kind of now or never spirit, to have looked upon it possibly as a long deferred "chore" or *corvée*. And so this usually most easy and agreeable of cicerones makes of his perfunctory visit three perverse paragraphs, in his *Wanderer in London,* in which, while he enumerates in a breathless list the chief treasures, the "priceless things," he paints so grim a picture of difficulties and discomforts, of restrictions and surveillance, of gloom and hostility, as to discourage any doubtful soul from venturing to follow him there. He really goes to lengths of language, he finds ingenious terms, he lays it on thick, and he seems to have enjoyed a thoroughly bad morning. One might laugh at the naughty references to "Sir John Soane's hotch-potch," to the "olla podrida," and "impedimenta" as snap-shot criticisms to which the abundance and diversity of the collections might, by a stretch, lend themselves to an extravagant humour; and it is true that the place being a not too greatly altered private residence is not over

light. But that he failed to feel the charm of the house, that he was not touched by the pervading personality of the donor, with whose home and intimate possessions we are made free, above all that he found the custodians a difficulty, that he could feel in their attitude anything but the quintessence of hospitality, that he could speak of them as "dampening influences," as "Cerberi!"—these surely are the distortions of an exaggerated mood.

When finally, urged on by the assurance of my respected friend that I was missing something rare and fine and special, I took my courage in both hands and resolved to brave the obstacles of which Mr. Lucas makes so much I was much upheld by an elusive reference to the museum tucked away somewhere in one of the novels of Henry James—a paragraph certainly inspired by a visit there, though he gives it no name—which exhales the subtle fragrance of the place as it revealed itself to the novelist and constitutes a very rich and vivid impression. And when I presented myself at the entrance of a house with an odd façade in the centre of the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields on one of the proper visiting days, I took in at the moment of the opening of the door by a liveried "man-servant" and still more at the first step into the library and dining-room, presided over by a charm-

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S LIBRARY AND DINING-ROOM.

ing old servitor before a blazing hearth fire, that the place was unusual.

It was not only that the room itself, which is a beautiful one, had taken on the colour of the morning—an exquisite morning in mid-October with a light, white fog hanging in the air and wrapping the trees of the Fields without in the lightest of veils: it was not only that the sun, filtering through the mist, was hovering in long, golden streaks over the grey floor of Sir John Soane's library, nor that the old gentleman before the fire laid aside his paper and stood at attention to do me honour. There was something more—a sort of spell upon the place that began to "get" me as I paused to write my name in the visitors' book—and I felt myself come into possession of the thing my friend had meant. There *was* an "atmosphere," there *was* a "charm."

The place, it came to me, was of that rare and special kind that might depend not at all, or but little, upon the articles of virtu decoratively disposed about the room, and which I knew would multiply as one passed through the door indicated as the route for visits; that even the Hogarths, for which the museum is famed and the less talked of but magnificent Watteau, fine as they are and so greatly enhanced by their comparative isolation

here, are not after all "the thing." The thing, I made out as the old servitor made me at home in the charming room, is the place itself—the setting of Sir John Soane's treasure, the atmosphere which he created about himself, the flavour of his personality that pervades the house, the tradition that is kept up.

Sir John Soane was the architect of the Bank of England. That distinction is inseparable from his name. It was through the influence of William Pitt the prime minister that Soane achieved it, in 1788, against numerous competitors and he held the post of architect *to* the Bank for forty-five years, retiring only a few years before his death. He was born in 1753 and died in 1837 and his long life covered a rich London period. One of the charms of his house is the evidence it bears of the appreciation which Sir John felt for his illustrious contemporaries. There are souvenirs both great and small of many of the big names of his day. Robert Adam, who transformed the earlier Georgian style of architecture into that which ever after has borne his name, was one of his chief gods and the house itself, which Soane rebuilt (1812-14) is an outcome of Adam's thesis, that the architecture of the private houses of the Greeks and Romans was quite distinct from that of their temples. This was an

artistic revolution involving the dethronement of Vitruvius! Soane, who was born at Whitchurch, near Reading, came to London in 1768, the year in which the Adam brothers began to build the Adelphi. He began his study of architecture in the atelier of George Dance, architect of Newgate Prison, and carried it on under Henry Holland, Jr., who built Claremont for Lord Clive and remodelled Carlton House for the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV). He was almost exactly contemporary with John Nash, the designer of Regent Street; Flaxman, Nollekins, and Chantrey; Reynolds and Lawrence; Sheraton, Chippendale, and Wedgwood were of his period and are represented in his collections. He was eleven yars old when Hogarth died and Turner was born in his early manhood.

There is a beautiful little medallion portrait of Inigo Jones, carved in ivory, which speaks for the owner's reverence for this remoter English architect, and he treasured Christopher Wren's watch. Such things "picked up" and loved by such a man and secured to posterity in his own house have an intimacy and significance which would be dissipated in the abstract air of an ordinary museum.

It is, perhaps, just because as a museum—a place for which the right things are bought regard-

less of sentiment, where schools are developed and series carried out, a place of severe classification, of labels and glass cases—it counts for so little, in a city rich in museums of first magnitude, that one finds it so blissful a place in which to lose oneself in an old and handsome quarter of the town. Soane's object was "the promotion of the study of architecture and the allied arts;" the curator is required by the founder to be an architect and the house is designed to exhibit the union of the arts. Soane called his house a "museum" in the pure sense of the word, a "temple of the muses," and the term, according to accepted usage, has become a misnomer and were the house to be named now it would probably be called merely The Soane House as the somewhat similar little temple in Gough Square is known as The Johnson House.

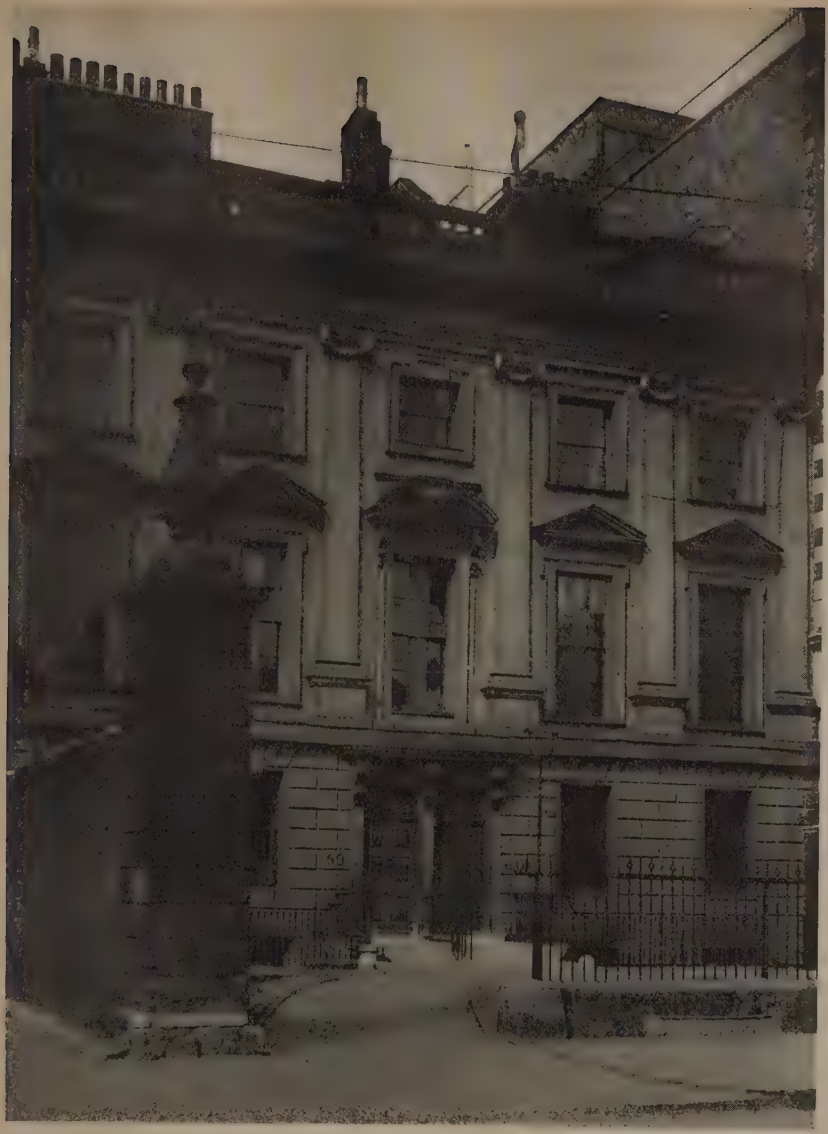
Lincoln's Inn Fields, the largest square of its kind in London, richly planted with noble trees, provides a luxurious and appropriate setting for Sir John Soane's House. The Fields enjoyed evil memories as a place of execution down to the time of James II. It was here that Lord Russell suffered unjustly on the charge of high treason, and here that Babington and other conspirators for Mary Queen of Scots were hung, drawn, and quartered on the ground where they used to meet and

"conferre of their traitorous purposes." James I employed Inigo Jones, who was surveyor of the works, to "reduce to uniformity" Lincoln's Inn Fields; and Inigo built some of the fashionable dwellings on the western side, of which, as we have seen, Lindsey House remains, though sadly altered, to speak for their magnificence. The legend inseparable from the history of the Fields is that the square was laid out on the exact dimensions of the base of the great pyramid—one of those hollow phrases which guides love to roll upon the tongue and with which they produce a certain effect. Horace Walpole, who seems to have believed it, thinks it "would have been admired in those ages when the keep of Kenilworth Castle was erected in the form of a horse-fetter, and the Escurial in the shape of St. Lawrence's gridiron."

Jones designed two squares in this then rural part of London—Covent Garden and Lincoln's Inn Fields. The elevations of the intended buildings in both, as made for Lord Arundel, the chief acting commissioner, are now preserved at Wilton—the ancient seat of the earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. But of what Jones intended for Lincoln's Inn Fields only the west side, "Arch Row," appears to have been built under his direction, and only the mansion of Robert Bertie, earl

of Lindsey, was brought to completion before the outbreak of the Civil War which terminated the reign of Charles I. Lindsey House stands in about the centre of "Arch Row" (Nos. 59 and 60) in a fair state of preservation. It is unmistakable because of its brick wall, which shuts it off from its neighbours on each side, ending in large square brick posts surmounted by stone urns and connected across the front by a handsome wrought iron railing upon which still are fixed the old lantern frames—there are three—so necessary in the days before the streets were lighted. There are gates at each side opening upon a semi-circular driveway leading up to the front steps.

The house, with its façade of stone and its piers of rubbed brick work, has been plastered over and painted yellow, but through the disguise are to be seen the six pilasters in the Ionic order, ornamented with wreaths or garlands on each capital. The house is now divided and two doors take the place of the one great one. Over the top is a handsome balustrade. Colin Campbell, who published the draught of it in the *Vitruvius Britannicus,* says that Inigo "designed it Anno 1640." But his dates are not to be relied on implicitly and it is probable that "Arch Row" and Covent Garden were inven-



Photograph by W. Whiffin.

LINDSEY HOUSE, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, BUILT FOR ROBERT BERTIE, EARL OF LINDSEY, BY INIGO JONES.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

NEWCASTLE HOUSE, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

tions of about the same epoch—somewhere between 1631 and 1640.

The adjoining house (Nos. 51 and 58), conspicuous for its little semi-circular portico, its pilastrade, its fine wrought-iron railing along the balcony of its first floor, has also suffered by being divided and turned into offices. It dates from after the Civil War, but obviously carries out Inigo's design, as does also No. 64 to which an additional storey has been added. No. 65 is a good stone façade of later date and No. 66, the fine old brick mansion at the corner of Great Queen Street, is the so-called Newcastle House, built in 1686 by the Marquis of Powis, who followed James II into exile. The duke of Newcastle, prime minister of George II, occupied it and gave the house its name. With its charming surface of old purple bricks, its stone facings, its double, curved stairway, its circular driveway, its fine old iron fence and bracket for the lamp in front the antiquity of this house is particularly convincing. The shields of its former owners are hung over the windows, while the arms of the duke of Newcastle embellish the space over the divided front door. Newcastle House extends out over the footway of Great Queen Street, a dark and picturesque arcade having been left for pedestrians.

Sir Godfrey Kneller occupied a house in Great Queen Street at the time that he was painting the beauties and personages of the court. The street itself was named for Henrietta-Maria, consort of Charles I, and the houses of "Arch Row" used to bear traces of the roses and fleurs-de-lys with which they were ornamented in honour of the king and his French queen. The earl of Portsmouth lived at the other end of the square in a house built by Inigo Jones and from this circumstance Portsmouth Street takes its name; while Portugal Street, into which it leads, was so called in honour of Catherine of Braganza, the infanta of Portugal, consort of Charles II. In later times Tennyson, John Foster, Thomas Campbell, Blackstone, Spencer Perceval, Lord Erskine, Milton, and Nell Gwyn lived in the old houses on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Pepys speaks of going to see the walks laid out in 1663, and mentions that about that year his friend Lord Sandwich took a house there at £250 per annum—"a fine house but deadly dear." Sir G. Carteret, who appears frequently through the pages of the *Diary*, and Lord Belasyse took houses in the Fields, as well as Mr. Povy, with whom Mr. Pepys went home to dinner on May 29, 1664, and enjoyed extraordinary cheer, after dinner "going

up and down to see his house". He notes a room floored with woods of several colours and was much impressed with a grotto and wine vault, with a well for keeping the bottles cool, and by "his furniture of all sorts; his bath at the top of the house; good pictures; his manner of eating and drinking" which surpassed all that the enthusiastic Pepys had ever seen.

One of the royal theatres which sprang up after the Restoration, made the southern side of the square a place known to all the gay society which flocked about Charles II and the duke of York. Pepys himself went there so often as to make his wife "as mad as the devil." It was at this theatre, supplanted now by the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, that *The Beggar's Opera* was first performed, in 1728, with the bewitching Lavinia Fenton as *Polly Peachum*. Hogarth painted her in the rôle and the portrait hangs in the Tate Gallery with the same painter's *Scene from The Beggar's Opera,* as played on the stage of this theatre. The characters are all portraits and among the spectators appears, first from the right, the duke of Bolton whom Lavinia Fenton captivated in this part and afterwards married. The frame is said to have been designed by the painter and contains a carved portrait of Gay.

The gardens continued to be a favourite haunt of thieves and a resort for duelists until their enclosure, in 1735, although so many fine houses had been built to face them. In Sardinia Street, which runs west from the southwest angle of the square, lived Benjamin Franklin in the lodgings described in his autobiography. Sometimes when kept at home in the evening by his gout he was invited to spend the evening with his landlady. On these occasions, he writes, "our supper was only half an anchovy each on a very little slice of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us: but the entertainment was her conversation." Franklin was then working as a printer in Great Wild Street, now across Kingsway, but the cutting through of this broad thoroughfare has sadly disturbed these old associations.

The neighbourhood, which was at the height of its popularity during the time of the Stuarts was still very desirable when, in 1792, Sir John Soane built his first house in "Holborn Row"—the name first given to the north side of the square—and its exclusive character was not encroached upon till many years later. Sir John was annoyed when some legal people took No. 14 for chambers, in 1824, whereas he thought they were to be private residents. The gardens, after their enclosure, were

Photograph Copyright National Gallery.

HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT OF LAVINIA FENTON AS *POLLY PEACHUM*.
1728. TATE GALLERY.

Copyright Photograph National Gallery.

SCENE FROM *THE BEGGAR'S OPERA* AS PLAYED AT THE LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS THEATRE, IN 1728. PAINTED BY WILLIAM HOGARTH. TATE GALLERY.

kept locked and it was only about twenty years ago that the householders' rights in them were bought off and the Fields were made a place of public recreation.

Soane's first house adjoins the present museum on the left; he occupied it for a number of years before taking over No. 13 and the house next it on the other side, both of which he rebuilt. As it now stands the museum includes the whole of the middle house and the back portions of the adjoining houses, which accounts for the "labyrinthine" effect complained of by Dr. Waagen, but which a more tolerant view finds amusingly mysterious and artful. In spite of their gradual growth the uniformity of style throughout makes the three houses appear all of one date.

The installation of the pictures, sculptures, the objects of art, the 8,000 volumes of architectural, antiquarian, classic, and works of general literature, which compose the library, the thousands of architectural and topographical drawings, is ingenious and afforded Sir John an absorbing hobby for his advancing years, for everything is as he planned and left it. The walls of the Picture Room are cleverly made of movable panels which swing out on hinges and amplify by several times the visible amount of wall space for pictures, while

throughout the house the utilizing of every inch of room for the display of the innumerable objects in the collection is amusing and extraordinary. After he had perfected the arrangement Sir John wrote a description of the house as a record of its final condition and nothing is ever disturbed.

As an architect in the employ of the government many curious things came naturally into the possession of the collector, such as the four Gothic corbels adorning the front of the house which are relics of the north front of the old Westminster Hall of Richard II's building; the finely carved pilaster capital and entablature of wood from the interior of the earlier Bank, built by Sir Robert Taylor; and the eagles and Prince of Wales's feathers from Carlton House, demolished towards the close of our architect's life. Soane had a natural affection for Carlton House, as the architect of its reconstruction, Henry Holland Jr., had been his friend and in a sense his preceptor, for he entered his office at seventeen and there imbibed many of his classic ideals. He admired Carlton House and wrote of it as a "superb structure, with the noble portico in front and one of the most classical vestibules in Europe, leading in to a highly decorated staircase and suite of magnificent apart-

ments." It must have been a grief to him to see an edifice which had been so beautified in his early manhood destroyed in his old age.

That Soane delighted in picking up such intimate bits of old London buildings the museum bears every evidence, but its most valuable feature is that it is in a sense a record of the contemporary art of the collector's own time. The Flaxman circle, John Britton, the antiquary and publisher, Chantrey, the sculptor, and C. H. Tatham, the architect, were all not only represented themselves in the collections but had a hand in its formation by calling Soane's attention to "finds" of their own that they thought worthy of a place in the museum. Soane's foresight as a collector has proved extraordinary, particularly in the matter of the Hogarths and the magnificent Egyptian sarcophagus, discovered by Belzoni in 1816 and offered to the British Museum, which would now presumably be glad to acquire it at many times the £2000 for which they might have had it a century ago and for which Sir John secured it. The Adam drawings and the Flaxman models, of which the museum has a number, are possessions of unique interest and value, and the Watteau, if not superior to any of the little masterpieces of that painter's in the Wallace Collection, is quite their equal.

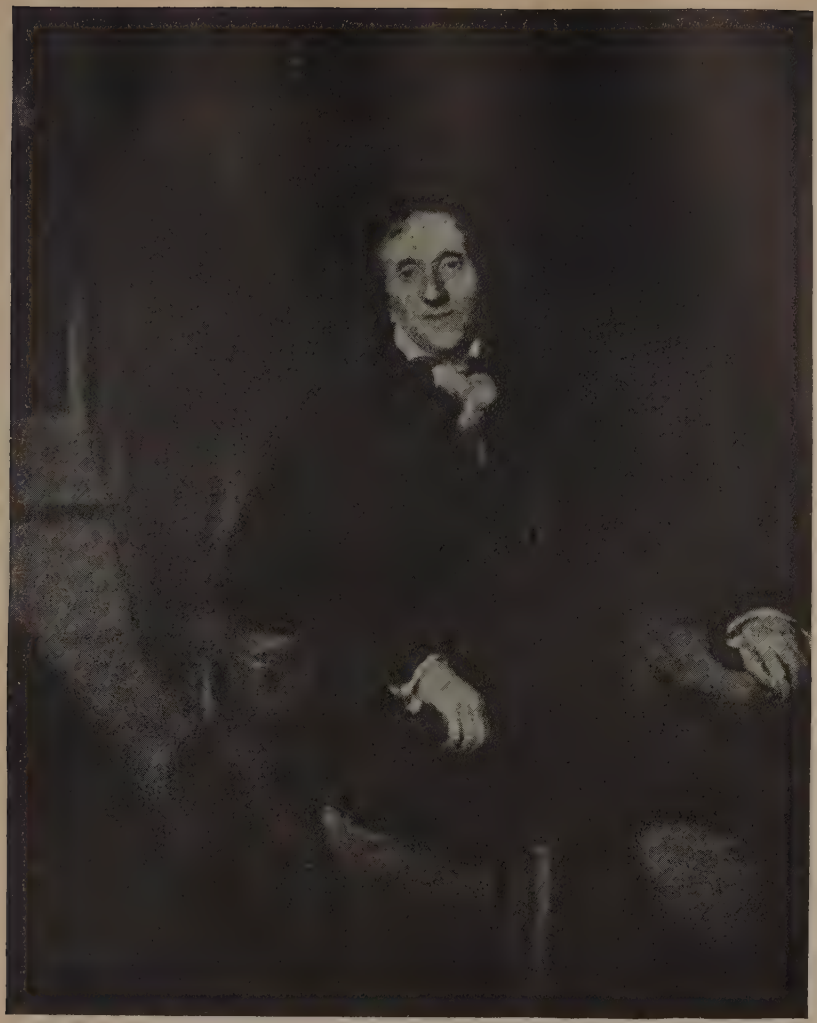
The Hogarths are of course the outstanding feature of the museum. There are twelve, including the celebrated series called *The Rake's Progress* and the almost equally famous series known as *The Election.* These are works which would add immensely to the interest of either the Tate or the National Galleries. Hogarth made a success of rather a stupid idea—the painting of a subject in a number of scenes, as a sort of continued story on canvas. Had he been less of a genius, or had he had to please any other public than the English, the banality of his notion would have done for him as a painter; but he appealed immensely to the popular taste and the work was most beautifully done. Edmund J. Sullivan, in his *The Art of Illustration,* compares Hogarth to Bunyan: "two curiously prosaic minds stringing their facts together on the thread of a moral and dramatic idea, and both peculiarly English in the compromise." Mr. Sullivan suggests the interesting theory that the English love of a story-telling picture may date from Hogarth—I wonder, or was Hogarth merely pot-boiling along the lines of popular taste?

All the story of the pictures the custodian of the Picture Room will delight to unfold to any listening ear. He will show Handel at the piano and Orlando Bridgeman, a fashionable landscape

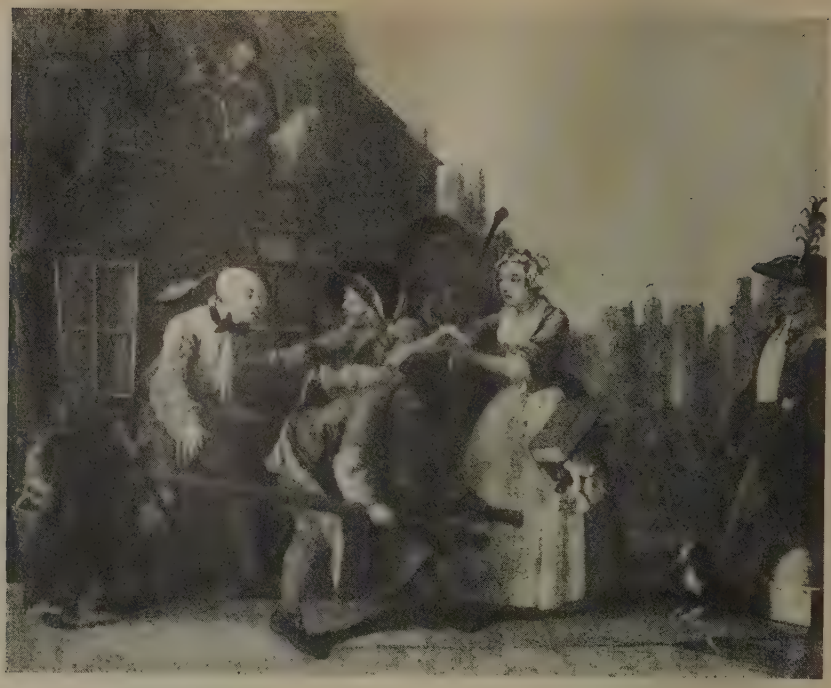
gardener, in the rake's *Levée;* he will point out the Rose Tavern, Covent Garden, in *The Orgy;* and will explain that the Welsh gentleman and one of the bailiffs in *The Arrest* wear leeks in their hats because the rake's arrest took place on St. David's Day and St. David was a Welsh saint. Queen Charlotte was born on St. David's Day and the rake, who is arrested at the top of St. James's Street, was on his way to a levée, in honour of the queen's birthday, at the palace, which is visible in the distance.

The pictures indeed are full of detail of this kind, which while it detracted from the paintings was invaluable to the engravings made from them —for it was by the sale of the prints that Hogarth reaped the reward of his labours. There was no sale for the series pictures and they were usually raffled off. The four pictures composing *The Election* series, an amusing and faithful commentary upon the open bribery and corruption of the XVIIIth century, were, by exception, purchased of the painter by David Garrick for 200 guineas. They hung in the house in Adelphi Terrace and Soane bought them at the sale of Mrs. Garrick's effects in 1823 for 1650 guineas, from which we glean an idea of the advance in Hogarths fifty-odd years after his death.

A small stairway outside the Picture Room leads down to the basement where a room is devoted to the chief archæological treasure of the museum, the Belzoni sarcophagus, a superb relic of that Valley of the Kings on the site of ancient Thebes, which has recently yielded discoveries of such importance. Of utmost historical significance, the Belzoni sarcophagus dates back to over 3000 years ago and was the casket which enclosed the remains of Seti I, a king of Egypt in about 1370 B.C. The material is a single piece of alabaster, or aragonite, and the sarcophagus, which is between nine and ten feet long and wide in proportion, is covered both inside and out with an illustrated legend taken from an ancient Egyptian religious work known as *The Book of the Gates.* These hieroglyphics, deciphered by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, who has written a monograph on the sarcophagus, relate the story of the journey of the soul after death and describe "Tuat," the underworld of the Egyptians, which is supposed to consist of a long, narrow valley, divided into twelve sections identified with the twelve hours of the night. A river flows through Tuat and the pictures, accompanying the text, show the boat of the sun making its way from one end of the valley to the other. On the inside bottom of the sar-



SIR JOHN SOANE, R.A. FROM A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., IN SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.



THE ARREST. FROM *THE RAKE'S PROGRESS* BY WILLIAM HOGARTH, SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.

cophagus are boldly incised the outlines of the goddess Nut, to whose keeping the body of the king was committed.

But I shall not dwell too long upon the exhibits contained in this delightful house; they are for the most part not of a kind that call for enumeration, but are good to browse amongst, especially as they show the tastes and personality of the collector, even perhaps more than that singularly revealing portrait of Sir John Soane, at the age of seventy-six years, by Thomas Lawrence, which hangs over the mantlepiece in the dining-room. Mr. Lucas in surveying the "hotch-potch" thought Soane acquisitive merely—I think he was a real "amateur," he was a "liker," he made the most of his opportunities, and, as I have said, the collection viewed from the personal angle has much point. He framed and proudly exhibited autographic letters of Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren; he kept in the little study a medallion portrait of Flaxman, modelled by himself when a boy, and the tiny ivory medallion of Inigo; he possessed Wren's watch, a gift to the architect of St. Paul's from Queen Anne and embellished with her monogram surmounted by a crown. The watch is in itself a fine piece of workmanship and was made

by Langley Bradley, who made the clock of St. Paul's.

In the dining-room, opposite the host's portrait, is a beautiful Reynolds, the original *Snake in the Grass,* bequeathed by Sir Joshua to his niece Miss Mary Palmer, afterwards marchioness of Thomond; at the sale of her effects in 1821, Soane purchased it for 510 guineas. There is a replica in the Tate Gallery and there was another at the Hermitage. Soane, I fancy, treasured more intimately two of Reynold's sketchbooks displayed in the Library, and no doubt loved to handle the chessmen on the centre table in the dining-room, designed by his friend Flaxman and executed by Wedgwood in jasper ware. These are specimens from three sets—choice pieces selected by the sculptor to keep for himself; and were presented to Sir John by Miss Maria Denman, Flaxman's sister-in-law. A beautiful little medallion portrait of Handel, attributed to Roubiliac, who made the composer's tomb in the Abbey, is discoverable in the basement not far from "the Flaxman Recess" which contains a little museum of models and originals.

Each room is presided over by its special custodian. If the ramifications of the house create an illusion of more space than there is, the custodians

in turn do their utmost to stretch their several domains. The most fortunate one is the keeper of the Picture Room, who holds in reserve his magic walls and secret panels with which to astonish his visitors; the guard of the Breakfast Room inhabits a pleasant spot with a spherical ceiling decorated with a number of small circular mirrors and containing two charming portraits of Napoléon, another of Sir John's distinguished contemporaries. The North and South Drawing-rooms upstairs, though beautiful in themselves, contained for me no exhibit more interesting than the guardian, who having served forty years at the South Kensington Museum, is rounding out a useful old age in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I found him a link between the actual and the legendary London of the older writers and his reminiscences of an untamed London corroborated much of the Dickens glamour. He told me about what he called "the human amusements" of his boyhood, when a shilling bought the best seat at a "sing-song" (the precursor of the music-hall) presided over by a "chairman" who announced the features of the programme amidst roars of approval from an audience who came to enjoy themselves and were not to be thwarted of their purpose. The Villiers Cinema, he told me, had degenerated from

a celebrated "singsong" where a famous "lion comique," whom he named, had entertained all London, into a music-hall and now a picture house! To what base uses may we return! He had walked under Temple Bar, he knew all about Wych Street and Drury Lane before Kingsway and Aldwych destroyed all the infamous little streets of that locality, he had seen the iniquities of Took's Court, and fled palpitating from the Seven Dials. He had a way of naming these places that made the mouth water and he solemnly assured me that "London is *nothing* now."

They form quite one of the charms of the Soane Museum, this little company of hosts. They seem to be there to keep alive and to represent the spirit of the departed master. Their manner is exactly what it might be if the master were alive and in the house or likely to return at any moment. I am sure it indicates a place where people as well as things have been appreciated. They take you in, these old dears, they potter about, they sound the note, they make the most of their small field, they show it off, they pass you along from one to another, they "recommend" you, and they see you to the door and bow you out with such warmth and geniality and hope so hospitably that you will come again! One feels one must go again if only to make sure of them—the Cerberi!

CHAPTER XX

ROUND THE WALLS: PRE-FIRE CHURCHES

If I hover long upon the brink of the City, like a bather hesitating before the prospect of a plunge, it is not only because of the fear of getting in out of my depth—though that too—but that the brink is so full of extraordinarily interesting remains of a time anterior to the date of the rebuilt City, so utterly gutted by the Fire. The Fire destroyed the central and southern portions of the City so that the few buildings which survived it and which are still standing are all to be found in the north and east; and it is an arresting thought that the oldest part of London is several centuries more modern, as to existing buildings, than a certain ragged fringe of antiquities which border it, some standing just within and others just without the boundary once marked by the City wall.

The Fire started in Pudding Lane, near London Bridge, on the 2nd of September, 1666. The Monument marks the site of the bake-shop where

the trouble began which was to wreck the town, and, as the wind was in the east, the path of the flames was westward to the Temple; St. Paul's became the centre of devastation, as it was afterwards the pivot of the new London erected over the ruins, and St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, marks the point where the Fire was checked on the north. It swept over nearly the whole of London within the walls, destroyed the gates, the cathedral, the Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, burned up fifty of the Companies' Halls, ninety-three parish churches and chapels, and laid waste thirteen thousand dwelling houses. Passing Ludgate it swept throughout the length of Fleet Street as far as the Inner Temple, reducing to ashes, or nearly so, as Evelyn records, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paules Chaine, Watling Street, while "the stones of Paules flew like granados, y^{e} mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages so that no help could be applied." It was not until it had "crossed towards Whitehall" that the blowing up of houses on the outskirts of the Fire was resorted to. "This," says Evelyn, "some stout seamen propos'd early enough

to have saved neer y^e^ whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, etc., would not permitt because their houses must have ben of the first." It was not until the fourth day that owing to these vigorous measures and to the abating of the wind the fury of the Fire began to subside. The ruins covered four hundred and thirty-six acres, and of the twenty-six wards fifteen were utterly destroyed and eight others left shattered and half burnt.

The City within the walls bordered the Thames from Tower Hill to the Fleet, or in modern terms from Tower Bridge to Blackfriars. The Bank stands about in the centre of the old City, and London Wall, with its fragment of the actual Roman construction, marks the northern boundary. The gates of the City, Aldgate, for the east; Aldersgate, for the north; Ludgate, for the west; and Bridgegate, for the south; as well as the gate next the Tower (commonly called the Postern), Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Cripplegate, and Newgate have all disappeared. The last of them were taken down in the year 1760, when Aldgate, Ludgate, and Cripplegate were sold to a carpenter for the value of the materials and fetched altogether just over £300: but though the gates were destroyed the sites were kept track of in the names

of the streets which led to them and so, in making the circuit of the City starting at Tower Bridge, the way crosses Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, Newgate, and Ludgate. St. John's Gateway, Clerkenwell, which is often confused with the gates of London is not one of them being outside the walls, but was the southern entrance to the old Priory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

While in the heart of the City there is practically nothing visible of earlier date than a few years after the Fire, the extent of that disaster may be traced by the series of ancient buildings, contemporary with the older, destroyed London, which stand isolated in bizarre patches upon the border land and are to be counted as the most eloquent of the City's monuments. Each has its history of escape and two at least were "licked by the flames." The Fire ceased within a few feet of the chancel of Temple Church as it swept westward, and we have Mr. Pepys's word that it was quenched on its eastern extremity at Barking Church, only the dial and part of the porch of that building being burnt.

Making a tour of the walls by stages marked by the old gates we shall find material enough to fill an afternoon in the first part of the walk—be-

ALL HALLOWS BARKING. THE FONT COVER, ATTRIBUTED TO GRINLING GIBBONS, REPRODUCED FROM *LONDON CHURCHES OF THE XVII AND XVIII CENTURIES*. BY GEORGE H. BIRCH, F.S.A., BY PERMISSION OF B. T. BATSFORD, LTD., LONDON.

tween the Postern and Aldgate. Starting at Tower Bridge the route descends Tower Hill to the Minories and follows, in the order named, Circus, Vine Street, crosses America Square to Vine Street again, follows India Street, Jewry Street, to Aldgate, now a short thoroughfare leading on to Whitechapel and East London. Leaving aside the question of the Tower itself, to which all visitors I take it go without much delay on reaching London, there are the two pre-Fire churches of All Hallows Barking and St. Olave's Hart Street and the tower of All Hallows Staining, just at the foot of Tower Hill.

All Hallows Barking was founded by the nuns of Barking Abbey, seven miles distant, and was the burial place of many who were executed on Tower Hill. Here the headless bodies of the earl of Surrey, bishop Fisher, and Archbishop Laud were deposited temporarily to be interred later elsewhere. Archbishop Laud was buried beneath the altar by his steward, George Snayth, in 1644, and in 1663 was disinterred and removed to the chapel of St. John's College, Oxford. The parish register reveals that William Penn, the Quaker, was baptised in this church on October 23, 1644 and that here, on July 26, 1797, John Quincy Adams was married to Louisa Catharine Johnson.

The Foundation of All Hallows Barking goes back to the VIIth century. The present church is chiefly Perpendicular and its interior is full of charm and character. It is famous for its collection of monumental brasses, which is finer than any other London church can boast; for the sword rests of three Lord Mayors over the Corporation Pew; and for its magnificent font cover, carved by Grinling Gibbons. Of the brasses the oldest is in the south aisle and marks the grave of William Tonge; its date is 1389. The finest is a Flemish brass of 1536 in the nave, in front of the litany desk; it is in memory of Andrewe Evyngar, citizen and salter, and his wife Ellyn, and as Evyngar was from Antwerp it is thought that this brass was made there. The upper part of the monument reveals the Virgin with the dead Christ across her knees. On the right are the arms of the Salters' Company, on the left those of the Merchant Adventurers of Hamburg. The figures of the deceased appear in the lower portion and the symbols of the four evangelists are carved upon the angles of the inscription. Another fine brass is that of William Thynne, "chefe clerk of the kechyn" to Henry VIII, who "departed from the prison of his frayle body" in 1546. William Thynne edited the first edition of the works of Chaucer, in 1532, and

dedicated them to Henry VIII. In his portrait he wears the chain which was the badge of court officers, for he was clerk of the kitchen, clerk of the green cloth, and master of the household to Henry VIII.

The steeple of All Hallows Barking was the one into which Mr. Pepys climbed to view "the saddest sight of desolation" that ever he saw, when the Fire was still raging and destruction was spread as far as he could see it. This little neighbourhood about the Monument, its sloping streets dipping to Billingsgate or rising to London Bridge or the Tower, has particular attraction for readers of Mr. Pepys, whose activities chiefly centred here. He lived in Seething Lane, at the foot of Great Tower Hill during the time that he kept the *Diary,* and the Navy Office, which was the scene of his professional duties, was in Crutched Friars. As the river was his highway we see him coming and going constantly to its banks near London Bridge, taking his boat for Westminster or for those frequent trips to Deptford or Woolwich, of which there is so much mention in the *Diary,* or leaving it upon returning contrite after escapades.

That this most intensely alive of all Londoners should have watched the beginnings of the Fire from his own windows in Seething Lane is natural

enough, not only because it started in his own immediate locality but because he never missed anything of interest. So his pages about the Fire are vividly alive and full of local colour. It was "Jane," one of those alluring serving maids of the Pepys's household, that called the master up "at three in the morning" on the fatal September 2nd, but though he thought the blaze "at the back side of Mark Lane," which is but one street distant, he "being unused to such fires as followed" thought it "far enough off" and so went back to bed and to sleep. But in the morning Jane reported "300 houses burned and the fire burning down all Fish Street by London Bridge;" so Mr. Pepys made himself ready and walked to the Tower and there, getting up on one of the high places, saw the houses at the end of the bridge all on fire and "an infinite great fire at the end of the bridge." In an hour's time he saw the fire "rage every way and nobody try to quench it but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible even to the very stones of the churches." He saw "the poor steeple of St. Lawrence Poultney take fire at the very top and there burned till it fell down."

It was on the morning of September 5 that

Pepys was again roused by new "cryes of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is at the bottom of our lane." Upon this he took his wife and his gold and "W. Hewer" and "Jane" down to Woolwich for safety, but upon his return found both his own house and the Office safe and "good stop given to the fire at Mark Lane by the blowing up of houses and the great helpe of the workmen out of the King's yards sent up by Sir W. Penn (the father of the Quaker). It was then that Pepys climbed to the top of Barking steeple, but frightened by the sight of the "oyle-cellars and brimstone and other things burning" he "became afeard to stay there long and therefore down again" as fast as he could, the Fire spread as far as he could see it.

Great violence has been done to this neighbourhood in making room for the Port of London Building, but Pepys's memory is honoured by the creation of "Pepys Street," from which the great structure is entered, and of the demolitions the London Museum preserves some doorways of Seething Lane that may have resembled Pepys's. Walking through to the corner of Hart Street one discovers the interesting church of St. Olave, the diarist's "owne church," so frequently mentioned, and where he was buried (1703) with his wife and

his brother Tom, just under his mother's pew. The church is of old foundation but dates in its present form from the XVth century. It was extensively repaired in the reign of Charles I. It is one of several churches in London dedicated to the Norwegian who assisted Ethelred the Unready against the Danes. Though one of the smallest churches in the City its interior is most picturesque being rich in monuments and relics of old iron work that have survived restoration. The memorial to Samuel Pepys was not erected until 1884 and was unveiled by the late James Russell Lowell.

In Seething Lane there still stands the strange old "Gate of the Dead," making an entrance to the churchyard of St. Olave's and recording the grim history of the Plague in its ornamentation. The churchyard was one of those used for burial during that time and Pepys, attending service after a long interval, speaks of his fear at seeing "so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard." (January 30, 1665-6.)

The fine old tower of All Hallows Staining stands in a little park composed of its own churchyard now become a garden to the Hall of the Clothworkers' Company, in Mincing Lane. The tower is completely hidden away behind the modernity of

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

GATE OF THE DEAD, SEETHING LANE.

Fenchurch Street, from which it may be reached by the smallest of openings, called Star Alley, an L shaped passage connecting Fenchurch Street and Mark Lane. This is one of the earliest relics of London churches that escaped the Fire and the church to which it was attached, now pulled down, is said to have been the one where Elizabeth gave thanks upon her deliverance from the Tower. This interesting fragment stands in a hole several feet below the present level, which gives it a curiously squat effect, in a dreary ill-kept garden where four trees, covered with grime and soot, struggle to maintain life, and a half hearted attempt at cultivation seems to have been abandoned in its early stages. There are some few tombs but, the whole enclosure having been railed off and padlocked, their legends are not to be read. The tower has an octagonal turret enclosing a spiral staircase and square apertures for light, but the view from the top, however extensive in contemporary days, would now be nothing.

Returning to Fenchurch Street at its junction with Leadenhall Street, just before Aldgate, stands Aldgate Pump a curious relic of village life built over the famous well dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel. A monastery, the Holy Trinity, occupied the lands near Aldgate and a Chapel of St.

Michael belonging to it stood near the well and was used by pilgrims leaving the City by this gate who sought there divine protection for their journey. The ancient crypt of this chapel lies under Aldgate, or perhaps has been interfered with by the Underground; at any rate the entrances to it have been blocked up.

Step back into Jewry—you see a quaint old shop (No. 7), where "sacks, bags, ropes, twine, tents, canvas" are sold at wholesale, retail and for export, which shows the type of house which fringed the border of London before the Fire. It is built of brick and timber and was erected about 1650. It bears upon its second story a parish boundary mark of St. Catharine Cree placed there in 1863 while next door is a still older one of the same parish.

Between Aldgate and Bishopsgate the wall ran in the line of the present Duke Street, Bevis Marks, and Camomile Street. On the left hand side of Bevis Marks, in a courtyard enclosed by a fine old gate, is the oldest synagogue in London, founded in 1679 by the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and not far from the line of the ancient wall are four of the Pre-Fire churches—St. Catharine Cree, St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Ethelburga, and St. Helen Bishopsgate.

St. Catharine Cree was rebuilt by Inigo Jones

under the personal supervision of Archbishop Laud shortly before the Fire and is an interesting souvenir of the troublous career of Laud, who suffered for his convictions on Tower Hill. He was, at the time that this church was remodelled, bishop of London and the ceremonies of the consecration (January 26, 1631), described by Prynne, created a scandal and furnished the chief evidence of the Popish inclinations which led to his downfall and execution. The church is architecturally interesting as one of the several attempts at Gothic made by Inigo in early Stuart times and usually signalized as King James's Gothic. Neither Jones nor Wren was successful in this revival. The church which Inigo rebuilt was also part of the convent of the Holy Trinity and was called Christ Church, whence comes the curious corruption, "Cree", attached to the name of the saint to whom the new building was dedicated. In the old church Holbein, who died of the Plague at the duke of Norfolk's house in Aldgate, was interred, though no stone marks the spot. The handsome tomb (1570) of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, father-in-law of Sir Walter Raleigh, was also saved from the older church, and forms the chief ornament of the present edifice. This distinguished Londoner, from whom Throgmorton Street takes its name,

served under Henry VIII and died under Elizabeth. He was cup-bearer to Catharine Parr, served in Scotland under Protector Somerset, was privy-councillor under Edward VI, and "one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer and Ambassador lieger to the Queen's Majesty Queen Elizabeth, in France."

The chief interest of the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, at the corner of Leadenhall Street and St. Mary Axe, not far from the line of the wall, is the tomb of John Stow, London's historiographer, buried in this place on April 8, 1605. The monument, of Derbyshire marble and alabaster, represents Stow, pen in hand sitting in his study writing in a book upon his desk. Above is the motto: *Aut Scribenda agere aut legenda scribere.* The memorial was restored by the Merchant Tailors' Company on the three hundredth anniversary of Stow's death, for Stow too was a tailor. His *Survey of London* is an authority consulted by later writers on London and his *Chronicles of England,* now in the British Museum, fills sixty quarto volumes. Stow lived near the well in Aldgate, devoted his life to the study of his subject and the compilation of this record of London, yet in his old age the most that he could obtain from

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

ST. ETHELBURGA, BISHOPSGATE.

James I was a license to beg, and he died in great poverty.

St. Andrew Undershaft is picturesque in the Perpendicular style and dates from the early XVIth century. The name, Undershaft, refers to the ancient custom of erecting a Maypole before the south door. It is Stow himself who recounts how the shaft, being higher than the little tower of the church, was pulled down on "Evil May Day" in the reign of Henry VIII, but hanging in Shaft Alley for many years was not destroyed until the third year of Edward VI's reign, when, upon the reproach that it had been made an idol by the parish, it was sawn in pieces and burned.

Near the site of Bishopsgate, within the walls, is the tiny church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, dedicated to the first abbess of Barking, the daughter of Ethelbert, king of Kent, converted to Christianity by St. Augustine. The inconspicuous entrance is between houses and an antique shop has clung to its porch like a barnacle. The interior is very small and quaint, divided into a nave of four bays and an aisle by pointed arches supported by thin pillars. The sanctuary is separated from the nave by a beautiful rood screen of carved wood in delicate tracery and the light comes through high windows in the clerestory. It was in

this church that Hudson, the explorer, and his followers received the sacrament before embarking on one of their voyages in search of the northwest passage.

Great St. Helen's Place, a few steps farther along Bishopsgate Within, contains one of the greatest of the Pre-Fire churches, St. Helen Bishopsgate, a curious fragment of mediæval London and one of the most convincing antiquities of the City. Its dedication to St. Helen has led to the belief that this church was originally one of the memorial churches established by Constantine in honour of his mother at the time of the Roman occupation. The Priory of St. Helen, which until comparatively recent years adjoined the church, was founded about the year 1212, in the reign of King John, and the close connection between the two accounts for the peculiar features of this church which give it so strongly individual a character. The interior is exceedingly dark and, being several feet lower than the level of the outside street, is furnished within the entrance by a sort of porch, somewhat similar to the inner porch that is so beautiful a feature of the cathedral of St. Denis. From this inner porch a flight of steps leads down into the nave. There are in fact two parallel naves, one belonging to the parish church

and the other remaining from the church of the Benedictine nunnery, the two separated only by an arcade of six bays with Perpendicular arches. Services are held in the nave of the parish church, while the other part, empty and vast, and colloquially known as "the Void," used to be reserved for funerals. The choir is raised above the nave by a few steps and from it open two chantries or chapels of considerable archæological interest and containing a number of handsome tombs and funeral stones and a few brasses. In the north wall, of the nun's church, is a hagioscope or "squint," relic of the priory, through which nuns in the cloister could obtain a view of the high altar. This cloister has long since been removed.

St. Helen's is sometimes called the Westminster Abbey of the City, on account of its magnificent tombs covering the remains of distinguished citizens or serving as memorials to them; a great many monuments were added to the church in 1874 when St. Martin Outwich was destroyed. Amongst the more imposing of the tombs is one raised to honour Sir John Spencer (1609) against the south wall of the nave of the parish church, near the entrance. Upon it the recumbent effigies of Sir John and his wife, Alicia Bromfeld, repose under a double canopy, while their daughter, wearing an enormous

crinoline, kneels at a desk at their feet. This monument is in alabaster; it was erected by Lord Northampton to his "well-deserving father-in-law." The beautiful canopied tomb in the renaissance style, to the left of the altar is that of Sir William Pickering, who stood in such high favour with Queen Elizabeth that he was even thought of as a possible suitor for her. He was "famous in learning, arts, and warfare," and died at Pickering House, in St. Mary Axe, in 1574. On the other side of the altar is the tomb of Sir John Crosby and his wife Anneys, erected in 1475. Sir John, who was "Grocer and Woolman," is represented here in his alderman's mantle with a collar of suns and roses, the badge of the House of York, around his neck; the wife wears a great headdress. Sir John Crosby was the builder of the great hall of Crosby Place, which stood from 1466 until recent years where is now the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China (No. 38 Bishopsgate Within), but has been removed to Chelsea. The mansion was occupied by Richard III when duke of Gloucester and by Sir Thomas More, and with the exception of the hall was destroyed by fire in the XVIIth century. Shakespeare, who at one time resided in the parish of St. Helen's, introduces Crosby Hall as the place where Richard in-

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

DOORWAY, ST. HELEN BISHOPSGATE.

duced Anne of Warwick to wait for him after the funeral of Henry VI, and he mentions it again in his play of *Richard III*—so a modern window was erected to the poet in 1884.

The fate of this magnificent relic of pre-Fire London appears still to tremble in the balance. Once the setting of king's banquets it now stands behind a sordid wall of corrugated iron, plastered with advertisements, and its fine south door and exquisite oriel window look sadly upon the unkempt space inside the hoardings. In the XVIIth century it was the residence of the renowned countess of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and later served as a prison for Royalists during the Civil War. During the last of its years in Bishopsgate it became a popular restaurant. When the property was bought by the bank, which now occupies the site, the hall was taken to pieces and removed to a portion of More's garden, in Chelsea overlooking the river, and during the war it was useful as the headquarters of the Chelsea circle of hospitality to the Belgian refugees. At this time Henry James wrote of it: "This great private structure, though of the grandest civic character, dating from the XVth century, and one of the noblest relics of the past that London could show, was held a few years back so to encumber the precious acre

or more on which it stood that it was taken to pieces in the candid commercial interest and in order that the site it had so long sanctified should be converted to such uses as would stuff out still further the ideal number of private pockets. Dismay and disgust were unable to save it; the most that could be done was to gather in with tenderness of care its innumerable constituent parts and convey them into safer conditions, where a sad defeated piety has been able to re-edify them into some semblance of the original majesty."

The chapel of the Virgin, at St. Helen's, next the altar, is literally paved with brasses of the XVth and XVIth centuries and the centre is occupied by the tomb of John de Oteswich and Mary his wife, founders of the church of St. Martin Outwich from which so many of these tombs have come. In the choir of the nun's church the noble altar tomb is that of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange. It bears the simple inscription, "Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, buried December 15, 1579." Above hangs his helmet, carried at his funeral. Many of the interesting details of this church date from reparations executed about the year 1631 by Inigo Jones. To this date are attributed the porch doors, the pews, the altar piece, communion rails, etc.

The Dutch Church Austin Friars is reached by a gateway near the junction of Broad Street and Throgmorton Street in an atmosphere much affected by the near-by stock exchange. Through these narrow streets and passages, which speak of an older London, the hatless stockbrokers' clerks are constantly hastening to and fro on their mysterious errands. There is a date, 1253, on the outside of the old stone church which stands so oddly here, and which was once part of the Priory of the Austin Friars, founded by Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford and Essex. The strikingly handsome building with its long range of pointed windows, its magnificent western front, its elegantly clustered columns within, gives but an incomplete idea of the splendour of this habitation of the barefoot friars; the spire, which formed "the beautifullest and rarest spectacle" in London and the sumptuous tombs and fittings of the great interior have been removed. After the dissolution of the priory the place fell to the marquis of Winchester and it was he who destroyed the steeple and the choir and sold the rich tombs for £100. These tombs included the monuments to Edmond, half brother to Richard III; Humphrey Bohun, the founder; Richard the great earl of Arundel; Surrey and Warren, beheaded in 1397; Vere, earl of

Oxford, beheaded in 1463; the lords barons slain at Barnet, in 1471; and Edward Bohun, duke of Buckingham, beheaded in 1521. The interior then, lacking its choir, is simply the nave of the original building; yet its spaciousness, even in its denuded state, is impressive. Edward VI granted the church to the Dutch in London; they still own it, and the floor is paved with beautiful funeral stones carved with the coats of arms and escutcheons of the notables of this nation who lie buried here.

Practically the whole of the northern boundary of the ancient City, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, lies along London Wall, in which street various fragments of the wall itself come to light. We enter it from Bishopsgate by way of Wormwood Street and come almost at once to the little church of All Hallows in the Wall, of which the vestry is believed to occupy the site of a bastion of the Roman city wall. Further along is a visible piece of the wall standing in an enclosure once part of the churchyard of St. Alphege, opposite. A well preserved bastion of the City wall of the time of Edward IV stands in the churchyard of St. Giles Cripplegate, just north of London Wall in a line with Wood Street.

The existing church of St. Giles Cripplegate is late Perpendicular, but has been grievously re-

stored. It is chiefly celebrated as the burial place of John Milton; but in it were also buried Fox, the author of the *Book of Martyrs,* Sir Martin Frobisher, navigator, and John Speed, historian. Here also Oliver Cromwell was married to Elizabeth Bowchier. The church is very wide, it has three aisles; the effect is spacious as the interior is very bare, and there is much fine old carving, including a font cover by Grinling Gibbons.

Cripplegate seems to have marked approximately the northwestern angle of the wall. The line makes a sharp turn from Hart Street, south through Monkwell Street, and zigzags in a general southerly direction through Noble Street, Gresham Street, Aldersgate Street, Angel Street, King Edward Street, Christchurch Passage, Newgate Street, Old Bailey, St. Martin's Court, Pilgrim Street, and Bridge Street.

Leaving the line of the wall at the foot of Monkwell Street and turning to the right through Falcon Square, Little Britain, which bears to the north again, one comes into Smithfield and St. Bartholomew's Hospital (where Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig were nurses). This is without the wall but marks the place where, largely through the efforts of John Evelyn, the diarist, the Fire was stopped in this direction. Evelyn had been put in command

with others, of the Fetter Lane end of the Fire, in an attempt to save Holborn, and he made this hospital his chief concern. On the right hand side of Little Britain, as it turns into the open space between the hospital and the market, attention is arrested by a curious old Gothic gateway, under a half-timbered house of ancient aspect, crowded rudely by the modern buildings next to it: this is believed to be the doorway of the demolished nave of St. Bartholomew's, perhaps the grandest of the pre-Fire churches, as it is the finest remnant of Norman architecture in London. The face of the Elizabethan gatehouse, over the old door, was disclosed after a Zeppelin raid in 1915, during which the vibration of the dropped bombs loosened the XVIIIth century tiles which covered the front and revealed the existence of the original façade with its old woodwork so long concealed from view. Through this doorway, under the timbered house, one enters the present churchyard (once the nave) at the end of which stands a brick tower of 1650 and the wall erected before the choir of the monastic church.

The church has only lately been redeemed, part of it having in the last century served various commercial purposes. The Lady chapel was a fringe factory and the cloisters were stables. The work

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

GATE HOUSE AND ENTRANCE TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, SMITHFIELD.

of reclamation is still going on, subject to sufficient funds, in the cloisters: the east walk of the cloister had been a stable since the time of Henry VIII and three bays were recovered so recently as 1905. Horses were still in the remaining five bays until last Christmas (1922) and the floor lay hidden under seven feet of earth, but part of it, with its tiles intact, has recently been brought to light, while the noble arch of the chapter house is in admirable condition, all things considered.

At the time of the suppression of the monasteries, under Henry VIII, the church was despoiled of its ancient nave, so the present interior, though spacious and magnificent, is only the choir of the original church, with the first bay of the nave and parts of the transepts, a triforium, ambulatory, and apse remaining. Behind the ambulatory is the recently restored Lady chapel—the former fringe factory—added to the ancient structure about 1410. The church is mentioned by Fitz-Stephen as one of the thirteen conventual churches of London in the time of Henry II and was founded in 1123 by Rahere, whose tomb, with the original effigy under a Perpendicular canopy, remains built into one of the arches of the north choir. This Rahere, probably a Breton by birth, was jester and minstrel to Henry I, but being

stricken by a fever while on a pilgrimage to Rome, built the hospital and church dedicated to St. Bartholomew in gratitude for his recovery. There are other curious and interesting tombs but the chief glory of the old Norman edifice is not in its accessories but in its own inherent beauty, its massive stone work, the short, round pillars supporting the round arches of the choir, the circular form of the charming apse, the beautiful gallery over the arcade, and the rare and exquisite oriel, called "prior Bolton's pew," projecting over the south side of the choir, where the prior sat during service.

This tour of the wall of London, with the visits to the ancient churches, is not to be done in a day. There are many obstacles to its achievement; the churches are open only for a few hours at about noon on ordinary week days, are closed all day on Saturday, and open for service on Sunday, but may be visited directly after. The route suggested in this chapter while it covers the ground in a general way by no means exhausts the rich possibilities of the field, especially the question of the wall itself and the other Roman remains discovered within its precincts. Londinium within the wall was about three and a half miles in circumference and covered a space of about three hundred and eighty acres. Its breadth was less than half its

length at its widest part and at the ends grew much narrower. The date of the Roman wall is uncertain, some ascribing it to Constantine and others to Theodosius, governor of Britain in 369. Stow frankly assigns it to Helena, the mother of Constantine, and coins of the empress have been found under it. The wall was strengthened by bastions and one of these was used by Gundulf, bishop of Rochester in the time of William the Conqueror, as part of the foundation of the great White Tower, while another, as has been noted, may still be seen in the churchyard of St. Giles Cripplegate. From time to time as foundations are turned over in modern building bits of this old Roman London come to light and find their way into the British Museum or the Guildhall, which is a treasure house of local antiquities.

CHAPTER XXI

WREN'S LONDON

Wren's London is practically encompassed by the line of the ancient wall. The Fire which destroyed the City, with its cathedral and most of its parish churches, gave Wren his great opportunity, and though he built as far afield as Winchester and left important traces of his work at Oxford and Cambridge, at Windsor, Hampton Court, Kensington, Chelsea, and Greenwich, it is to the City that one must go to see the great flowering of his talent. Here, despite many deplorable demolitions, are still thirty-five of his churches besides the cathedral, a priceless collection which, representing the fullest period of English renaissance, makes the chief glory of London, constitutes an heritage peculiar to it among the great cities of the world.

That London has grown up and engulfed Wren's churches, so that they now stand not in the contemporary residential surroundings for which they were planned but, bereft of their con-

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SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

gregations, in the oddest contrast to modern conditions, shouldered by banks and Underground stations and bedizened eating houses, adds piquancy to their state; and that their lives are in constant peril from the still unsettled question of their disposal, lends to each one individually an appeal especially sacred to loiterers. It is as though every visit made, every service attended, every interest shown might just tip the scale in favour of saving them on their precious sites for which, we are reminded from time to time, so many millions of pounds are offered. It is the case of æsthetics again against the "candid commercial interest" and it should, I think, appeal to every sportsman to throw his weight on the weaker side.

Before the removal of Temple Bar the entrance to the City was appropriately made through that charming Wren construction, which, together with the Church of St. Clement Danes, just without the barrier, and Middle Temple Gateway, just within, prepared in a manner the approach to the principal scene of the architect's labours. Wren built but two churches outside Temple Bar, St. Clement's and St. James's Westminster, and a third without the wall of London, St. Bride's or St. Bridget's, named for the holy spring with supposed miraculous powers dedicated to the saint.

The old St. Bride's perished in the Fire and Wren replaced it with one of his loveliest creations. Fleet Street has come out to the line and walled the church in behind obliterating façades but two narrow lanes lead in to the large, dignified building with its altar pointed east and open a charming view of its distinctive stone steeple. This blond steeple, visible from many distant points in general views of London, especially from the bridges, is one easily recognized for its curious design. A "madrigal in stone," Henley called it and, built in diminishing octagonal stages with arched openings on a square tower and culminating in a slender spire with a vane, it was considered one of Wren's greatest successes as it was also the highest of his steeples, but it was not safe and has been lowered. The fine interior, with its cylindrical roof, galleries, and so forth, contains many interesting monuments and is rich in memories of the poets. Its chief romantic attraction is the grave of Samuel Richardson, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe,* who was of this parish and lies under the middle aisle, the place marked by a simple stone. Milton lodged in a house in the quiet churchyard.

From a vantage point in Fleet Street, somewhere near the *Cheshire Cheese,* the fine black spire of St. Martin's Ludgate, 158 feet high, makes

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

ST. BRIDE FLEET STREET.

ST. MARTIN LUDGATE AND ST. PAUL'S, A WREN COMPOSITION. REPRODUCED FROM *LONDON CHURCHES OF THE XVII AND XVIII CENTURIES.* BY GEORGE H. BIRCH, F.S.A., BY PERMISSION OF B. T. BATSFORD, LTD., LONDON.

an effect against the cool blue of the dome of St. Paul's and offers a measure to the eye in the confused approach. To the mind intent upon discovering Wren the intervening anomalies of Fleet Street and Ludgate Circus matter little and it is possible to get here a suggestion of Wren's ideal for the whole City. His scheme for rebuilding London, although the king approved it, was frustrated but he contrived nevertheless, in carrying out the work allotted to him, to design St. Paul's and the fifty-one parochial churches as a group, considering carefully the effect of one upon the other. There must have been many such Wren compositions before the demolitions and before the walling-in process concealed so many churches from view.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, more or less, when they were new, these churches fairly dominated the smallish city of London and made it a little forest of spires and towers assembled within the great shadow of St. Paul's. Had Wren had his way the churches would have been still more important in the general composition, and it would have been more difficult to sidetrack them in the development of London, for did he not propose to rebuild them, not upon their old foundations, but "conspicuous and insular" at the end of vistas and so disposed throughout the plan as to appear

"neither too thick nor too thin, but to give a proper heightening to the whole bulk of the city as it filled the landscape?"

Wren at the time of the Fire (1666) was a man of thirty-four years. He was almost without experience as an architect when he undertook the vast contract that tumbled into his hands. At Oxford his chief preoccupation had been astronomy, though he had distinguished himself in all departments of science. It is true that he had exceptional advantages as well as great native ability: he was well born and well connected for his father was dean of Windsor and his uncle, bishop of Ely. They were royalists and the bishop in consequence was committed to the Tower during the time of the Civil War which closed the reign of Charles I. Matthew Wren was a prisoner for eighteen years and resolved in thankfulness for his release, when it came, to build a chapel for Pembroke, his old college at Cambridge. He employed his nephew to make the plans. This was Wren's first commission and most creditably did he acquit himself. Unfortunately alterations have been made which have destroyed the proportions of the building, for these, rather than ornament, were its beauty. Wren's second commission was the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, for the archbishop of

Canterbury, and in 1664 Evelyn notes in his *Diary* that his "worthy friend, Dr. Christopher Wren," had shown him the model and is palpably flattered that his advice was "not disdained in some particulars." With these two buildings to his credit Wren was brought to the notice of Charles II and as a consequence made a member of a royal commission (including besides himself John Evelyn, the bishop of London, and the dean of St. Paul's) to inspect the fabric and report upon the condition of the old Gothic cathedral of St. Paul's.

Meanwhile the Plague broke out in London and Wren took advantage of an enforced absence to make the visit to France, described in the *Parentalia.* His sojourn in Paris was happily planned at the time that Louis XIV was carrying forward the construction of the court of the Louvre and Wren was able to inspect the work upon which "no less than a thousand hands" were constantly employed; "some in laying mighty foundations, some in raising the stories, columns, entablements, etc. . . . others in carving, inlaying of marbles, plastering, painting, and gilding, etc. . . ." Here he met the great Bernini, who was offering his design to the king, and Perrault, Louis' physician-architect, whose colonnade was accepted in preference. "Bernini's design of the Louvre," wrote

Wren, "I would have given my skin for, but the reserved old Italian gave me but a few minutes' view . . ." and he was able only to copy it in his "fancy and memory." He busied himself in studying the "fabricks" of Paris and the country around, made it his business "to pry into trades and arts," putting himself "into all shapes to humour them" and, having seen and noted everything of importance, brought back "almost all France on paper." Here indeed was Wren's school of architecture; he saw not only the building of the Louvre, he saw in Paris a city undergoing the first of those drastic reforms that have made it what it is. Louis XIV, determined to leave material evidence of his splendour, had torn down the old ramparts, built the *grands boulevards* along their path, laid out and planted the *Champs Elysées*, and created centres with radiating streets such as Wren afterwards recommended for London. Wren never saw St. Peter's, but he met Bernini and he saw in Paris the several domes there inspired by the great prototype.

It has been said that Wren went to Paris an astronomer and returned an architect, ready for his life's work. He came back to London in the spring of 1666 with his notes and impressions of mammoth building operations, of domes and vistas and radiating streets. His immediate task was the

Photograph Copyright by Mansell.

THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S FAVORITE DESIGN FOR ST. PAUL'S. FROM THE MODEL IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

reparation of St. Paul's after the ravages of the Puritans. At the London Museum, in the basement, is a little model of London before the Fire, showing the old cathedral with its great spire rising above the cross. The building itself dated from the XIIth century but was continually being added to and altered until 1633 when Inigo Jones had faced the western front with a portico that was the admiration of London. The spire, said to have been the tallest in Christendom, rising 520 feet to the eagle and the cross, was finished in 1498 but was burned in 1561 and not rebuilt. The building was in a dangerous condition and its reparation presented many difficulties; but before these were settled the great Fire came and reduced the ancient Gothic pile to a mass of ruins.

Wren was now promoted to the office of Surveyor-General and principal architect for rebuilding the City with its cathedral and its churches. Such a contract was not without its harassments; although the fire had simplified the problem of the cathedral the erection of the new one entailed many years of labour and worry. Wren made three designs for St. Paul's before he was allowed to go ahead with the work and the first stone was not laid until 1675, eleven years after the Fire. A model of this first design is preserved now in the cathedral,

having been recently rescued from the South Kensington Museum; it is all dome with reproductions of Inigo Jones's portico on four sides, a curious, compact little building obviously inspired by the Panthéon at Rome. It was objected to on account of its lack of structural choir, nave, and aisles and Wren produced a second design which was practically the present edifice, but this too was objected to by the reactionaries of the time as "not sufficiently of a cathedral pattern," and Wren was forced to compromise producing a third drawing which satisfied the ecclesiastics. This design, known as the Warrant, as it is signed by Charles II, is now in All Souls Library. But Wren and the king had an understanding and the actual building bears little resemblance to the approved design. St. Paul's was over thirty years in building; the choir was opened for use in December, 1697, and the last stone of the cathedral was set in 1710.

Meanwhile the churches were going forward. In each of them, as in St. Paul's, one sees the solving of the new problem which Protestantism had created for architecture. In the old burned churches all that was required had been that the congregation should see the elevation of the host: the new ones had primarily to be places in which

the preacher could be seen and heard. Bare, simple rooms in which all ostentation was deprecated by the fanatical congregations, had to be devised upon plots of ground of every conceivable size and shape, and for the wherewithal an exceedingly limited purse, so that often the architect's ingenuity was tested to invent an effective building which would come within the financial capabilities of the parish. A considerable part of the necessary money was raised by an import tax on coal, but there were besides subscriptions from private citizens, sometimes with hampering conditions—as in the case of St. Mary Aldermary, in Bow Lane, which was rebuilt largely at the expense of a parishioner who stipulated that the new church should be a copy of its predecessor, destroyed in the Fire. So Wren, who seems to have had little taste for Gothic, was forced to make it Perpendicular.

Wren's problem, then, was to roof it in as large a space as possible without obstructing the view by pillars or piers, to cover the whole of the space defined by the old church, with its chancel, its aisles, its side chapels, its chantries, or whatever excrescences it may have had, and to make of it one chamber. In several of the churches there is a curious single side aisle, sometimes so irregular in plan that it would be inexplicable in a church

planned under different conditions. But whatever he attempted he managed so skilfully the irregularities of the sites that fitness, picturesqueness, and proportion are never forgotten and some of these plain rooms are full of the abstract elements of beauty. Amongst the more beautiful, indeed possibly the finest is St. Lawrence Jewry, which had more money to spend than most and in consequence has four sides of Portland stone and an interior profusely carved by Grinling Gibbons. It is here that the great public religious ceremonials of the Corporation take place, and Wren had to consider the important rôle it was to play in these functions. The Corporation seats are conspicuously placed in the centre. The roof is ingeniously and charmingly formed of deeply recessed panels embellished with the graceful modelling in plaster which Wren so greatly affected, and meets the wall by a succession of coved spaces ornamented with rich scroll-work. There is no chancel, the holy table simply stands in its place against the centre of the east wall. The organ is superbly carved in panels and, together with the loft and side doors, makes a composition of unusual beauty, while the vestry, richly panelled in oak with wreaths and festoons carved in high relief, is as handsome an example of its period as may be found and equals any room at

CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY. FROM A DRAWING BY T. MALTON, 1783.

Photograph by W. Whiffin

BOW CHURCH, CHEAPSIDE.

Hampton Court or Windsor, showing Wren and Grinling Gibbons in their happiest association.

I can suggest no hard and fast order in which the Wren churches should be visited. Scattered liberally throughout the City, they are not hard to find and may be included incidentally with any errand thither. Like the pre-Fire churches they are open usually about mid-day every day except Saturday and their special Sunday services are announced in the daily papers. There is not one but has its special story, its peculiar feature, its unique interest, and while some undoubtedly stand out for particular reasons, none can be said to be of no importance. St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, is usually conceded to be Wren's masterpiece but it has a close second in St. Mary-le-Bow, whose steeple, so clever, so completely Wrenian, so purely London, is the most eleborate of all Wren's works, while the church in other respects has many claims upon attention.

The original Bow Church (St. Mary de Arcubus), named for its stone "bows" or arches, was founded before the reign of William the Conqueror and the beautiful Norman crypt still survives. The old church which perished in the Fire stood about forty feet back from the street but by purchasing the ground of a dwelling house not yet

rebuilt Wren was enabled to bring the steeple forward in line with the houses of Cheapside. It was in so doing that the existence of an old Roman causeway was discovered, buried under the church, and upon it Wren erected his tower. The *Parentalia* gives the full account of this archæological find: in digging for the foundation of the tower, Wren "to his surprise sunk about eighteen feet through made ground and then imagined he was come to the natural soil and hard gravel, but upon full examination it appeared to be a Roman causeway of rough stone, close and well rammed with Roman brick and rubbish at the bottom for a foundation and all firmly cemented. This causeway was four feet thick. Underneath lay the natural clay over which that part of the City stands. . . . He concluded then to lay the foundation of the tower upon the very Roman causeway as most proper to bear what he had designed, a weighty and lofty structure." The amount spent on rebuilding Bow was £15,400, which was about £3000 more than was available for any other. This was the first church rebuilt by Wren.

The second was St. Stephen Wallbrook. Its site was originally on the banks of the stream now represented by the street called after it. This was the first of four or five churches upon which Wren ex-

perimented in the building of domes, preparatory to the great dome of St. Paul's. The church is oblong in shape, traversed by four rows of Corinthian columns, which divide it into five aisles, and is crowned by a round dome supported on eight arches, producing the graceful effect of a circle springing from an octagonal base. Restoration has deprived the interior of its high pews, which concealed the pedestals of the columns, thus destroying the effect so much admired by contemporary writers. Elmes (*Life of Wren.* 1823.) wrote: "The arrangement of the dark wainscoting produced a most interesting scenic effect. When you entered from below the church seemed to rise above you. All its architectural features began to show, so to speak, above the level of the tall, sombre pews. The size and height were thus greatly enhanced."

The other churches with domes were St. Mildred, Bread Street, St. Swithin, Cannon Street, St. Mary Abchurch, and St. Benet Fink (destroyed). The four left standing are interesting as showing different treatments of a similar problem. St. Mary Abchurch has points too in common with St. Lawrence Jewry; it is nearly square (60x65 ft.) and a fine little composition showing what Wren could do in a very limited space. It stands in Ab-

church Lane, off Cannon Street, and is prefaced by a small paved yard. The interior, though cleaned up, has not been utterly spoiled and constitutes a gem of carving and plaster ornament, and boasts an altar piece that is among the finest work of Grinling Gibbons. St. Mildred, Bread Street, is one, I fancy, seldom visited; it is pitch dark inside, all light having been cut off from it, so that it can only be seen by the aid of the electric light, but its charm is great. A small box of a room with an elegantly supported dome and a wealth of richly carved woodwork in deep, mellow tones, it just fits the space at the architect's disposal. Amongst the interior furnishings the pulpit is especially interesting for its height, being one of the few that have not been cut down, and as the little church is one upon which Wren concentrated upon the interior it is a satisfaction that it has been less tampered with than many, than St. Swithin's in particular. The massive oak holy table is pre-Fire and a relic of the former church.

Of steeples one of the most beautiful ever designed is that of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, there is no other quite like it but the steeples of St. James Garlickhithe and St. Michael Paternoster Royal are charming in design while that of St. Dunstan in the East is of great elegance. St. Dunstan's

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

ST. VEDAST, FOSTER LANE, FROM NEWGATE STREET.

CHURCH OF ST. MARGARET PATTENS. FROM A DRAWING BY J. CONEY, 1812.

is the church supposed to have been designed by Wren's daughter; Wren himself liked it and felt pride in the strength of the delicate spire with its converging arched ribs. This steeple is all that remains of Wren's work for the church was rebuilt about a hundred years ago in the Perpendicular style. The steeple of St. Margaret Pattens is interesting because of the lead work done in panels. Wren was warden of this church when he lived in Love Lane, and his pew, with its high canopy, one of a pair at the back of the church, bears his initials and the date, 1686; the interior contains a wealth of handsome carving by Grinling Gibbons.

Of rood screens designed by Wren there are two, one in St. Margaret Lothbury, back of the Bank, brought here from All Hallows, Thames Street, when that building came down, and the other in its original place in St. Peter Cornhill. The latter, very graceful in design and magnificently carved, has the Lion and Unicorn over the top and adds greatly to the handsomeness of an interior already rich in carving. The reredos is beautifully panelled and carved and the pulpit is distinctive. The traditions of this church claim for it the oldest foundation in London and trace its origin back to the year 179. The organ is particularly fine and was

twice played upon by Mendelssohn—the keyboard which his fingers touched is in the vestry.

St. Magnus the Martyr, near London Bridge, was rebuilt just after the Fire, burnt again and rebuilt in 1676. One of the most beautiful of the City churches its steeple rising near the bridge is seen to great advantage but the whole structure, steeple and all, will practically disappear in the immense building operations now going on close around it. All Hallows, Lombard Street, has already disappeared being completely walled in behind the building line and reached through a dark passage between two houses: here it stands as in a well; no daylight penetrates its gloomy interior which has however the handsome features common to Wren churches. All Hallows is the very centre of the controversy over the City churches as for it recently the bishop of London was offered half a million pounds.

Recent demolitions of old buildings in Gresham Street have disclosed the charming little old-world church of St. Anne in the Willows, now combining the parishes of St. Anne and St. Agnes. It is quaint and unexpected in this busy part of London to find a rural path through a small burying ground, an old tree bent to one side, before a painted church with a modest square tower

and tiny turret. The interior is a charming, light, pretty room, one of Wren's most successful achievements in covering a small space. There is a canopy ceiling supported by four columns, panelled in graceful design. The new buildings of the General Post Office will soon extinguish this bit of Wren's London; but in any case the church is doomed.

The Monument, in Fish Street Hill, is supposed to measure in its height (202 feet) its exact distance from the site of the house in Pudding Lane where the Fire began. Wren designed it to commemorate the Fire and originally planned to have a statue of Charles II on the top, as the founder of the new city: another idea was to have a "pillar in flames," the flames in brass, bursting from the sides all the way up and a phoenix at the top and it is curious to note that, being an astronomer, one of his schemes was to build it hollow so that it could be used as a telescope. Though not quite as he first conceived it, it is a noble and dignified shaft, a fine upstanding monument. There is a good view of it in conjunction with St. Magnus the Martyr from the top of Fish Street Hill in East Cheap.

There exists an old engraving of sixty-two of Wren's most important works grouped together in

one composition. (Drawn by C. R. Cockerell, engraved by Wm. Richardson and published by Alex. Hill, Princes Street, Edinburgh.) Summing up as it does the great bulk of his work it presents in a striking ensemble his astounding productivity and emphasizes, as nothing else has quite so clearly, the man's sheer, physical accomplishment. Wren built three or four palaces, a cathedral or two, fifty or sixty churches, a number of civic and collegiate buildings, besides hospitals, almshouses, private dwellings, and oddments such as the Monument, Temple Bar, Middle Temple Gateway, and the pedestal to Lesueur's equestrian statue of Charles I at Charing Cross. Some of the charming buildings shown in this engraving have been destroyed: Christ's Hospital was a lovely thing—the Post Office covers its site; the College of Physicians was pulled down about 1840; ten of the churches were demolished under the Union of Benefices Act of 1860; St. Christopher by the Bank in Threadneedle Street, was removed in 1781 to enlarge the Bank of England; St. Mary Magdalen, in Old Fish Street, burned down in 1886, etc.

A study of Wren's works might begin with Greenwich Hospital, where, to the work already done by Inigo Jones and Webb, Wren made im-

WREN'S PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS IN LONDON AND ELSEWHERE. ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM RICHARDSON FROM A DRAWING BY C. R. COCKERELL, R.A.

TOWN HALL, WINDSOR. FROM A WATER COLOUR DRAWING BY HANSLIP FLETCHER.

portant additions and left a fine design, which some consider his finest building. His problem here was to draw into a new composition certain fragments of a palace, upon which the last work had been done by Webb, Inigo Jones's pupil. He balanced the western wing, built for Charles II, with a similar building on the east side, called after Queen Anne, added two rectangular blocks, with a pair of domes behind them, and the magnificent colonnade which ties the whole scheme together. Vanbrugh took up the unfinished building where Wren left off, but although the group has been greatly changed, the main outlines are as Wren designed them. His too is the Observatory, an agreeable little building made up cheaply from materials given for the purpose.

The Chelsea Hospital for old and invalid soldiers was conceived in the plainest style and depends for its grace entirely upon its proportions. Its stateliest front is towards the river.

At Hampton Court Wren's work is Fountain Court with its circular windows and the façade towards the Thames. Wren also designed the grounds and laid out the famous Chestnut Avenue in Bushy Park immediately opposite the Lion Gates. As for other palaces, though the greater part of Kensington Palace was built by Kent for

George II, Wren designed part of it in a very plain style for William III. The most charming part of his work here is the Orangery, a perfect little building of great simplicity and beauty, long used for storing old pots and garden rubbish. Owing to the stimulus given to appreciation of Wren by the recently celebrated bi-centenary of his death, it has been cleaned up and opened to the public. There are fine Wren rooms at St. James's Palace, for which he made many plans, but they are inaccessible to the public: Marlborough House he designed for the great duke, but as a two storey structure of great beauty. An extra storey added to it has impaired the proportions and the effect is spoiled. One of the most charming of Wren buildings is the library at Trinity College, Cambridge—the design was Wren's gift to the college; at Windsor he was employed on the castle in his capacity of surveyor-general, but he built the Town Hall of the royal borough and the old house now known as "Riversdale" or "Wrencote" is said to have been built and occupied by him. The great room in the Town Hall was planned without columns to support the roof, but the committee insisted upon columns and Wren had to give way and put them in: years afterwards it was discovered that these columns

so far from carrying the weight of the roof were by a good two inches shorter than the height of the ceiling, so their office was merely spectacular and Wren, who was a positive character and did not like to be overruled, had his way and proved that his roof could stand alone.

"Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice." The tablet with the inscription containing these words stood formerly at the entrance to the choir of St Paul's but is now on the wall above Wren's resting place in the crypt; for St. Paul's is Wren's monument and his tomb. The architect lived to a great age and during the last years of his life, when he had been retired by a change in the governing house, it was his custom to drive once a year to the cathedral and sit for a time under the dome that he had built. On February 25, 1723, he sat there for the last time, for, returning to his home at Hampton Court, he fell asleep in his chair and when a servant came to speak to him it was found that he was dead.

Wren's work was all done under the Stuarts. He began under Charles II and finished in the reign of Queen Anne; he was surveyor-general for nearly fifty years and served four monarchs but when George I came to England he allowed the old man to be displaced by the jealousies of

the new court. Now, two hundred years after his death, there is still nothing in London that is quite so purely London as Wren's churches. they dominate every fine view from the bridges or from across the river while even in casual walks through the City a handsome spire or a characteristic tower or the Monument itself is constantly refreshing the eye as it stands at the end of a crooked lane or looms erect over the roof of some shabby building. As for St. Paul's it is the universal landmark, the very expression of the City, the seal of London.

CHAPTER XXII

ALONG THE THAMES

I have found my choicest hours in London rambling at dusk along the banks of the Thames, in September, a month favoured by the gods. The dusk has a rich quality of envelopment—the fog at this season is just potential—the blue air supervenes, pervades. Where accents occur to break the blue envelope they are magnificently rich, warm, impregnated with colour against the pale sapphire of the river. The lights on the bridges cast long, luminous reflections across the water between the arches, themselves highly diversified in perspective as they recede into a denser distance and are quickly lost in something indefinable on the other side. Each arch frames its separate picture —an affair of tonal spots and jewel-like lights. The moving trams, hideous in fact, become things of great beauty, trailing spots of light, like falling stars, above the lines of the bridges and along the Embankment. A boat moored near by seems fraught with suggestion; such stairways as mount

to the higher level of the town are extraordinary in romantic, or dreadful, significance.

But the river, the river is the paramount interest, the thing that supremely lives at this hour, at any hour, urged by the mysterious forces of its tide which carries it, now high upon the stone walls which confine it, now far out to sea, leaving revealed long reaches of black slime. Once at night, seated in one of the loafers' benches below Charing Cross, I heard the tide turn with a sudden ripple and rush upon the mud banks. Those who live by the river in London learn to reckon with the tide and to mark its rise and fall.

I believe we walk too seldom upon the Embankment, our walks abroad are not in this direction. Yet London presents nothing finer in promenades than this one along the water's edge, and to follow the river by stages from Richmond to London Bridge is an adventure only second to that of setting forth at London Bridge where the real life and work begin, and following the Thames into the region of docks, of wharves and quays and jetties that stretch interminably beyond and below the last bridge. Here indeed is London, the greatest seaport in the world! a seaport teeming with animation and movement, its wharfage stretching over twenty miles on both sides of the great

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

MUD BANKS AND BARGES ALONG THE THAMES. LOW TIDE.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

THE RIVERSIDE AT LIMEHOUSE. HARBOURMASTER'S HOUSE AND THE OLD GRAPES INN.

highway, known to ocean going ships from all parts of the world, traversed incessantly by barges fetching and carrying cargoes of every conceivable commodity from ship to warehouse and warehouse to market. London, sixty miles inland, at the navigable head of a deep tidal river, has commanding advantages as a centre of distribution, a formidable *entrepôt*, and at the docks sheds its insularity, takes on a dignity and world importance not realized by those who tread only the environs of Piccadilly or seek their *ultima Thule* in Kensington Gardens.

But even for a loiterer who seldom gets below the Tower there is perennial satisfaction and entertainment in the prodigious winding of this river and in the puzzling game that St. Paul's plays, first appearing to be on this bank and then on that, as one strolls along. Nothing is more difficult than to keep the sense of direction nor to realize that while the course of the Thames is in a general way easterly, towards the sea, yet at Lambeth Bridge, or at Westminster, we look almost due north to Charing Cross. Lambeth Bridge, itself a picturesque suspension, a quiet foot-bridge, a log across the stream, is one of the fine vantage points for enjoying the spectacle of London. From the middle of it, looking down the river, a charming frag-

ment of Tudor London lies on the right—Lambeth Palace, the town residence of the archbishop of Canterbury—while to the left is the best possible view of the Houses of Parliament. Lambeth Palace is worth examining in detail, but the externals are good enough: the old mulberry coloured brick gatehouse is finer and older than the similar one in Chancery Lane and makes an effective contrast to the more ancient stone-work of the tower of the adjoining church, and the Lollards' Tower of the palace. The new County Hall at the end of Westminster Bridge, comes into interesting relation with the church, for it occupies the site of the so-called "Pedlar's Acre," a piece of ground given to the parish by a pedlar in return for the privilege of burying his dog in the churchyard. This tradition is supported by the existence of a window in St. Mary's, Lambeth, with portraits of the Pedlar and his Dog.

The short piece of Embankment on the right bank, in front of St. Thomas's Hospital, is, I fancy, little known to visitors to London, little known perhaps to any except local residents, but when bathed in the afternoon sunlight, it is a charming place to rest and to enjoy the true intention of the Gothic pile opposite, heightened and distinguished by its reflection in the water. There are some sur-

prising short cuts to be made through the slums of Lambeth to Waterloo or Blackfriars. Unfortunately the river path must be abandoned at Westminster Bridge, for there is no Embankment again until, beyond Blackfriars, Bankside makes it accessible again for a short but eloquent space. But the walk through the featureless streets of Lambeth on the inside of this lavish curve of the Thames, besides amazingly shortening the distance to be covered, makes a peaceful preparation for the excitements beyond.

Taking advantage of all the economies possible in this route the ground may be covered, from Lambeth Bridge to Bankside, in a half hour's time. But there are irresistible deviations and it is recommended to leave Belvidere Road (the name, now a singular misnomer, survives an old mansion so called that stood here in Queen Anne's time or earlier) at the Hungerford Foot-bridge which almost directly connects Charing Cross with Waterloo, or, continuing only a few steps farther, come up into the gay world again by a long, damp, stone stairway leading to Waterloo Bridge, with Somerset House opposite and the Temple beyond.

From the Hungerford Foot-bridge St. Paul's and St. Bride's look especially grand, the one appearing to be on the right bank and the other on

the left, while, on a clear day, any number of Wren spires may be recognized. The Obelisk joins in the general tendency to point skyward and the steeple of St. Mary-le-Strand and the thin flèche of the chapel of the Law Courts swell the number of visible churches. St. Bride's catches the sun, when there is any, in a peculiar way that lends significance to its name, while St. Paul's is more or less veiled always in the blue vapour and seems to increase in size as distance is put between itself and the spectator, as is the habit of great cathedrals. It is worth while descending the stairs to the Embankment on the Charing Cross side and, taking up a position near the modest little tribute to W. S. Gilbert, by Frampton, on the face of the Hungerford Pier, notice how the bridges from this view radiate from a point in South London like the spokes of a wheel. I suspect that the *Elephant* would be the hub if lines were carried through to intersection.

The City is certainly best seen in its entirety from Southwark, across the river, and the promenade along Bankside will be found to be one of the choicest in London, as it is, perhaps, one of the most rarely chosen and least known. It may be dived into through a subway from the incline of Blackfriars Bridge, a famous place of refuge dur-

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

A WET DAY ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

LAMBETH PALACE AND CHURCH, FROM LAMBETH BRIDGE.

ing air raids; but there is everything to be said in favour of beginning from London Bridge, where, leaving behind some magnificent views of the Monument in combination with St. Magnus the Martyr, the route descends through a covered, tunnel-like passage into Green Dragon Court, a market-place lying under the turn of the railway bridge and along side of St. Saviour's Cathedral, a fine old architectural mass half buried under raised streets and bridges. The whole of the market-place, roofed in by the railway, supported on short, fat, round, red pillars, is operatic in the extreme, a magnificent climax being made by No. 4 of the court, a little colour shop, dated 1663, and carefully restored with bright green shutters held back by voluptuously curved letter S's, the façade sounding a note that fairly keys the whole assemblage to concert pitch. A chorus in velvet breeches and scarlet petticoats might be hovering behind the pillars ready at any moment to flood the court with colour and song.

The cathedral, built of flint, comes substantially into the picture but invites a special pilgrimage. Restoration has dealt hardly with it but it still retains a handsome Lady chapel and a choir, of the most exquisite and unspoilt Early English architecture, with an altar-screen, erected by Fox, bishop

of Winchester in 1528, adorned with his device, the pelican. The cathedral contains many links with the bishops of Winchester, whose town palace, built in 1107, stood between the church and the river, the site now marked off by a variety of little, shabby, picturesque alleys between vast, featureless warehouses. Clink Street is the highway of the labyrinth, a strange, narrow slit between walls connected by numerous Bridges of Sighs, spectral, suggestive of the imaginings of some "modern" painter. At the outset there is a wharf bringing the Thames fairly into the street and here a sign reads that the wharf of "St. Mary Overy" (the ancient name of the parish) is free to all parishioners of St. Saviour's Southwark. In Stoney Street, under an arch, are said to be discoverable some remains of the structure of the bishop's palace, but I failed to make them out.

Clink Street comes to a finish in Bankend and here a deviation to the left leads to Park Street, featured by the great brewery of Barclay, Perkins, & Co., founded by Henry Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend. Johnson was executor of the estate and it is recorded that on the day of the sale he said: "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams

of avarice." He sold the business to Messrs. Barclay and Perkins for £135,000.

On a wall of the brewery is to be discovered a bronze tablet, recently placed, which marks the site of the *Globe Theatre,* where Shakespeare's plays were produced during the life of the dramatist. Contemporary prints show it to have been a circular building in the form of a martello tower, with little slits for windows and a turret and flag at the top. It stood less than a quarter of a century. Near by a street called "Bear Gardens" will assure the doubtful that this was indeed the district famous in Queen Elizabeth's day, when "bear baiting" was a royal sport and Bankside a popular amusement centre.

Bankend leads also to Bankside, an embankment if you like, a rubbishy stretch of wharfage heaped with scrap metal of all descriptions; a place for sorting, weighing, and selling refuse. From it is a panoramic view of St. Paul's and the neighbouring churches to which no photograph can pretend to do justice. I happened to walk there first upon a Sunday so clear that the effects were almost mirage-like—a state of weather so rare in London that it is well to seize upon such days at whatever sacrifice of other plans for sight seeing in the better sense. One saw St. Paul's, as it were, upon

the brink of the Thames and longed to tear away what seemed a very few buildings which screen its foundations and open up the monument to unobstructed view: but since St. Paul's is built upon a hill the intervening mass is probably much greater than would have been suspected by the apparent nearness of the dome and the two towers. The steeple of Bow, too, seemed to have quite advanced from its proper plane in Cheapside, and to encamp upon the roof of a house no farther away than Upper Thames Street. One felt that one had never appreciated Bow steeple before, never even indeed seen it properly before, and the same was relatively true of the others which stand out so well in the view and whose bells ringing clear across the water make that rich concert of which so much has been said but so little is heard in the streets of the City itself. At the far end of Bankside stood, until recent years, a house from the rear of which Wren used to enjoy this fair prospect and watch the progress of the work upon St. Paul's. The old house with its historic window is gone, which is a pity, for there are others of the period adjoining the modern horror that replaces it, and on the opposite side of the street a little group of Queen Anne dwellings have resisted thus far and tie the whole idea of the period together.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

ST. PAUL'S, FROM BANKSIDE.

Photograph by W. Whiffin.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Here is a bit of old London made for loitering, especially on a Sunday afternoon when the tide is high. It is peopled with loquacious caretakers, intelligent policemen, and long haired cats that arch their backs and rub against the legs of strolling strangers who chance to turn up here amongst the heaps of rusty pulleys and waggon tires. It is more purely London than many a more familiar passage and it is pre-eminently Cockney for it lies within the loudest reach of Bow Bells. The few residents that perch amidst the predominant business element seem to be in conscious possession of a rare little beauty spot and there was no offence when one ventured to look through open doors to discover panelled walls in the Queen Anne houses, or through chinks in hoardings into the backs of old-world hostelries suggestive of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

Bit by bit old London vanishes. Bankside's tenure seems problematical—a threatened new bridge may wipe it out as, quite recently, alterations in the vicinity of Wapping Old Stairs, and the notorious Gravel-lane adjacent, obliterated the traces of the grim gallows, once colloquially known as "Execution Dock," a name with a touch of irony that must have amused old-time seamen who knew it well for what it was. Captain Kidd with half

a dozen of his crew came to an end here and were hung at intervals down the riverside; their remains, swinging in chains, were exposed for many years.

Wapping Old Stairs played its part in crime with the near-by gallows. From earliest times it was shunned by honest folk as the haunt of cut-throats and vagabonds, and of that thieving band of river rats known as "Lumpers."

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